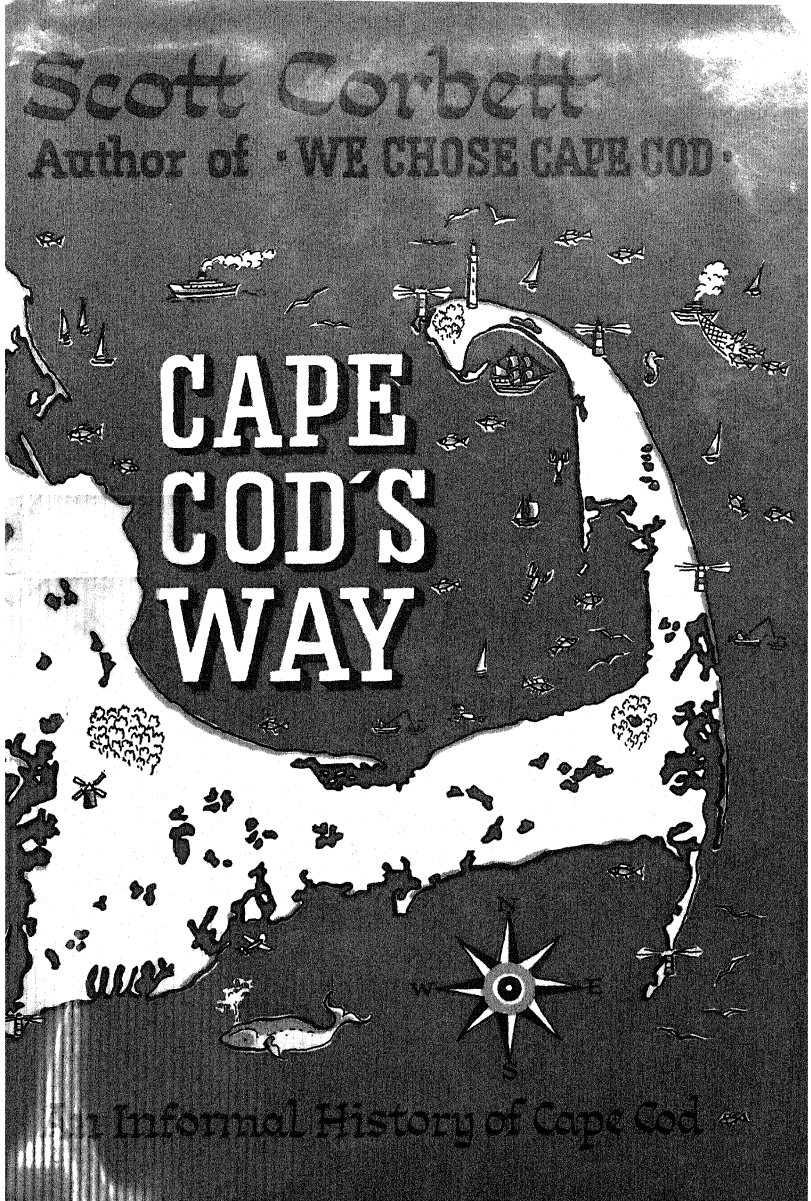


Scott Corbett

Author of *WE CHOSE CAPE COD*



CAPE COD'S WAY

An Informal History of Cape Cod

\$3.95

An Informal History

Scott Corbett

This new volume is the first new history in many years of one of America's most popular vacation spots, a small piece of land which looms large in our heritage.

After an admirably concise account of the general history from Pilgrim times to the present, Mr. Corbett takes up each of the fifteen townships which make up the Cape, and covers their towns and villages, beaches and general background. Places and things to see are listed and described at the end of each town's story.

Clipper ship captains, whaler, fishermen and privateers, ev'ing tales of the sea. Saltworks and crabbers — to say nothing of rum-runners — play their part in the story. Cape Cod's past is full of colorful people

(Continued on back flap)

Jacket by JOHANNES TROYER

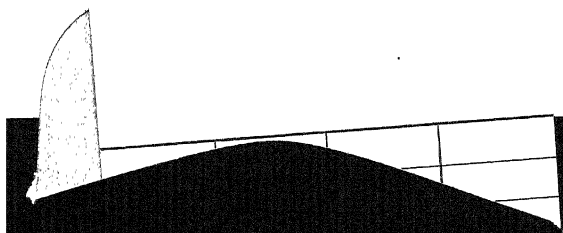



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Cape Cod's Way

AUG

1955

BY THE AUTHOR

We Chose Cape Cod
Cape Cod's Way

A simple black line drawing of the Cape Cod peninsula, oriented vertically with the tip at the top. The outline captures the main body of the peninsula and its characteristic notched southern tip.

An Informal History

*Cape Cod's
Way*

by Scott Corbett

Thomas Y. Crowell Company
New York

To My Wife

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Preface

ALTHOUGH I HAVE MADE THIS BOOK A GUIDE TO PLACES AND THINGS to see on Cape Cod, my primary aim has been to tell the story of the Cape. To me, sightseeing becomes truly entertaining only when we have some understanding of a region and its people. It is the happenings behind the landmark that give it real interest, and people make things happen, so I have started with the people.

Considering the number of books that have been written about this little strip of land, it is surprising that never before has its story been told town by town as it is in these pages.

No worth-while Cape Cod guidebook has been published in nearly twenty years. By examining some of the old tales with a skeptical eye and doing fresh research I have been able to correct a few chronic errors which have always plagued such books—the Hippogriffe “Rock” episode, for example, and the aberrations involved in the romance of Colonel John Thacher and Lydia Gorham. And according to the Orleans *Cape Codder’s* editors, who helped me with the facts concerning the German U-boat attack in World War I, mine may well be the first really accurate account of that episode to appear in a book.

As for new material, pleasant hours spent with old Cape Codders in nearly every township have yielded many yarns never before printed.

No doubt most readers will have a favorite town—the one where they live, or have a summer place, or generally visit. Each town’s chapter may be read without reference to anything else in the book, but a reading of the book’s first section, the general story,

will increase the reader's understanding of the individual town chapters.

For help in gathering material I am particularly indebted to the following persons:

Barnstable: Mr. Charles L. Ayling, Centerville.

Bourne: Miss Hannah E. Weeks, librarian, Jonathan Bourne Public Library.

Brewster: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walters; Reverend Charles DeVries; Mrs. Faythe A. Ellis, librarian, Brewster Ladies Library.

Chatham: Mrs. Edith Nickerson; Mrs. Eleanor M. Page, librarian, Eldredge Public Library.

Dennis: Mr. Dean S. Sears; Mrs. Minerva Crowell Wexler; Misses Geta and Lydia Crowell; Mr. Philip Dubin; Mrs. Dean S. Sears, librarian, Jacob Sears Memorial Library; Mr. Frank Ellsworth Howes; Miss Florence Somers, librarian, Dennis Memorial Library.

Eastham: Mr. Maurice W. Wiley.

Falmouth: Mr. Lewis Lawrence.

Harwich: Mrs. Virginia S. Doane and Mrs. Barbara Ford, librarians, Brooks Free Library.

Mashpee: Mrs. Mabel Avant.

Orleans: Mr. and Mrs. Malcomb R. Hobbs.

Provincetown: Captain Manuel Zora; Mrs. Eleanor B. Rowland, librarian, Provincetown Public Library.

Sandwich: Mrs. C. S. Lloyd; Mrs. Marjorie H. Connolly, librarian, Sandwich Public Library.

Wellfleet: Professor and Mrs. Elbert L. Blakeslee; Mrs. Mary Snow Freeman.

Yarmouth: Reverend Clayton S. Priestnal; Mrs. Caroline R. Siebens, South Yarmouth Library.

* * *

The hardest thing of all in doing a book like this one is to stop. One oldtimer leads to another, and each has a story to add. I wish I could keep right on collecting their stories and set them all down,

but time is my enemy there. I only hope that what I have been able to put together will be found worth while.

Cape Cod's way is a down-to-earth one with nothing of the grand manner about it. That is why it appeals to me so much and, I hope, will appeal to you. The Cape's background is full of human comedy and human tragedy. It is not hard to feel at home with the people who have lived its story. Cape Cod's way is touchingly, stubbornly, hilariously human, and that is what I have tried to give a true picture of here: the way of all flesh—on Cape Cod.

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I. Cape Cod's Way

ON MAY 15, 1602, HAVING SIGHTED LAND THE DAY BEFORE, A MARITIME businessman named Bartholomew Gosnold found himself "embayed with a mighty headland" which at first appeared "like an island by reason of the large sound that lay between it and the main."

What he had come across was a peninsula the like of which he had never seen before and would never see again, because it was unique. No other cape quite like it exists anywhere in the world. It was perhaps inevitable that on such an unusual curlicue of seagirt land a race of people should subsequently develop who were to be pretty extraordinary in themselves. They would have approved of Gosnold. He was a merchant seaman looking for profitable cargoes to carry—just their kind of man.

Other Europeans had been there before him—Norsemen possibly, the Cabots and Verrazano surely. Men destined to leave their names in larger letters on the pages of history came not long after him: Champlain, Captain John Smith, and, just passing by, Henry Hudson.

Champlain decided that the peculiar twist of land should be known by the highly unoriginal French name of *Cap Blanc*. Captain Smith was equally uninspired, except politically, when he decided it should be called Cape James in honor of his king.

Fortunately, neither name stuck. Gosnold had already bestowed the name which was to win out against all comers. His first notion was Shoal Hope, but the codfish that swarmed in the waters of the bay began to bite as if in protest against this commonplace effort.

So many fish were taken that Gosnold had a happy second thought forced upon him. He called the place Cape Cod.

The cape that Gosnold and the others saw was covered with forests. To the Pilgrims a few years later the bay seemed "compassed about, to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras and other sweet wood." The white man, at first, was a blight on the scenery and showed his customary genius for destroying the balance of nature. The first settlers and their descendants made short work of these forests primeval and gave the wind, the sand, and the sea an opportunity to create large stretches of bleak desert in their place.

At the time of the first explorations, the Cape was inhabited by a few thousand Indians who were taking life relatively easy. Food in the form of fish, shellfish, and game was abundant. Here and there in the forest were clearings, and in these the Indians had established their villages, generally close to the shore.

With no need for dwellings which could be moved from place to place, most of them lived not in wigwams but in permanent huts. They had lived in the same clearings for untold generations, enlarging them only enough to give sufficient room for their huts and to allow for small plantings of corn. The trails that connected these villages were as old and as permanent as the villages themselves. Many of these trails became the roads of the Cape. No one can say, for instance, how long men have been following the old Indian trail across Barnstable that is known today as Mary Dunn's Road.

Perhaps because of their easy way of life, the Cape Indians seem to have been eminently good-natured. Gosnold had a friendly meeting with a genial young Indian when he came ashore. Other ships, both French and English, inevitably carried their quota of cutthroats, however, and various skirmishes resulted. One notable scoundrel, Thomas Hunt, carried off several Indians to the Malaga slave market in Spain, and his crime was not soon forgotten by the natives. Nevertheless, the hostility shown toward the Pilgrims when they arrived seven years after Hunt's visit was not great and

was quickly succeeded by a friendliness and helpfulness without which the colonists might not have survived.

Two things probably accounted for the Indians' attitudes as much as anything else. A Frenchman captured more than a decade before learned enough of the Indians' language to make a dire prophecy. He predicted the coming of a mighty race that would annihilate them.

Then within a few years a pestilence raged through New England, killing off great numbers of the Indians, and when this disaster was followed by the arrival of white settlers, the Indians remembered the prophecy and were frightened. Their apparent friendliness and strange eagerness to please were possibly rooted in a paralyzing dread and sense of defeat.

Quite likely some of the Indians on the lower Cape had the privilege of observing the greatest moment in the history of what is now Provincetown Harbor. This came on a November day in 1620 when the *Mayflower* dropped anchor there and the weary Pilgrims looked out gratefully on green woods.

The Pilgrims first fell on their knees and thanked God for a safe passage. They then formulated and signed a covenant by which they would be governed. It was brief, and the significant words in it were these: "We . . . do . . . covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation . . . and by virtue hereof, do enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This document was signed by all male emigrants who were of age, forty-one in number. The covenant sounds like a statement of democratic ideals, but it actually was not. The final words, "submission and obedience," show that the elders were more concerned with forestalling insubordination than they were with sharing the privilege of governing. Nevertheless, the principle that the will of the majority shall prevail was first conceived in this

document. Thus the seeds of American liberty and democracy were sown in Provincetown Harbor before the first settler had even landed there.

After the signing, an exploring party of sixteen men, well-armed and led by Captain Miles Standish, put ashore. They found the place was a small neck of land (the tip of Provincetown) and they liked the looks of it. They saw no dwellings or human beings until their second visit four days later.

This time they saw several Indians and tried to catch up with them, but the Indians, knowing armed white men through sad experience, "ran with might and main." Along the way as the explorers climbed a hill they came across a kettle and a store of corn, which they took. On a later expedition they discovered some huts, from which they filched a few utensils, and some graves, which they opened and examined and took a few trinkets from.

Eventually the *Mayflower's* shallop (a small boat) was put in order and made seaworthy, and a party of men explored the coast of the bay in it. While they were sleeping ashore at Eastham, they were attacked by Nauset Indians. They answered the Indians' shower of arrows with a round of musket fire. No casualties resulted on either side. The Pilgrims named the place where this skirmish occurred "First Encounter."

A snowstorm began as the explorers continued around the bay inspecting the shore. This storm alone perhaps deprived Cape Cod of Plymouth's glory. It hid Barnstable Harbor from the men as they sailed past, and they went on to find Plymouth Harbor instead.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW DAYS

The first settlement on the Cape was not begun until 1637, if we except the trading post established on the upper Cape ten years earlier. But during the seventeen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at the future site of Provincetown, Cape Cod's fertile lands played an important part in the life of the new colony. When famine threatened the settlers at Plymouth, they bought grain from the Indians on the Cape.

There were other contacts with the Cape Indians. Before Plymouth had even finished out its first year, a small boy who strayed away through the woods halfway down the peninsula was found and cared for by the Indians until a party of ten men came in a shallop to fetch him home. While on the Cape, this party enjoyed the hospitality of one of the most noble of sachems, Iyannough, a man outstanding for his kindness and courtesy. ("Hyannis" is the ultimate shortening and respelling of "Iyannough's land.")

Despite such friendly behavior Miles Standish was determined to suspect murderous designs in the hearts of the Indians. Within a couple of years he found a pretext for falling upon and butchering several of them, returning to Plymouth in triumph with the head of the sachem Witawamet, which was set on a pole to adorn the fort. This massacre so astonished and frightened the rest of the Indians that they left their villages and hid in the swamps. Here disease soon carried off great numbers of them, including the courtly Iyannough. And as a result of Standish's foray the Indians brought no more needed corn to Plymouth for quite some time.

Not only food but commerce of all sorts was vital to the Pilgrims, because, along with the problems of survival, they had to worry about paying off the considerable debt they owed to the merchants who financed their voyage and settlement. When the Dutch colony at Manhattan suggested doing business, the settlers welcomed the idea. This trade led to the establishment of the trading post at Manomet.

By 1627 trade was being carried on from Manomet with the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam. Eventually trade with the Indians resumed and corn from the Cape became so important to Plymouth that, when it found the Massachusetts Bay Colony was trading for corn there, "rash measures" were threatened if Massachusetts did not stop its encroachments.

At first the settlers' homes were huddled close together for protection. The first dwellings constructed were mostly crude affairs, little more than huts, with all the temporary qualities of emergency housing. The walls were made in palisade style of two parallel

rows of saplings stuck into the ground and the area between them filled with clay and stones. The roof consisted of more saplings covered with thatch from the marshes. The chimney, generally built against the side of a hill, was made of green sticks daubed with clay. Oiled paper covered the window openings.

These dwellings were called "booths." The reason for this is not recorded, but considering the attention the early settlers paid to the Bible, a clue may be found among the laws given to Moses for governing those who had been brought out of Egypt:

"And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and willows of the brook. . . . Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites shall dwell in booths."—Leviticus 23:40, 42

Certainly people who considered themselves as having come out of a modern Egypt and who lived more by the Mosaic Law than any other were familiar with this passage.

A few of the more well-to-do built frame houses from the first, however, and most of the booths were soon replaced by more substantial homes. By 1643 an early representative of that wondrous group of men, the Cape Cod building contractors, was already at work. In that year William Chase built a house for Andrew Hallett, Jr., providing all the materials and delivering it "latched, thatched, and daubed" for twenty-five pounds.

A dominant feature of the house of that day was a stone fireplace so large that a person could walk into it. The chimney corners were vantage points from which young and old, seated on homemade chairs or perhaps upturned wooden tubs, could contemplate the stars at night through the large opening of the chimney. Home life, in true primitive fashion, revolved around the fire.

To be sure, not even a booth could be built without permission from the proper authorities. Newcomers who applied for admission to any community had to pass the rigid inspection of the General Court or its representatives. Anyone who began to build a house without having first received permission from the local

authorities was "warned out of town." He might be an obviously desirable addition to the community; no matter. He had to leave his house unfinished until he had appeared before the Court and received permission.

Furthermore, even the local authorities could stub their toes in this respect. Sandwich early fell under the censure of the Court for receiving into the town "persons unfit for church society," and was "forbidden to dispose of any more land."

In time, warning strangers out of town became a mere technicality, meant only to put the newcomer in the category of a warned person who could never then become a town charge. It was no longer expected that the order to leave would be literally obeyed. During the early days, however, "warning out" meant business.

Of all the hardships suffered by the Pilgrim Fathers, the worst must surely have been their own courts. It has been said of the first settlers that "they took their pleasures sadly, after their fashion," and small wonder when so many pleasures put one in danger of a fine or even corporal punishment in the stocks or at the whipping posts which were set up alongside every meeting house.

How they ever managed to drink so much and still conform as well as they did to their own strict rules of conduct is one of the many wonderful things about these people. According to an old record "the same quantity of rum and sugar were necessary for burying a minister as for raising the meeting house." And in spite of a general sternness of outlook, a coarse joke and a hearty laugh were far from unknown in the early days of the colony.

For many, the atmosphere created by the ruling hierarchy soon became somewhat stifling. Certainly the restraints were nowhere as bad as in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, where the Puritans were busily denying to others civil privileges which they themselves had never been denied in England. But social restrictions were unpleasant enough to make the idea of putting a little distance between oneself and the seats of government attractive to some of the more liberal spirits of both colonies.

In 1637, then, "ten men of Saugus" (a town near Boston) were, by court order, to "have liberty to view a place to sit down, and have land for threescore families" on Cape Cod. Sandwich was the site of this first settlement, and two years later not only Sandwich but Yarmouth and Barnstable were incorporated as towns.

The authorities in Plymouth kept a firm grip on the new towns. There as elsewhere in the Colony, no one was allowed to settle without the Court's assent. Only family men were encouraged. A young bachelor clearing land for himself was haled into court "for disorderly keeping house *alone*."

Despite all efforts to reserve the new colonies for God's Elect, undesirables were on the scene from the first. Among the tiny *Mayflower* company itself there were rotten apples. Speaking of John Billington, who later distinguished himself as the first man hanged for murder in the new colony, Bradford confessed he did not know who was responsible for his being "shuffled into our company." After the Colony was established, deserters from fishing vessels and adventurers who had taken passage on trading vessels came ashore to try their luck in the New World. Their interest in religion was small—if it existed at all.

The men who first settled Cape Cod did so with the full permission of the Court, however, and were mostly men of good character. They were inclined to be of an independent rather than a conformist Puritanical frame of mind and consequently were more tolerant in matters of religion and conduct than were the authorities at Plymouth.

More than once, Cape towns were in trouble with the authorities for not having provided themselves with stocks and whipping posts as ordered. During the wave of witchcraft trials in Salem and vicinity—a blotch in the history of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—twenty persons were executed, including the only person ever to die in America under torture authorized by a governing body. But Plymouth held only two such trials and acquitted both defendants, and the Cape had no witchcraft cases at all.

Thus early did that steady common sense and that tendency

not to become hysterical, not to be stampeded into anything, become a part of the Cape Cod character. Indeed, the overwhelming majority of the Cape's inhabitants never looked with favor upon the religious persecution which was carried on so zealously by the authorities at Plymouth and with such fury by those of Massachusetts. In most cases Cape Codders had to be forced by the Court to carry out the persecutions it ordered.

This is not to say that fines, punishments, and assorted scoldings were not frequently inflicted, even on the Cape. "Practising the inveigling of men's daughters," even with honorable intentions, without first obtaining leave of the girl's parents, was punishable by a fine of five pounds or corporal punishment, or both. One young Barnstable man was haled into court and laid under bonds "not to attempt to gain the affections" of Elizabeth, daughter of Governor Prence.

Backsliding of any sort in the matter of religion was never tolerated either. Neglect to attend public worship brought fines and public whippings. Before the towns had church bells, each town was required to have a drum. A forty-shilling fine had to be paid by a community for every two months it was without one. The drum did double duty. It called the people out to meeting, and gave warning of the lurking savage. Persons were often turned out without being sure which terror they were about to face—the Indian's war whoop or the minister's sermon.

The Sabbath was kept with great strictness. William Chase was brought before the Court "for driving a pair of oxen in yoke on the Lord's day, in time of service, about five miles." Some even got into trouble for smoking in the meetinghouse yard. The use of tobacco at any time was supposedly prohibited, but this was one of the least successful of all the Court's attempts to legislate human conduct. The enjoyment of a quiet pipe in the chimney corner at home was such a widespread practice that even the stern authorities of that day, puffing away in secret on their own pipes, found it easier to look the other way. The fact that an ordinance was soon on the books forbidding juries to smoke while considering

a case shows how much headway was made by the "smoke of the bottomless pit," as some ministers called it.

Capital offenses were treason, murder, diabolical converse, arson, and rape, but they seldom figured in the annals of the Colony. One case in which a man was accused of having "carnally known" a young woman "against her will" occurred in Sandwich, but the death sentence was not carried out. Various circumstances led the Court to feel that to call it "rape" was putting the case a little strongly. The defendant was let off with a fine and a public whipping.

Certainly sex was a difficult problem in the Colony. Seldom in history has such a mighty effort been made to enforce an absolute standard of sexual morality—and this among a people of uncommon vigor. The charges covered a wide range of sins and suspected sins. On one occasion a military man stood charged with too great a degree of gallantry. He was admonished "for lascivious and unclean carriages towards the wife" of a man in "Yarmouth, and sundry others in Barnstable."

Even marriage did not eliminate suspicion of wrongdoing. A couple were likely to breathe easier after the first nine months of their marriage had passed, since punishment for missteps before marriage was often based on no more evidence than that a child had been born "before the ordinary time of women after marriage."

The gay dog had a bad time of it in those days. A Sandwich man won the doubtful honor of being on the short end of the first divorce granted on Cape Cod twenty-four years after the first settlement there. For the activities that led to the divorce he was fined and publicly whipped. He was a determined trifter, however, and soon earned himself a second whipping, after which he left town.

No doubt the punishment in this case was generally condoned, but it must not be thought that the early Cape Codders always approved of the severity of the sentences handed down. Far from pelting the unfortunates with stones, they sometimes surrounded persons set in the stocks with flowers by way of showing their

disapproval of the punishment. Excessive meddling and intolerance on the part of both church and state paid diminishing returns in fairly short order. Law became an absurdity when, in an effort not to let any misconduct however slight go unpunished, the Court resorted to omnibus enactments designed "to prevent idleness and other evils."

The Cape had only been settled a dozen years when the Court found it necessary to order that "if any lazy, slothful, or profane persons, in any of the towns, neglect to attend public worship, they shall pay for each offense ten shillings or be publicly whipped." The lazy, slothful, or profane persons referred to were in the main those who had lost their regard for the officially established form of public worship—the only form tolerated. Usually they were merely seeking a better way.

When, for an increasing number, this better way became Quakerism, the Court reacted with a law that required every man to contribute his share toward the minister's support. This was the wrong approach to the problem, and one Barnstable man gave his opinion of the law in salty terms. "The devil sat at the stern when it was enacted," said Dr. Matthew Fuller, and was fined fifty shillings for his pains, though he himself had showed no leanings toward Quakerism.

Yet one thing must be said for the Court: it seldom let itself become blinded to a man's true value and abilities. The same Court that fined Doctor Matthews also elected him to the war council and later made him surgeon general of the Colony's troops.

Indeed, Cape Cod had not been settled long before the whole Colony had to look to it for many of its leaders. At one time the seat of power itself very nearly passed to Cape Cod. For a while Plymouth was in danger of becoming a deserted village. Dissatisfaction with its location, its poor harbor, and its barrenness led to a search for a place to which the entire population could move. Eastham was seriously considered, and while the final decision went against moving, a large number of Plymouth's most respected and influential men settled there themselves. After that Eastham

became the most important town in the Colony. For many years an Eastham man, Thomas Prence, was the Colony's governor.

At a time when every man had all he could do to establish himself, build a home, and learn to farm the land, the honor of spending long hours for little or no pay in public office was avoided rather than sought. It became necessary to establish the following election law: Any person chosen to the office of governor and refusing to serve was to be fined twenty pounds; councillor or magistrate, ten pounds. It was also difficult to find men willing to serve as constables and thus assume the onerous duty of collecting the many fines levied and of meting out the punishments ordered. When capable men were found who would resign themselves to the burden of offices, they were retained as long as possible. In the seventy-one years of its separate existence, Plymouth Colony elected only six governors.

Aside from theological questions, the knottiest problems involved in the governing of the Colony were land disputes. In general, the new settlers tended first to build their houses and then get around to the question of dividing the land. When the problem of land division arose in Yarmouth, the Court appointed a commission to deal with the matter, with instructions to give each man the land he was already on, but to let the quantity of land given be governed by the "quality" of the man. Here was a method certain to please nobody. When the first attempt at division left everyone dissatisfied, Miles Standish was added to the committee and a second attempt made. Again there was general dissatisfaction. This time the Court disbanded the original committee and gave Captain Standish a free hand.

Whatever his faults may have been, as a man of action Standish was of inestimable value to the struggling young colony. He was able to wade into any situation, make a quick decision, and stick to it. So when the captain took up the matter of land division as a committee of one, things began to happen fast in Yarmouth. He threw half the people off their land, turned a deaf ear to all complainers, and started to parcel out the forfeited land from scratch. When he got through everybody had some land, nobody was

satisfied, but nobody could do anything about it. The matter was settled, once and for all.

Without a doubt the atmosphere of the times early encouraged the development of the cantankerous side of the Cape Cod character. Thus William Chase, the builder who was fined for driving oxen on the Lord's day, was later severely censured for "miscarriages" against the minister "tending to the disturbance of the proceedings of the church, court, and country." Another Cape hell-raiser was Joseph Burge of Sandwich, who was fined many times on a colorful variety of charges. On one occasion he was fined one pound for "disorderly helping away horses out of the colony," surely a delightful way of calling a man a horse thief. During King Philip's War he "resisted and abused the watch." Haled into court still another time and fined five pounds for selling liquor to the Indians, he objected in terms which won him an additional fine of ten shillings for "swearing in court."

Fortunately for the Cape Codders, distance seemed somewhat to dissipate the force of many of the Court's general edicts. Certainly there is evidence that life on Cape Cod was considerably more attractive and enjoyable than in many other parts of the new colonies. Forty years passed before a suicide appeared on the records—in 1677 the wife of a prominent inhabitant hanged herself—and suicide continued to be rare there. But sixteen years earlier, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, "the Court, considering how far Satan doth prevail upon persons to make way with themselves," felt constrained to take steps to halt the wave of suicides then embarrassing that colony, and ordered "that such persons shall be denied the privilege of common burial places of the Christians, and shall be buried in some common highway, and a cartload of stones laid upon the grave as a brand of infamy, and a warning to others."

THE QUAKER TROUBLES

One of the great economic attractions of the Cape was the salt marshes as a source of hay for livestock. Cape Cod was then considered good cattle country, and since a cow was often worth as

much as an entire farm, it is easy to see why men were anxious to raise them.

Through their cattle and their farming, Cape men soon began to prosper, while still living with great simplicity. For a long time there were no serious troubles with the Indians throughout the Colony, and life might almost have been placid had it not been for religious dissension.

To the dissension already spreading within the church was presently added trouble from without in the form of the Quakers. The exasperated authorities reacted to the inroads of the Friends about as might be expected.

The people, particularly those of the Cape, were more often than not inclined to be broad-minded. As early as 1646 some of the more liberal spirits in the Colony asked the Court "to allow and maintain full and free tolerance of religion to all men that would preserve the civil peace and submit to government." A number of deputies supported their petition, but it was overruled by the governor.

A similar effort was made simultaneously in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The intended mildness of Christianity had not been lost sight of by all. In fact, even Cotton Mather came out against the persecution of Quakers at least once in his career by saying, "If any man will appear in vindication of it, let him do as he pleases; for my part I will not."

However, as always there were plenty of bigots to do the dirty work, or at least to institute it. For the most part, they were sincere men who were convinced that their church was the only true church. In fairness it should be pointed out that while it is easy for us to read of the sufferings of the Quakers and condemn the treatment given them as barbaric, had we been present at the time we might well have felt the urge to give some of them a whack or two ourselves. Many of the Quakers were affected in their manner of speaking, and insufferably holier-than-thou in their attitudes. Since they eschewed physical battle, they took out their considerable aggressiveness in words, such as "Thomas, thou liest!"

when addressing the Governor in court. They railed at constables and harangued judges. One Sandwich Quaker taunted the Governor by asking him "why he did not send him to gaol since his back had long itched to be whipped." It would have taken a meeker soul than Governor Prentice not to have seen to it that the man was accommodated.

Some of the noblest adherents to the Quaker cause were not the original Quakers themselves but those Cape men and women who first attempted to befriend the persecuted and ended by becoming converted to their doctrines. William Allen of Sandwich was a shining example of this type.

Such times of religious conflict always bring to light the finest and meanest among men, and the latter variety found its champion in George Barlow, who was appointed a special marshal of the three towns of Sandwich, Barnstable, and Yarmouth. He had to be appointed because no local man could be found who would volunteer to carry out the measures ordered by the Court. Taken together, Allen and Barlow provide an example of white and black usually non-existent except in old-time melodramas.

Allen was a man who had prospered through his own efforts, but his beliefs had made him poor. Fine after fine was levied against him for befriending and finally joining the Quakers. On one occasion he and three others were arrested, convicted, admonished, and fined twenty shillings "for tumultuous carriage at a meeting of Quakers" at which no Quakers were present! This rank injustice merely encouraged the men involved to become professed Quakers.

Barlow was one of those rare villains of whom absolutely nothing good, however small, can be said. A renegade Episcopal minister to begin with, he was a bully, a drunkard, and a ne'er-do-well who was constantly in trouble, even at home. One of his daughters-in-law was arraigned "for chopping her father in the back" and was fined ten pounds. Two others were before the court "for like carriages" toward their father-in-law and were sentenced to be set in the stocks. Barlow and wife, for "ungodly living," were re-

proved by the authorities. Such was the man chosen by the Court as marshal of three towns. The appointment of such a man, with full knowledge of his nature and methods, says little for the character of the Court and its supporters.

With special orders to harry a sect whose beliefs forbade physical resistance, Barlow was really in his element. To the credit of society in general, he was unable to enroll any deputies. One man after another, ordered to assist him, refused to do so even though each knew he would be fined for refusing. Barlow did not mind going it alone, however. He loved his work, and when non-Quakers told him what they thought of him, he reported them and they were fined, too.

After a family's little stock of money was gone, Barlow collected the fines in kind, nosing about in the victim's house and taking his most essential belongings—the pots, kettles, tools and utensils that were needed every day, things that were scarce in the Colony and, consequently, heartbreaking to lose.

At a time when William Allen was in prison in Boston, Barlow paid a visit to the Allen home. He took the cow and all the food he could find, including some given to Mrs. Allen by neighbors. Then for good measure he confiscated the only kettle she had, and leered at her triumphantly.

"Now, Priscilla, how will thee cook for thy family and friends? Thee has no kettle."

"George," said Priscilla, "that God who hears the young ravens when they cry will provide for them. I trust in that God, and I verily believe the time will come when thy necessity will be greater than mine."

Within a few years the royal frown from England, disapproving religious intolerance, took the steam out of the Court's orders, and thereafter Barlow played a new role. In 1677, he was before the Court for being "turbulent, and threatening to drive away the minister, Mr. Smith," and was back the following year for being a "turbulent fellow," and was bound over. He ended his days alone and in want, and tradition says that he fulfilled Priscilla Allen's

prophecy by often begging food from her, and was never turned away from her door. True to his code as a villain, however, he remained nasty, troublesome, ungrateful, and "turbulent" to the end.

COLONIAL TIMES

The first settlers showed early concern with education. Cape Cod provided the means for supporting America's first free school. The duty of twelve pence per barrel placed on fish taken with nets or seines at the Cape was used to establish and maintain a free school at Plymouth and eventually to help maintain schools on the Cape itself.

The fisheries were already of such importance that an act was passed for their protection. If "foreign" fishermen were caught fishing in the waters around Cape Cod or in the Bay, their vessels were seized and sold to pay for the fish they had taken. Only Massachusetts Bay Colony fishermen were allowed eventually to share those waters. All others, whether from overseas or from other colonies, were "foreigners," a distinction that has remained imbedded in the minds of many Cape Codders ever since.

The Colony increased and prospered, and early simplicity began to yield to a little pomp and circumstance, as shown by a Court order "that four halberts attend the governor and assistants on election days, and two during the continuance of the court."

The distance between Cape towns and the seat of government at Plymouth had both advantages and disadvantages. Some of the orders that were issued from the Court were like the discharge of a blunderbuss, spending their strength before they arrived at any great distance. Thus the prohibition against men's wearing their hair long "after the manner of the Russians and barbarous Indians [which] has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word" caused never a ripple, nor arrest, nor fine on the Cape.

On the other hand, when it did become necessary to go to Plymouth the trip was a hard and tedious one, particularly if made in bitter winter weather or through the mud of spring. The roads

were little more than paths, and sometimes the towns had to be scolded for not keeping them at least passable for a man on horseback. As the population increased and the quality of the roads did not, the task of going to Plymouth to vote became more and more irksome, so that at the time settlements were starting on the Cape the Colony changed from a purely democratic to a representative form of government. Each town appointed a committee to represent it at Plymouth. However, the Court all but negated the influence of these representatives by ruling that if they turned out to be "insufficient or troublesome," the Court itself could dismiss them and order the town to choose another committee. Only rubber-stamp committees, in short, were to be tolerated from the outlands.

Distance unquestionably bred a tendency to independence of thought, and the Court soon found that it might as well keep one committee as ask for another just as "troublesome." And if the temporal governors had their difficulties, the spiritual leaders had even more. Many a minister traveled a thorny path on the Cape. The Quakers were not the only ones who early found fault with the established church. Attendance at services was neglected by many, even at the risk of fines.

This is not too surprising when we consider what a trial some of those services must have been for the congregation. Take for example that good man but painful preacher, Samuel Treat of Eastham. It is recorded that his "voice was so loud that it could be heard at a great distance from the meetinghouse, even amidst the shrieks of hysterical women, and the winds that howled over the plains of Nauset." His pyrotechnical portraits of hellfire caused fits among his congregation; but, when he stepped down from the pulpit, he was a delightful person and his work among the Indians won him their undying love and trust.

In Yarmouth, church services were slightly more subdued. In those days sermons were expected to run neither more nor less than an hour, finishing on the dot. A witty reverend has left us an amusing picture of that congregation assembled for public worship

under the guidance of the eccentric Mr. Marmaduke Matthews, the town's first minister: "They sit in their plain and neat attire, under Marmaduke Matthews, who measures out his sermon to them by the hour-glass. The sexton turns the glass when the sermon begins, and the preacher must keep on till the sand runs out, whether his ideas have run out or not."

Even so, there was one advantage to being a minister on Cape Cod. A minister might have to worry about the verbal darts of his congregation; at least he was not in danger of getting an Indian's arrow through his hat. Distance, or at least location, was advantageous to the Cape in the various wars which now began to trouble the colonies. Not until King Philip's War in 1675 was there any real Indian trouble, and even then the Cape was not affected as seriously as the mainland.

The colonists' attitudes toward the Indians were bound to start trouble sooner or later. Take for example such laws as "whosoever shall shoot off a gun on any unnecessary occasion, except at an Indian or a wolf, shall forfeit five shillings for every such offense." Or the law forbidding Indians to carry burdens on the Lord's day, or those ruling that drunken Indians were to be fined and whipped, and idle Indians bound out to labor. Such ordinances must have seemed intolerably meddlesome from the Indian's standpoint.

Several times trouble threatened and was averted. Once the Colony raised an expedition of forty men against the Narragansetts. For this "army" the Cape was levied as follows: Sandwich and Yarmouth, five men each; Barnstable, four. They marched to Rehoboth and marched back again, never meeting the foe because peace had been concluded before they even got there.

At last, however, under the guidance of the proud and belligerent sachem, Philip, long-smoldering grievances burst out into a flaming war that took many lives on both sides and caused great destruction of property.

In this war the Cape's burdens were relatively light although Cape men were pressed into service in the Colony's army. Several of them died in battle, particularly in the one successful ambush

carried out by the Indians. In this fight, near Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a force of fifty English and twenty friendly Indians was all but wiped out, and of these, twenty were Cape men.

Fear that the Cape Indians might take to the warpath on the side of Philip kept the settlers in a state of constant anxiety. A continuous watch was kept, and guards patrolled the isthmus of the Cape in an effort to prevent contact between the warring tribes and the Cape Indians. Fortunately there was not as much friction between the white settlers and the Indians on the Cape as existed elsewhere, thanks largely to Reverend Richard Bourne of Sandwich and Reverend Samuel Treat of Eastham. These two men converted many Indians to Christianity, but more important still they were true Christians themselves. They inspired love and respect in the savages and acted as go-betweens for Indians and whites, smoothing relations between the two groups. Their tireless efforts were enough to keep the Indians from feeling sufficient resentment against their white neighbors to want to go to war with them.

Philip's envoys undoubtedly slipped through, but they never succeeded in causing the Indians there to rise up and attack the settlements. Had they done so, Cape Cod would have been laid waste and King Philip's War would have been greatly prolonged. As it was, Cape skies were never blackened with the smoke of towns in flames, though some of its settlers must have shuddered on nights when great fires put a sinister glow in the western horizon, marking destruction in such towns as Taunton, Bridgewater, and Rehoboth in Massachusetts, and Providence and Warwick in Rhode Island.

Following two years of war the struggle finally ended after the Narragansetts' stronghold was stormed and taken. Philip himself was still at large, but his allies began to fall away from him. He was shortly surrounded and slain, and his head succeeded that of Witawamet as a Plymouth trophy. The extinction of the Indian in New England was well on its way.

The war had been an expensive one for the colonies. There were few families that had not lost some member. Many had lost

everything they owned as well. The colonies had fought the war unaided, and they paid for it unaided. The Plymouth Colony's war debt was £27,000, a huge sum. The colonists submitted to heavy taxation and paid off every penny of it.

Mother England remained indifferent through the whole affair. And even the many Englishmen who had relatives in America never raised a private fund of any sort to help the struggling colonists. The only help from abroad came in the form of a timely and generous donation from "divers Christians in Ireland for the relief of the impoverished, distressed and in necessity by the war." Because of this neglect on the part of England, and because the young colonists became used to fighting their own battles, the seeds of independence were planted at this time a hundred years before the Revolution.

Not only did Great Britain neglect the New England colonies in time of need, but within a decade she saddled them with a regime intended to break the very spirit of self-reliance and independence they had been forced to acquire. James II transferred to Boston Sir Edmond Andros, governor of New York, urging him to deal firmly with the presumptuous New Englanders. Then for two years the colonists chafed under tyrannical rule and exorbitant taxation. Governor Thomas Hinckley, a Cape man, was supplanted, and King James disregarded all his subjects' grievances. Andros declared all deeds to land bought from the Indians to be no better than the "scratch of a bear's paw," and the colonists lived in daily fear that their lands would suddenly be taken from them.

In the meantime, however, James was making a number of equally unpopular moves at home, and finally had to flee the country. As soon as the first rumor of his flight reached the colonies, Andros was unceremoniously thrown out of office and eighty-seven-year-old Governor Bradstreet was recalled by acclamation. Some historians believe that if James had been able to continue his foolish policies toward the colonies, a blow for independence might well have been struck in America almost a hundred years earlier than it actually was.

Opportunities for New Englanders to practice the arts of war continued to come with deplorable frequency, for the Andros troubles were scarcely out of the way before the long struggle of the French and Indian Wars began. Yet in spite of all these large-scale problems the major preoccupation was each man's small-scale problem of providing a home and three meals a day for his family. Cape Codders turned early to the sea, and in many cases they were driven to it by the early failure of some of the farmland, particularly that on which wheat was produced. Blight and mildew attacked this crop with increasing force until at length most attempts to grow it were abandoned for the time being. No blight, however, fell upon the strain which was to produce the Cape's crowning glory—the Cape Cod skipper. As fishermen, they were already old hands. As whalers, they were already the best in the business. One of their number was even called to Nantucket to teach the art to the men of that island. And when boats were needed to take soldiers up the rivers to attack the French settlements, it was Cape Codders who put together and manned the first naval force in the history of the American colonies—the whaleboat fleets.

Out of respect for the British navy, the French had made most of their settlements inland along the rivers, where warships could not reach them. Whaleboats could, however, and thus the whaleboat fleets were conceived.

The boats were fitted out with both oars and paddles. For portages across shoals and sandbars the men stepped overboard and slipped poles through leather straps fastened to the gunwales. At night the boats were brought ashore and turned bottom up to serve as shelter in place of tents. A flotilla of forty or fifty of these boats could carry five hundred soldiers upriver.

In their first naval efforts, in King William's War, the whaleboat fleets were more picturesque than successful. But since they were involved in an expedition to Canada in 1689-90 which was a general failure, they could not be fairly judged by their part in it. Later on during the seven years of the war they had somewhat

better luck. Six years later, in Queen Anne's War, their commander, Lieutenant Colonel John Gorham of Barnstable, led the whale-boats once again into the fray, this time using them to attack and pillage the Acadian coast.

The wars with the French were partly a reverberation of the struggle for power going on in Europe, where England was pitted against France and Spain, but they were also an inevitable consequence of the struggle between British and French colonists for control of eastern North America and Canada. Costly and inconclusive, they continued intermittently for nearly seventy-five years before Wolfe's victory over Montcalm at Quebec finally established British supremacy.

Early in the course of the first of these wars, a new charter granted by William and Mary in 1691 united the colonies of Massachusetts Bay, New Plymouth, the Province of Maine, the territory called Acadia or Nova Scotia, and all the tract of land lying between Maine and Nova Scotia, into "one real province, by the name of our Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." Thus the separate existence of Plymouth Colony came to an end.

Since any sort of change has always produced loud grumbling on Cape Cod, the Cape was probably one of those areas which complained at first about the merger, but it was inevitable and the end result was undeniably good. Financially, Plymouth Colony was no longer a paying proposition. Outnumbered by Massachusetts four to one in population and in a weak and impoverished condition, Plymouth could no longer justify the supporting of a separate government.

By this merging of colonies, too, Britain unwittingly fostered that feeling of union among the colonies which was finally to lose her the colonies.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The busybody newcomer who wants to make a lot of changes fast has always been a familiar figure to Cape Codders. That he was already on the scene at this time is attested to by a letter

written to Governor Joseph Dudley in 1705. The days when men were loath to hold public office had apparently come to an end.

In a letter replete with phonetic spelling, one William Clapp of the lower Cape told the Governor all about the disgraceful goings-on he had seen among "these contry peple" on Cape Cod, particularly in the matter of taking drift whales which properly belonged to "har magiesty" the queen. Given the power, Clapp would be only too glad to make sure that the queen got the British lion's share of the whales—"if your honor see case to pre cure a commishon of his Exalency for me with in strocktions I shall by the help of god be very faithful."

Obviously here was a useful queen's minion, so the appeal resulted in a lieutenantancy for Clapp. The letter is endorsed by the governor, "Commision for William Clapp, Lt. at the Cape. Warrant to prize drift whales, a water baylif. Letter from the Custom House. Lives at Cape Codd."

Local whalemens, smugglers, and French privateersmen probably gave the new water bailiff a type of headache which upper Cape authorities were largely spared. There the worst raiders were animal rather than human. Wolves added a serious touch of terror to nighttime, and their depredations caused high bounties to be offered. Finally a group of Sandwich men came forward with a proposition that "a high fence of palisades or of boards" be erected right across the isthmus to keep wolves off the Cape.

Falmouth, also plagued by wolves and being close to the isthmus, went right along with this suggestion. Since the wolves did not tend to range in such numbers on the lower Cape, however, the other towns were not interested in paying their share. Besides, there are two sides to any question, especially one involving a fence, and the off-Cape towns objected strenuously, pointing out that they did "not wish all the wolves to be shut out of the county upon their own limits."

Something considerably more welcome on both sides of the isthmus would have been accomplished, had the colonists managed to carry through a project that had been contemplated almost

from the moment the first settlers began to visit the Cape—the digging of a canal.

Before 1700 a committee had been appointed by the General Court “to view a place for a passage,” and though nothing came of their viewing, there was general agreement that a Cape Cod canal was both feasible and desirable. The terrors of the Back Side of the Cape, with its tragic toll of shipwrecks, kept a seafaring people constantly reminded of the immense value such a canal would have in terms both of human lives and of property. Many years were to pass, however, before actual work on such a project really materialized.

The canal would probably have been built by 1700 had it been left up to the average man, but the average man had little say in such matters. At a time when the population of the colony was four thousand, only five percent were freemen who could vote and over one third of these two hundred voters lived on the north shore of the Cape.

The philosophy of the times ruled out political and social equality. Deference was shown to substance and quality in many ways. Only a handful of the foremost men took the title of “esquire,” and not more than five percent of the five percent qualified to vote were honored by having “Mister” prefixed to their names. Most couples aspired to no more than “Goodman” and “Goodwife.”

Seating in church was a delicate matter involving as much protocol as the order at an embassy dinner today. The nerve-wracking task of assigning seats was given to men of standing chosen carefully for their reputation as diplomats—or for their ability to out-face anyone who felt too lowly placed.

In most meetinghouses this problem was presently solved by the sale of pews. The man of first standing, either socially or financially, or both, paid the highest price and was given the most prominent and desirable pew; and no upstart, even if he had the money to do so, dared try to outbid him.

In some cases “pew-spots” were sold, a pew-spot being a section of floor space sufficient for a pew. Then each man built his own

pew to suit himself. Judging from what happened when well-to-do Cape Cod shipowners and masters decided to show off architecturally, the result of this indiscriminate pew building must have been an eyesore. Though there are no records concerning the matter, it seems unlikely that Cape Codders were able to agree on design, type of wood, and color of paint any more than they agreed about anything else.

With a strange disregard for child psychology, the colonists seated their children in the very rear of the meetinghouse. Apparently colonial youngsters were just as irrepressible as children are today, because the early records abound with the appointments of men "to keep the young people in order on Sabbath days." These officials were always appointed in pairs and generally seemed eager to quit this unpleasant duty within a year. At that time the younger boys sat downstairs, those over twelve in the gallery, and if an older boy misbehaved he was obliged to go below and sit with the younger boys. The same rules applied to the girls.

Whatever their faults, the Pilgrim Fathers had a real religious faith. As time went on, however, when the hard, simple, frugal life of early times had given way to the more complex society of later generations, that deep interest in religion steadily deteriorated. Attendance at Sunday meeting continued, but in a different spirit, and many strange sights and sounds were to be seen and heard during the service of a sort that would not be tolerated even today.

For example, during the reading of the Psalm the choir used to tune up with the help of a bass viol or even a violin. Then too in colonial times the congregation stood up to pray, and the seats in the pews were hinged so that during prayers they could be turned up out of the way. When the prayers ended, the seats were unceremoniously slammed down with an effect like a ragged volley of musket fire.

Men often waited until they were settled in their pews before bothering to take off their hats, and then clapped them on again

the instant the service was ended. The final benediction was pronounced in an atmosphere of preparation for flight. Pew doors were opened, coats buttoned, and canes and hats were gathered up. If any persons bothered to listen to the minister's words, it was not apparent from their actions.

It would have been more fitting had the Cape Codders of those days retained the religious fervor of their forefathers, because during all that period they had much to thank Divine Providence for. Since the French and Indian Wars were almost exclusively land wars, the Cape's geography was still a blessing. Only Provincetown suffered from looting at the hands of an occasional French privateer. Inland, losses were great, commerce was interrupted, and at times during the long struggle as much as one fifth of the entire manpower of the colonies was under arms.

Of course, the Cape furnished its share of soldiers, but at least their families, their villages, and their property were safe. Cape Cod's principal losses were at sea, where the French preyed constantly upon shipping and fishing vessels. Though their depredations had nothing like the ruinous effect of later British blockades, they remained a great annoyance. When an attack on Louisburg in Nova Scotia was ordered in 1745, Cape men responded with alacrity. They had a personal grudge to settle there. Louisburg was the nest of most of those French wasps that had pestered them at sea, and they longed to clean it out.

The whaleboat fleet again took part in this campaign and again not too effectively, but the siege was successful and the fort was stormed. In the final assault a Major Thacher is said to have offered a bottle of brandy to a Yarmouth Indian if he would climb through an embrasure housing a cannon of the grand battery of the fort. Fortunately, the redskin found the French already gone so he was able to throw open the gates to his comrades and claim his bottle of firewater.

Three years later, over in Europe, statesmen who cared nothing for the sensibilities of the New Englanders concluded a treaty with France which handed hard-won Louisburg right back to the

Bourbons. This betrayal was greeted with rage all over the Colony and it was not soon forgotten there. Certainly it was still remembered in 1775.

By the time the French and Indian Wars drew to a close the colonies were heavily in debt. An effort to meet this obligation was made by issuing more and more paper money, until currency value depreciated ruinously. In 1719, Yarmouth granted a cost-of-living increase of twenty pounds to its minister "in consequence of the dearness of provisions, etc." Monetary values continued to fall and in time the only contract worth having was one that called for payment in "hard money"—silver or gold.

At first there had been very little money in the Colony. When William Nickerson bought some thousand acres of land from the Indians in 1650 at what is now Chatham, and was fined five pounds an acre by the Court for his presumption, he was not expected to pay up. For after all, there was not that much money in the entire colony! Indian corn was the medium of exchange, and to say that a man had plenty of "corn in his crib" was like saying he had money in the bank. On this barter basis, transactions were at least safe and solid. For the development of currency without expert financiers on hand to guide that development brought needless misfortune to government and people alike.

The unsettled times caused a great deal of grumbling on the Cape—where grumbling was already being developed into one of the Cape Codders' finest arts—and many people were in the proper frame of mind to see greener pastures elsewhere, any place but where they were. An alarming number of them actually did leave. For one thing, the government had finally got around to rewarding the veterans of King Philip's War by offering them land grants in Maine. Of course, most of the veterans were long dead, sixty years having passed, but at least their descendants could benefit. One of these was Colonel Shubael Gorham, himself a veteran of more recent campaigns. It was he who led the whale-boats against Louisburg, just as his father had led them in the earlier wars.

A township was granted to the heirs of Shubael's grandfather, Captain John Gorham, and others of Captain John's old company, and Shubael Gorham took some of the Cape's finest citizens there to found the town of Gorham, Maine. Many others went to Nova Scotia, and a handful to Canada.

But a few years later a group who had left their homeland against their will must have brought home the miseries of war to Cape Codders, or at least to the more sensitive souls among them. Seven small two-masted ships put in at Sandwich bearing French refugees from Acadia, where the English had recently perpetrated one of their less glorious acts of colonial policy when they banished a harmless people who happened to be of French origin.

The refugees who landed at Sandwich had gone first to Rhode Island and now desired to go to Boston. They asked to have their boats carted across to the bay so that they might go to that city. Cape authorities, however, feared they might continue on past Boston and "strengthen the enemy."

The boats were accordingly seized and sold, and the people, "ninety in number, distributed among the several towns for safe keeping until the matter could be better understood." They were still there a few years later, but they kept quietly to themselves, and in time must either have moved away, intermarried with Cape Codders, or become extinct. As a group, they seem to have disappeared without a trace.

The sad fate of the Acadians should have been one more thing to make the Cape Codders stop and count their blessings. Despite wars, financial troubles, removals, and changes, the settlements on the Cape continued to grow, and life there had more stability than it had in most parts of the New World at that time.

Though central schools were not yet in existence, schoolmasters were at work on the Cape, going their rounds. Making as many as six moves from one part of a township to another, and setting up school at each stop in some private house for a period of six to eight months, a schoolmaster might take as much as three years and a half to complete a swing around the town.

A kind of military education in which British troops were to be the masters and colonial militiamen the humble pupils was arranged for by the mother country when, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, war with France came again. Britain sent over regular troops to show the colonials how these things were done. Under Braddock they tried to fight an American battle in the European style—and failed. The myth of invincibility, the greatest weapon any fighting force can have on its side, was from that day on no longer a part of the British legend. Cape Codders were present at the battle, as was a young American officer named George Washington. They learned a lot from this defeat, and not many years later they decided to make a stand against those very troops in battle.

Within a decade after Braddock fell, a firebrand from the Cape was lighting the way to independence and earning for himself the magnificently simple sobriquet, "The Patriot." He was thirty-six years old, and his name was James Otis, Jr.

THE REVOLUTION

At the time of Otis' election as a representative to the colonial assembly, a Royalist judge made a prediction. "Out of this election will arise a damned faction which will shake this province to its foundation," he declared. He was on the right track, but wrong in limiting the effects to a single province.

"The opening scene of American Resistance," as the historian Bancroft termed it, took place in Boston in 1761, nearly fifteen years before the beginning of the Revolution. The issue was clear cut. Officers of the customs had asked for Writs of Assistance, search warrants which would have allowed any officials, down to a rascally and unprincipled constable, to enter and search any house at any time for contraband goods.

James Otis pleaded the cause of the people of Boston, and in the words of John Adams, "Otis was a flame of fire. . . . American independence was then and there born." In the course of his speech, Otis said: "Let the consequences be what they will, I am deter-

mined to proceed, and to the call of my country am ready to sacrifice estate, health, applause, and even life." Eight years later he was to sacrifice his greatest possession and weapon—his brilliant mind.

Before that time, however, Otis spoke out with ever-increasing certainty that the idea of independence had been implanted once and for all. In 1768, speaking of an act imposing duties on tea, paper, glass, paint, and other items, he was able to make a statement as bold as this: "Let *Great Britain* rescind; if she does not, the colonies are lost to her forever."

Otis' attacks sometimes took the hide off individuals involved in carrying out the king's work, and among these were the low specimens of humanity petty officialdom can always be counted on to spawn. And after the Patriot had severely criticized the commissioners of customs in a speech, one of the commissioners with a gang of thugs at his heels attacked Otis and gave him a terrible beating. He received blows on the head which shattered his mind forever. It was too late, however, to shatter the ideas he had implanted in the minds of the colonists. Nothing could stop the forces which he had done so much to set in motion. His speech shook the colonies awake and made them think about independence and begin to "snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." He had used words which were not those of a mere docile colonial subject; he had spoken of "my country."

Otis was the Cape's greatest patriot. He stands among the topmost few of the nation. Nevertheless other Cape men were soon acting with his spirit and proving themselves leaders even away from home. When the Stamp Act was added to the series of unpopular moves Britain had been making, Captain Isaac Sears was in New York. It was this fierce Cape Codder who put himself at the head of a mob there and stormed the government offices exclaiming, "Hurrah, boys, we *will* have the stamps!" The stamps were seized and burned.

That same year a Cape resident was chosen president of the first Continental Congress. Unfortunately, though, President Timothy

Ruggles was a man of shaky principles whose sympathies really lay with the other side. Finally he deserted the cause of liberty altogether. Cape historians are careful to point out that Ruggles was in reality not a native at all, but an outlander who had been living in Sandwich a mere twenty-six years. After taking a room at a tavern in Sandwich owned by the widow Bathsheba Newcomb, he had soon solved the rent problem by marrying his landlady, after which he carried on the double occupation of lawyer and tavernkeeper.

Nevertheless he must have been an entertaining scoundrel with a keen legal mind, a military man who never shirked a battle, and altogether a cool customer with a sardonic sense of humor. When an aged woman, subpoenaed as a witness, came into court and happened to ask him where she should sit, he led her solicitously to the judges' bench. Finding her seated comfortably in their place when they entered and learning that Ruggles was responsible, the judges silenced the spectators' guffaws and, turning their angry gazes on Ruggles, demanded an explanation. "May it please Your Honors, I thought that the place for old women," said Ruggles. One wonders how on earth he ever won a case.

Cape Cod had its share of Tories like Ruggles, yet it is creditable that there were not many more when its situation is considered. Almost nowhere in the country did people have greater reason to dread war with Britain than here. Land wars with the French and Indians were one thing; war with the nation possessing the mightiest navy in the world was quite another for persons whose land consisted of little else but exposed shoreline.

In the light of this extreme vulnerability it is to their credit that the overwhelming majority of Cape Codders found the courage to declare for liberty. When they signed resolutions pledging their lives and their fortunes, they were not using a mere high-sounding phrase and well they knew it.

With admirable tenacity most of the people in the colonies recognized important principles and stood by them at this time. The offensive duties had been removed from all items except for

a small duty on tea, a trifling amount which no tea lover would have missed. That duty had been left on tea by Parliament in order to keep a foot in the door, so to speak, and the people correctly assayed this motive. Because of this negligible tax on a beverage many did not even drink, they were willing to resist the authority of a colossus.

There were few tea drinkers on Cape Cod in those days of gathering storm. It was an unfashionable beverage. Sandwich, Yarmouth, Barnstable, Eastham, Falmouth, Harwich, Truro, and Wellfleet all came out strongly against its use. In Chatham, "a large number signed against tea." But some gazed out across the Chatham bars at the sea from which the king's warships could ravage their villages, and changed their minds about the matter. The only other Cape town then in existence was Provincetown; it too remained officially silent on the subject of tea because it was completely at the mercy of the British fleet. By the end of the war, every family in town had moved away.

"Liberty poles" began to sprout on village greens, and Tories were often summoned to them by village patriots to recant their views. At other times, by the dark of the moon, the Tories came unbidden and pulled down the liberty poles. A few notable clashes occurred, none of them much to the credit of the aggressors.

Dr. Nathaniel Freeman, an active Whig, was assaulted one evening by a group of Loyalist tavern toughs and escaped with his life only through the timely arrival of friends, who suspected something of the sort might be afoot.

Nor were all the bullies on the Loyalist side. A woman who was a Loyalist and who spent a great deal of her time saying so was tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail until she promised to keep her political views to herself.

These were minor and regrettable occurrences such as always form a part of troubled times. Of far more importance, and a shining entry on the credit side of the ledger, was an event which took place in front of the courthouse in Barnstable seven months before the first shots were fired at Lexington and Concord. As one

of the participants said: "It was the first overt act, done in the face of day, without disguise, in the controversy with Great Britain that according to British jurisprudence would be called treason." Actually, this was only one of two or three such demonstrations which took place almost simultaneously, but without swift means of communication the men on the Cape did not realize this. For all they knew, they were crossing the Rubicon alone.

Parliament had assumed the right to choose the council of the colonies, and if allowed to do so would thereby be in control of the higher courts. Colonial leaders decided to counter by shutting off the flow of cases to the higher courts. If the lower courts were not permitted to sit, the higher courts would soon find themselves idle.

The Court of Common Pleas, shortly to be held in Barnstable, was singled out for a beginning. Not only Cape men, but men from off-Cape—from Middleboro, Rochester, and other nearby towns—assembled in Sandwich the day before the court was to open. Dr. Nathaniel Freeman was chosen to lead the group. He was a handsome, well-built man of thirty-three with both the look and abilities of a leader, though he was not always too well liked. The lead he took now cost him dearly—the attack on him mentioned above took place a few days later.

Early morning found the entire group on the march to Barnstable, with only a stop at the Widow Chipman's in Great Marshes to break the journey. Doctor Freeman was riding a good mount and, according to an eye-witness, made a splendid figure, with "a handsome black-lapelled coat, a tied wig as white as snow, a set-up hat with the point a little to the right: in short, he had the very appearance of fortitude personified." Most of the others followed on foot, two by two. Arriving in Barnstable and joined there by local patriots, they took their places on the courthouse lawn, fifteen hundred strong, and awaited the arrival of the judges.

The judges presently appeared, headed by one of the most honorable and honored of Cape men, Colonel James Otis, father of James Otis, Jr. A staunch patriot, he merely did his duty by at-

tempting to carry out the function still charged to him, that of presiding over the court. He was doubtless well aware of what was afoot, and certainly approved.

Freeman informed the judges of the people's decision to prevent the opening of the court, and made it clear that their objections did not concern that court itself. Colonel Otis, his conscience clear, withdrew with the other judges to frame a suitable reply for the record. The entire proceedings were carried out in an orderly fashion because the principal men involved on both sides were in reality all on the same side.

The waiting time between the more important parts of the affair was whiled away by the appointing of committees which were sent off to round up Tories and exact from them signed "recantations." The report of the "Proceedings of the Body of the People" particularly goes into the case of one offender.

First "a committee was appointed to wait on Mr. T. who had threatened to cut down the liberty pole, and to require of him a solemn recantation and promise never thus to offend." The committee returned to report a strenuous denial on the part of Mr. T. and a refusal to make any promises.

A new committee was appointed to fetch Mr. T. Brought to the scene, he then admitted he had offered to stand a drink for a man who threatened to pull it down, but said he was only joking and would certainly never think of disturbing the pole himself.

At this point the larger proceedings interrupted the kangaroo court, and Mr. T. melted away. The report was given out that the court had consented not to sit, and the body then voted that the conduct of the court was satisfactory.

Now it was time to get back to Mr. T. Further evidence had come to light that he *had* threatened to pull down the liberty pole in Barnstable, and still another committee was sent after him. They were armed with an impressively worded recantation and promise. Mr. T. was either to sign it or be brought once again before the body. But with the following report, the case of Mr. T. took a new turn. "The committee returned and reported that they

had made diligent search, but that said Mr. T. could not be found." For the moment, the case of Mr. T. was tabled.

Various other matters were voted upon, and committees appointed for each town to ask military officers to resign their commissions as officers of the king. Deliberations were then resumed on Mr. T., and it was voted that until he signed the declaration he should "be deemed by every member of this Body, an enemy of his country." Having done a good day's work on matters great and small, the group adjourned until six o'clock the following morning, when it was to assemble "at beat of drum." Somehow all found food and shelter for the night among the inhabitants of Barnstable, and according to reports were treated with kind hospitality.

The next day more committees were appointed and other business taken care of, the most important being a plea to Colonel Otis to attend the next session of the General Court as their duly appointed member. They considered the council which had been chosen the preceding May by the Court in accordance with the charter to be the only constitutional council of the province.

The old gentleman's written reply, expressing his determination to attend at Salem as their representative, was heard by the whole group with heads uncovered. Later when they marched back to Sandwich all hats were raised to Colonel Otis as they passed his house to emphasize their understanding and respect for his part in the proceedings of the day before.

In the meantime, word had come that the Tories, taking advantage of their absence, had pulled down the liberty pole in Sandwich while the Whigs were raising a new one in Barnstable. Twenty-two men were sent ahead to round up the miscreants. The rest of the marchers again paused at the Widow Chipman's, a popular stopping-off place in those days, and there found a peddler of English, Scotch, and India goods, known to have recently sold the "abhorred article." He was required to promise in writing not to sell any more tea, and to destroy in the presence of the assembled company what he had. He claimed to have no

tea, and when none could be found in his pack he was let off with a warning.

Such displays of spirit as that at Barnstable were bound to lead quickly to war, and war brought grim days. For seafaring Cape Codders, the Cape became a prison with canvas walls.

Provincetown Harbor was a natural base of operations for the British fleet. All the enemy had to do was sail into it and take over. The inhabitants had no means to stop them. Helpless themselves, and reminded daily of British might while lacking any evidence of American power, many people in Provincetown and Truro saw no hope for American victory and remained professed Loyalists.

The colonial militia companies might well have spared Falmouth and Barnstable any threat of British landings, if those companies had not been ordered away into the continental forces almost as soon as they were formed. Cape men were asked to march off to other battlefields, and did, even though they could look back over their shoulders as they left and see British frigates anchoring in their home harbors.

Falmouth in particular was the scene of several desperate adventures when she attempted with scanty manpower to defend herself from British raids on her shipping. Her men outwitted the British to such an extent that an attack on the town was finally planned and attempted with the intention of burning it, but without success.

Cape Cod's shipping was ruined by the British blockade, and yet even then many a daring skipper petitioned the General Court for permission to run the blockade. Hard lessons were being learned. Cape Cod wits were being honed on the stone of war, and native skippers' ability to outwit as well as to outsail the competition was being developed to a fine point.

Without shipping, certain items were soon in short supply, a good example being salt. The Continental Congress early tried to encourage the manufacture of salt, and urged the inhabitants of seaport towns to do all they could to produce it. In Dennis, Cape

Codders were laughing at the efforts of "Sleepy John" Sears to make salt by solar evaporation of sea water, but those who laughed most soon scrambled onto his bandwagon.

Despite shortages, hardships, and peril, the colonies were now committed to their course. In 1776 came the portentous moment when it was proposed in the House of Representatives that all towns be "recommended to give instructions to their representatives with respect to a Declaration by Congress of the Independence of the United Colonies." All Cape towns but one instructed their representatives to vote for independence. Barnstable, dominated by a squire who was a vehement Loyalist, failed to do so. Actually, it did not instruct its representative to vote against independence. The resolution simply read: "Voted not to give any instructions to the Representative with regard to Independence." However, this amounted to a negative vote. While Barnstable folk were still disputing the issue locally, it was settled nationally. Nine days after the Barnstable meeting, the Declaration of Independence was signed.

By this time the country had settled down to wartime living, and before long good patriots were being asked to give up their lead window weights to be cast into bullets. Within a week after the passage of the Declaration of Independence, the Court resolved to draft every twenty-fifth man for the army; and after another six months had passed, the draft had been increased to every seventh man.

The Cape began to suffer sharply for manpower, since no allowance was made for all the men who chose to fight their share of the war at sea, where they were best fitted to serve. This double manpower drain was a burden which inland regions did not have to bear. Despite this fact, early in the war the Court allowed a representative of South Carolina to enlist three hundred seamen on Cape Cod to aid in the defense of his state.

Both enemy action and storms lengthened the melancholy honor roll of Cape seamen lost in the war. Many of them were captured and sent to rot in filthy, disease-ridden British prison ships. And in one tempest, called the "Magee storm" after the captain of the

vessel, the American brig *General Arnold* was pounded to pieces on the Plymouth flats and her crew forced up to the open deck when she filled with water. Over seventy of her company of one hundred and five had frozen to death when help finally reached the stricken ship, and many others died later. Of these, eleven of twelve Barnstable men perished, and the one survivor lost both feet.

As the war dragged on, small garrisons mainly from Cape Cod were sent to the islands lying to the south of the Cape, but there was little chance of effectively protecting them from British domination. Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands became bases from which Loyalist privateers could safely operate. At the same time, American privateers, many of them manned by Cape seamen, were scoring successes far and near, even in the waters of the British Isles themselves.

Except in those towns dominated by the British base at Provincetown, the enemy forces were pretty well kept offshore—and even in Truro tradition has it that on one occasion the invaders were prevented from landing.

Occasionally the British based at Provincetown recognized the fact that their American cousins, enemy or not, had to eat and showed leniency toward small vessels that tried to sneak out and catch a few fish. For example, a young English lieutenant in command of a British warship there gave clearance to a Plymouth master with the following document:

"These are to certify that I took the schooner *Harmony*, Nathaniel Carver, master, belonging to Plymouth, but on account of his good services, have given him up his vessel again.

"Dated on board His Majesty's ship *Albemarle*, 17th August, 1782, in Boston Bay.

Horatio Nelson"

The future admiral did not live to revisit Cape Cod and the rest of the American seacoast during the War of 1812. From the American standpoint this was probably just as well.

Cape Cod men were involved as spectators in both the great

spy and treason cases of the Revolution. A Yarmouth man guarded Major André the night before his execution, and a Truro man was unintentionally involved in Arnold's flight.

During the war, the basis for many of those personal, family, and village feuds which have so long enlivened the local scene was firmly laid down in the question of loyalties. As time went on, the position of Loyalist sympathizers became more and more difficult. Many fled the country, and the courts were kept busy deciding what to do about those among them who wished to return, or to have their families join them. Some Loyalists recanted and joined the cause of liberty, how sincerely none except themselves could ever have said.

The contribution of Massachusetts to the Revolution in annual terms of service furnished to the Continental ranks was better than a fourth part of the whole burden carried by the thirteen colonies. The record becomes all the more impressive when compared, for example, with the contribution made by New York. With a population then approximately three quarters the size of Massachusetts, that colony furnished but one quarter as many men.

On Cape Cod, matters reached a point where an investigating committee could report in 1782: "We have fully and critically attended to the service and are satisfied that the several towns in said [Barnstable] County have complied with the utmost of their abilities with the requisitions made upon them by the General Court for beef and men, and that said towns are incapable of complying therewith any further."

Finally, on April 19, 1783, the day that completed the eighth year of the war, General Washington proclaimed the cessation of hostilities. James Otis, Jr., the Cape Codder who had first spoken out in the cause of liberty and who might have appreciated final victory the most keenly, was no longer able to grasp fully its significance. But at least he himself was soon set at liberty from the bondage of living with a mind in ruins. Unfortunately, even the lucid moments of the latter years of his life were darkened by grief and tragedy. His daughter made him unhappy by marrying

an English officer. His son, the third James Otis, who enlisted as a midshipman, was taken prisoner, and died at the age of twenty-one on the infamous British prison ship, *Jersey*.

At last, little more than a month after Washington's proclamation, Otis stood in the doorway of his home one night during a spring thunderstorm and was given sudden and dramatic release. Struck by a bolt of lightning, he died instantly.

RUIN, PROSPERITY, AND RUIN

For eight years the Cape's economy had suffered ruinously, and it was several more years before the blessings of peace began to take effect. At first, with European markets closed to them, especially those of England, Cape Codders could find no way to fully employ their talents as merchant seamen.

Eventually, they began to turn to the Pacific when they found that trade with the Orient would bring them a good living. The West Indies trade also began to flourish again despite England's imperial frown, and presently the Napoleonic Wars offered fine opportunities for neutral trade, not only with France but even with England.

During the Revolution, Britain had offered captured American whalemén, most of whom were Cape Codders, the alternative of fighting on British ships against their own countrymen or of serving in the British whaling fleet. As a result, the crews of most British whalers came to be almost entirely American, both officers and men. When the war was over, they returned home and started whaling for themselves once again.

The years that lay between the Revolution and the War of 1812 were chaotic ones for Europe, what with the French Revolution and then the rise of Napoleon. When Cape Cod skippers ventured abroad in the direction of Europe, lured by large profits, few failed to have their share of exciting adventures. They did not seek danger; but, when it came, they generally gave a good account of themselves.

They had to think and act fast, and like their competitors they

often indulged in sharp practices. Skippers like Captain Elijah Cobb of Brewster were men whose character presented startling contrasts. A knowledge of the world and its irreligious ways conflicted with the tenets of a New England conscience and produced some strange results. Invariably, these skippers found a pious moral buried in any deal they made, however devious.

A Cape Cod skipper would sail into the jaws of hell itself to pick up a cargo if tempted by an outrageous enough profit. Some would say Elijah Cobb came close to doing this when his vessel was captured by a French frigate and taken into Brest during the Terror in France. His papers were taken away from him, and had conveniently disappeared. Without them he could not prove his claim that the laws of neutrality had been violated by France.

For weeks he sat in a strange port in a country whose manners and language were both alien to him, a country being run by a pack of desperate ruffians to whom power was new and strange, and to whom life was exceedingly cheap, much cheaper than food. For weeks he watched his cargo of flour and rice being unloaded from his ship and being taken to feed the starving people, while he waited for an answer to his appeal to the American *chargé d'affaires* in Paris.

This answer, when it came, did little more than urge him to be patient. Then, in about six weeks, a French official finally brought him news of the decision rendered by the tribunal of commerce. He was to be paid for his cargo.

His spirits uplifted by this decision, Cobb spent the next three days in a verbal battle with the Frenchmen, driving a hard bargain as to the prices to be paid for his flour and rice. That even savage revolutionaries were not proof against a Yankee trader is indicated by an entry in his memoirs which says that the prices represented "a good beginning, being over 200 per cent on the invoice."

The question of payment was as difficult as all the other problems involved. He agreed to accept government bills of exchange, payable in Hamburg sixty days after date, and was promised them in not more than two weeks' time. At the end of a month, having

received no bills, he determined to take his case straight to the headquarters of the regime in Paris.

Getting to the capital, however, was not just a matter of buying a ticket and stepping aboard some convenient public conveyance. Travel was extremely dangerous, and furthermore it was limited only to those with official business to transact. However, Cobb managed to argue the authorities into allowing him a place in a courier's coach for a hard-riding and miserably uncomfortable journey to Paris.

"We were furnished," he reports, "each with a pair of pistols, with a blunderbus, loaded, in front. . . . Our carriage, was musquet shot proof, except in front; drove, by a postilion outside with from 5, to 9 horses, according to the road, which at best, was very indifferent."

As they posted toward Paris, the sight of an ambushed courier's butchered body lying in the road amidst the mangled remains of horses and carriage served to remind them that at any moment they might find themselves making a last stand against cutthroats. But Cobb's luck held, and he reached Paris in one piece.

There he pursued his aims tenaciously in the midst of the all but unbridled Reign of Terror that was sweeping France. He saw "the galliotine, in continual operation, & their streets and publick squars, drenched with human blood . . . I minuted down, 1000 persons, that I saw beheaded, by that *infernal* machine; and probably saw, as many more, that I did not note down, men, women, priests & laymen, of all ages. . . ."

In time Cobb managed to take his case to the dreaded Robespierre himself. He was courteously received and justly treated. He was told to "tell citizen F.T., that you come from R—e, and if he does not produce your papers, & finish your business *immediately*, he will hear from me again, in a way not so pleasing to him." Cobb was shortly dealing with a very pale-faced Frenchman who handed over the desired papers in a quaking hurry.

The Cape Cod skipper recorded one last fact about the man who had helped him out of his trouble: "And finally, before I left

the country; I saw Robertspeirs head taken off, by the same Machine."

Rivaling Cobb in his adventures was Captain Rowland Crocker, who during our brief unofficial war with France came up against a privateer that was out of his weight class. During the battle he received a musket ball which passed clear through him without doing any vital injury. With Captain Crocker out of the fight, his first mate struck the flag, much to the captain's annoyance—like John Paul Jones, he was inclined to say he had just begun to fight. Taken to France as a prisoner, he remained there until the end of the brief hostilities. While there he met Napoleon, and came to know Thomas Paine well at the time when he was at the height of his influence in France.

After his release, Captain Crocker went back to his trade and in 1807 added a brilliant chapter to the annals of the merchant marine. With a cargo valued at £100,000 in her holds, his ship was crippled in an accident. The pilot and most of the officers and crew considered the vessel lost and abandoned ship. Crocker refused to do so. Without a pilot, and with the help of only a faithful few, he got under way and ran for Dover Harbor in the teeth of a raging storm. By dint of superhuman efforts he saved ship and cargo to the greater glory of American seamanship and Lloyd's insurance business. The grateful underwriters at Lloyd's Coffee House awarded him £500 and an elegant silver cup, suitably inscribed, and Crocker went on to his next command a celebrity in the world of the sea.

In every quarter of the globe at this time Cape Cod sea captains were having a variety of lively adventures and taking them all in stride as part of the business of moving cargoes for a good return. The things they learned from these experiences, and how they handled themselves in dealing with them, were contributing enormously to the shaping of that unique human development, the Cape Cod character, which, if not always wholly admirable, was certainly altogether fascinating.

Characteristic of Cobb and many another Cape Cod skipper

like him was the pleasure he took in being patriotic—but business came before pleasure. The surest thing that can be said of the Cape Coddler is that he is only human. And Cape Codders were only being human when they reacted with extreme exasperation to the embargoes placed upon commerce in 1807 just when maritime prosperity had been recovered.

Both the French and the British were seizing American ships with a growing disregard for a neutral's rights, but keeping American ships at home solved nothing and served only to make our seamen idle and discontented. A great many skippers like Cobb chose to "cheat the Embargo," as he called it, and to brag about doing so.

For the most part, however, Cape vessels rotted at their wharves and Cape fortunes rotted with them. As Shebnah Rich wrote, "Gloomy, indeed, was the prospect. The men cultivated their little farms, taxing the light soil to the utmost, and fished in boats from the shore when possible. The women toiled hard at the wheel and loom; every house was a little factory. By joint labors and strict economy, the wolf was kept from the door. Our vessels were worse than captured when the Embargo went into effect. Cartloads of petitions bearing the names of all the active people of the North, poured in upon President Jefferson, but he stubbornly persisted in his destructive policy."

When to the irritating effects of the embargo was added the further burden of a new war, the Cape's reaction verged on hostile neutrality if not sullen rebellion. The War of 1812 was, in this section at least, the most unpopular war ever waged by the United States. The fact that it was also our most ineptly fought war, a series of inglorious defeats with final victory achieved by default more than anything else, did not increase its popularity.

Despite all dangers, the Cape had borne its share of the Revolutionary War effort with determination and distinction. But only two towns—Orleans and Falmouth—supported the War of 1812 with any degree of ardor. Blinded by its own interests, Cape Cod damned the administration in Washington and made only the most

halfhearted efforts to help preserve the gains it had fought so hard to win only thirty years earlier. Cape Codders sourly watched British vessels again take up residence in Cape Cod Bay, and blamed the whole thing on other sections of the country. The resolution voted in a Yarmouth town meeting in 1814 expressed the opinions of most Cape towns:

"Voted unanimously, that as this town have ever expressed their decided disapprobation of the present ruinous and unhappy war, and have hitherto refrained from engaging in the same; we are still determined not to engage in, encourage or support it any further than we are compelled to do, by the laws of the country of which we are citizens."

While British naval officers strolled about the streets of Provincetown on shopping tours and flirted with the local girls, one British ship was sent for a sail along the shores of the bay on a sort of fund-raising tour. The *Spencer* was captained by an officer with the Gilbert-and-Sullivan-like name of Richard Raggett, and it was his duty to threaten the various towns with destruction unless they paid protection money.

His greatest success was scored at the expense of Brewster. He put that town down for a handsome four-thousand-dollar contribution, and Brewster paid. After that a good excuse for gouging Eastham presented itself when an American skipper, forced to pilot a British warship on a cruise around the bay, contrived to run it ashore. The entire crew was taken prisoner, but then the town, considering itself defenseless against reprisals, not only freed the officers and crew and permitted them to return to their ship, but yielded to demands which were immediately forthcoming. Eastham paid two hundred dollars for the prisoners' baggage which had already passed into the marshal's hands, plus one thousand dollars for the safety of their town.

Truro had a "Committee of Safety" whose doings were apparently not regarded with enough pride to be immortalized in the town records, and Wellfleet had a similar committee which stood

ready to negotiate at all times. On the bay side only Orleans showed any spirit, if we except Sandwich and Barnstable. But they stood firm because their marshy shores made them practically immune to the dangers of the *Spencer's* guns and landing parties anyway. Orleans, however, called Raggett's bluff, and after a mere token attempt at landing he sailed away to look for places where the pickings came easier.

On the other side of the Cape, Falmouth also had an opportunity to show its valor. When the British demanded the surrender of a Nantucket packet and some field pieces with which Falmouth hoped to protect itself, they were invited by the commander of the local artillery company to come and get them if they thought they could. The British made a much more serious attempt to suit action to words at Falmouth than they had at Orleans, but were repulsed. Once again the outcome served only to prove that spirited resistance was effective.

So however lukewarm most Cape Codders might feel about the war, they still managed to put a good many men into the fight at sea. It is true, of course, that their privateering exploits were motivated more by the hope of large profits and the lack of other good seafaring employment than by pure patriotism. In this field, so well-suited to their particular genius, Cape Codders made out well, and contributed considerably to that American success at sea which caused the London *Times* to state with imperial exasperation:

"The public learn, with sentiments which we shall not presume to anticipate, that a third British frigate has struck to an American. This is an occurrence which calls for serious reflection—this and the fact stated in our paper of yesterday, that Lloyd's list contains notices of upward of five hundred British vessels captured in seven months by the Americans. . . . Can these statements be true, and can the English people hear them unmoved? One who had predicted such a result of an American war this time last year would have been treated as a madman or traitor. He would have been told, if his opponents had condescended to argue with him, that

long ere seven months had elapsed the American flag would have been swept from the seas, the contemptible navy of the United States annihilated, and their maritime arsenal rendered a heap of ruins. Yet down to this moment not a single American frigate has struck her flag. . . . Nothing chases, nothing intercepts, nothing engages them but to yield them triumph."

During those difficult days there was still another popular form of making a living at sea on the Cape. A skipper could carry a cargo in a whaleboat around the bay. Then, staying closer inshore than the British ships dared to venture, he would make a dash for it around Sandy Neck, and put in at Sandwich. There the cargo and boats were carted in wagons across the isthmus to Buzzards Bay, and the voyage resumed to New York or Providence, where salt, dried fish, or salt mackerel could be traded for such badly needed staples as flour. Many a Cape skipper used to nobler berths was reduced to this during the war in order to make ends meet.

In spite of the war one industry managed to carry on—the salt works. The method of making salt begun at the time of the Revolution had continued to grow into a major Cape industry, and now it was still growing, with its peak still twenty years away. From Dennis the industry had spread out over the peninsula. Salt vats dotted the shores all along the south side as well as around the bay. It was partly because these vats were so close to the shore, within easy range of British guns, that the citizens of Brewster were so quick to pay the four thousand dollars protection money to the gangster Raggett.

The anxiety caused by the presence of British ships in the Bay and on the prowl along the Back Side of the Cape must have been considerable, yet that and all the other stresses and strains of the times did not bring on ulcers, high-blood pressure, and heart ailments among the outstanding men of the day, at least not to any rapidly fatal extent. A list of prominent men who died in the first half of the nineteenth century gives the following ages: Reverend Philander Shaw, 73; Obed Brooks, 75; Reverend James Freeman and Honorable Elijah Swift, 77; Reverend Enoch Pratt, 78; Mr. Ebenezer Sears and Honorable Isaiah L. Green, 80; Captain Elijah

Cobb, 81; Honorable Braddock Dimmick, 84; Dr. Jonathan Leonard, 86; General Joseph Dimmick and Reverend Nathan Underwood, 88; Dr. James Thacher and Captain Benjamin Hallet, 90; Deacon Allen Hinckley, 91; and Reverend Timothy Alden and Reverend Henry Lincoln, 92. About the only way to kill off a Cape man early was to drown him.

THE MAKING OF THE LEGEND

From the time of King Philip's War in 1675 to the end of the War of 1812 there had been very few years when either the threat of war or war itself had not helped to churn up or dislocate the economy of the Cape. Now, at last, came a long period of peace at a time when America's seamen had been turned on the lathe of war into aggressive, resourceful, and skillful legions of sea-going businessmen. The next half century brought the Cape a prosperity such as it had never known before and can never know again in the same way. It was based on the peculiar ability of Cape Cod sea captains to get the most out of their men and their ships. American merchant seamen were men of conquest, but their conquests were peaceable. And while they were about it, they did something which our wars alone would not have done: they put America on the map.

One eventual result of this prosperity was that some Cape shipmasters, when they returned home to retire and enjoy the fortunes they had made, were anxious to show off their wealth—and about the only way to do this was by building a great house. Unfortunately, some of these were modeled on great houses seen in their travels, so that hybrid monstrosities were the result. In the main, though, it was still true that the Cape presented “a remarkable republican simplicity in the style of buildings; little distinction that betokens wealth; an equality that extends to everything.”

One rather snobbish writer of the times noted “a peculiarity” of Cape Cod houses, which were quite a contrast to those of any other part of the country in having what he considered “an unsuitable *inferiority* of style to those who live in them.”

“In New York, nothing is more common than a house by which

the proprietor is dwarfed, if seen coming out of the door. . . . All over the U. States, there is a great chance of feeling a disappointment on seeing a rich man, if you have, unluckily, put up your scaffolding for an idea of him, by first seeing his house. Few dwellings on the Cape cost over a thousand dollars, yet there are many wealthy men who live in houses of this cost—men, too, whose families are highly educated, and whose sons and daughters visit and marry in the best circles of society in Boston and New York.”

That it might be better to be a big man in a small house than a small man in a big house is a point fumbled at but not quite grasped by this observer, who still wants a little architectural pomp and circumstance.

The Cape tendency toward at least an outward equality had some basis in fact, for as another traveler observed a few years after the War of 1812, one saw a good deal of poor land but very few poor men there.

The population was still almost exclusively of English descent, more so than almost anywhere else in New England. And New Englanders were said to be “more like the Englishman of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is,” with “more of the original ground-work and character” remaining.

Cape Cod was in many ways a man's world. If such things as physical attributes are any indication, it certainly was. The question of physical appearance of both men and women is worth examining, if only for the pleasure of seeing how carefully even so unorthodox a man as Thoreau approaches the problem of being ungallantly truthful. But first, the menfolk.

One traveler speaks for several, all struck by the same observation, when he says: “There scarce seems to be an individual of 70 and upwards who is not a fine study for a painter. I never saw so many handsome old men in any country in the world;—the stern manly Pilgrim-type confirmed and perpetuated by a life of peril and hardy exercise, while visits to foreign parts have kept the physiognomy liberal and open. The largeness of frame of these

old men—for they seemed like a race of Anaks in comparison with modern New Yorkers—and yet sailors are usually small men! How account for it? Only by Prof. Guyot's theory, that vegetable and human life are not permitted by nature to be luxuriant together."

Now for both sexes. A visiting clergyman described a Barnstable gathering as follows: "The audience on this occasion was a large, attentive, and good-looking one. The Cape people are in person a fine race; the children are peculiarly handsome, with well-cut, regular features. We will not profess to have seen much female beauty, (it is rare everywhere,) but the men, in frame and features, are a handsome race—tall, straight, full, and with the ground of what would be called an aristocratic appearance. We see where the Otises, the Quincys, the Thatchers, got their noble looks. Whether it is that the English race has intermingled less with others here than in other parts of Massachusetts, or on account of the climate, or because the calling of the men makes them acquainted with the world, and so fashions them, we will not guess; but we think Cape Cod has given some of the finest faces and forms to New England."

Finally, the ladies. Thoreau, writing at about the same time as the gentleman above, declared: "A strict regard for truth obliges us to say that the few women whom we saw that day looked exceedingly pinched up. They had prominent chins and noses, having lost all their teeth, and a sharp W would represent their profile. They were not so well preserved as their husbands; or perchance they were well preserved as dried specimens. (Their husbands, however, were pickled.)" Thoreau meant pickled in brine, of course, not alcohol!

As to modern times, the present writer would not care to enter into this discussion, being in residence. However, if Thoreau were to revisit the Cape today, he would see plenty of pretty girls there—at least in the summertime.

Some of those handsome Cape Cod skippers of the great days of sailing ships were not always content to sail in vessels built at Boston or New York or other off-Cape ports. Cape shipbuilding

reached its high point at the Shiverick shipyards in East Dennis, where the Shivericks produced clippers which were the equal of any that ever rounded the Horn. And all over the seven seas, Cape Cod men held a remarkable share of the most distinguished commands in all branches of maritime service, from whalers and clipper ships to the luxurious New York-to-Liverpool packets.

Besides furnishing masters and mates, the Cape furnished men to sail before the mast, too, though sometimes the crews, particularly those of the whalers, were made up largely of the scum of the earth, or rather of the seas. Before the Revolution the center of the whaling industry had passed to Nantucket, and whalersmen were searching for their prey as far away as the Falkland Islands and around the Horn and into remote seas of the South Pacific. The brutalizing life in the forecastle of a whaler on such long voyages left a trail of broken men all over the world. The whalers probably furnished more sodden beachcombers than any other class of sea-going vessel.

Conditions for crews aboard merchantmen were somewhat better, but discipline was strict and harsh. The fishermen who risked their lives to bring home boatloads of cod from Georges Banks and the Grand Banks lived the most hazardous existences of all, but at least each one could straighten up and speak his mind like a man. Fishing-boat crews were often family affairs, and discipline was easygoing as compared to that on the larger ships.

Taking its toll from the whalers and merchantmen, fishing-boats and packets, and the frigates and privateers of wartime, the sea kept Cape Cod liberally supplied with widows. Despite men's finest efforts to kill each other in naval actions, the greatest killer was always the sea. In a single storm, fifty-seven Truro men were lost in seven vessels. Twenty-eight Dennis men were lost in the same gale.

In the course of a letter to friends in Dennis in 1851, Daniel Webster caught Cape Cod's salt-water side in these words:

"Gentlemen, the nature of your population is somewhat peculiar. I have often been struck by the very great number of sea-

captains, as well as other mariners, which the county of Barnstable and the neighboring Islands furnish. On the Cape, and on the Islands, I have frequently conversed with persons who seemed as well acquainted with the Gallipagos Islands, the Sandwich Islands, and some parts of New Holland, as with our counties of Hampshire and Berkshire. I was once engaged in a trial of a cause in your district in which a question arose respecting the entrance into the harbor of Owhyee, between the reefs of coral rock guarding it on either side. The counsel for the opposite party proposed to call witnesses to give information to the jury concerning this entrance. I at once saw a smile which I thought I understood; and suggested to the judge that very probably some of the jurors had seen the entrance themselves; upon which *seven* out of the twelve rose and said they were quite familiarly acquainted with it, having seen it often."

In a few instances these deep-water men sailed from Cape Cod ports such as Dennisport, but for the most part the skippers and mates and men of the cargo vessels and traders sailed out of Boston and the whalemens out of New Bedford. The captains took whatever command was available and suited them, and went to whatever port necessary in order to obtain a ship. The mates and crews did the same when it came to finding a berth. The Cape Codders' experiences in deep-water sailing were universal and in no way limited or specialized. The only thing that distinguished the Cape Cod skippers from those of other localities was simply that they were the best.

Despite the absence of so many of these men—the Cape's most vigorous and capable men—during their years at sea, and despite the sorrow that was so often Cape Cod's portion, life still had its lively moments. Fire-eating sea captains were constantly coming home to retire, often in the prime of life, still full of energy, and each convinced by many years of rule as an absolute monarch that he was supremely well fitted to judge how local affairs might best be run. Between them they managed to keep church and town meetings from becoming too dull.

Though the Cape skipper's sense of importance was generally well developed, he was not always lacking in humor. The Cape Cod sense of humor was perhaps a little saltier than that of other parts of New England, and certainly a knowledge of every corner of the world, including the seamy ones, gave many Cape Codders an outlook which was considerably more broadminded than the average.

Not that vices did not get their come-uppances now and again. One of the earliest temperance societies in the nation was formed in Yarmouth shortly after the War of 1812, and Anti-Tobacco Societies also sprang into existence and functioned for a good many years. For the most part, though, Cape Codders continued to have a nip when it suited them, and the air at town meetings remained blue with smoke, not to mention strong language.

Town meetings there were from the beginning, but—though it is hard to imagine the Cape without them—the postoffices were slow in coming. Perhaps nobody realized what social centers they would turn out to be. At any rate, for a long time mail service was all but nonexistent and nobody got too concerned about it. At first, anybody who happened to be coming to or going from the Cape was entrusted with such letters as wanted delivering. After the Revolution the government paid a Barnstable man to make a weekly round trip to Boston to pick up the mail. How mail would get to points below Barnstable was still anybody's guess for a few more years, until a weekly round trip to Truro was added. Not until 1837, however, was a daily service established.

Throughout this time the Cape's population was steadily increasing, and an important industry had even sprung up—the Sandwich glass works (see Chapter on Sandwich). The factory was a going concern from 1825 to 1888, and some of its products are prized far more highly today than they ever were during those earlier years.

In 1860 the population reached a peak of 35,990, after which the great sailing days were over and the population began to decline as Cape men were forced to seek opportunities elsewhere.

It was to be nearly a century before Cape Cod's 1860 population would be matched and then surpassed on a year-round basis. Today the population is approximately 46,000.

Even faster than the whites increased did the Cape's Indian population decline. In 1763, there were but five hundred and fifteen Indians left on Cape Cod. Many of those who were left fought as soldiers in the Revolution, and by suffering heavy losses further hastened the extinction of their race on the Cape. By 1812, pure-blooded Cape Cod Indians had passed into history.

The white man's greed blighted the life of the Indians, of the trees and the soil, and even threatened to do as much for the shellfish which were one of the treasures of the Cape. Almost from the first, legislation to protect oysters and clams was necessary. The Pilgrims enacted laws concerning them and also concerning poaching in the rivers during the herring runs. But despite all attempts at protection, the native oysters were destroyed, though it must be said that their destruction was finally brought about by a disease or parasite which attacked them in the 1770s.

However someone had the happy thought of bringing young oysters from beds further south and letting them mature and get their flavor in the superior waters of Cape Cod. The experiment was a complete success. The newcomers turned out to be as good as even the native oysters had been; it is to be hoped that Cape Cod can do as much with the human newcomer. Of course, with the oyster, its place of birth did not matter—it was the finishing school that counted. By 1830, the oyster was enjoying a far greater vogue in the United States than it enjoys even today, and it formed a part of the Cape's economy worthy of notice.

Eventually, the sailing-ship era came to an end. With the passing of the times that brought forth the Cape Cod skipper, that unique part of the Cape's history is concluded. In 1890, its population was 29,172. How did those thousands, even though they were fewer, manage to make ends meet? Katherine Lee Bates, writing at that time, gives us some idea. A few acres of cranberry bogs provided all the cash needed, which was not much. If an old sea-

man had his own garden to tend, his own pork to salt, his own chickens to raise, his own cow to milk, and went fishing now and then in his own little dory, he was all set. His wife did the cooking and sewing, and "tied tags" for pin money, that being a favorite light industry on the Cape in those days (it consisted of tying the strings on sales tags). "There is so little actual poverty in these towns," Miss Bates writes, "that the poorhouse is often rented."

Those "few acres of cranberry bogs" became an important addition to Cape economy about 1850. From the first, wild cranberries had been found on the Cape and along the Massachusetts coast. As early as 1677, ten barrels of wild cranberries were used by Massachusetts Bay Colony as a weapon of diplomacy. They were sent to Charles II, along with two hogsheads of sump (a coarse hominy) and three thousand codfish, when he became angry with the colony for having coined "pine tree" shillings without the royal permission. It was nearly two centuries, however, before the possibilities of cultivated cranberries were recognized and fresh water swamps were cleared and planted with cranberry vines.

At first the berries were picked by hand. Picking was a family affair. Around the first of September, everybody went into the bogs and helped harvest the crop. In 1880, the wooden cranberry scoop was developed and although a picking machine has since been invented, the wooden scoop still accounts for most of the berries picked. Even its wooden construction is unchallenged by other materials. For example, aluminum scoops have proved unsatisfactory because the vines scratch and roughen the metal too much.

Near the turn of the century, cranberry growers began to bring in "Portygees" from the Cape Verde Islands to work as cranberry pickers, and Portuguese settlements such as that in North Harwich resulted. The Cape Verde folk are now a well-established part of the Cape scene, and some of them still find their way to the bogs each September, where the best of them pick as many as sixty boxes (twenty barrels) of cranberries per day at fifty cents per box during the six or seven weeks of the picking season.

Two other industries brought the Portuguese to Cape Cod during the latter part of the last century. In Provincetown it was the fisheries, and there the first arrivals, in the 1870s, were from the Azores. They were followed soon by men from Portugal itself.

The other industry centers in Falmouth, where around 1895 seamen from the Cape Verde trading fleet began to clear woodland and set themselves up as farmers. Gradually they came to realize that the soil was ideal for strawberries if properly handled. By 1915 they had organized the Cape Cod Strawberry Growers' Association and by 1920 they were paying off mortgages thanks to Howard 17, Echo, Abington, King Edward, and Big Joe—the principal varieties then grown.

The Portuguese are the only large foreign group on Cape Cod. In Barnstable you will pass through a stretch of Little Finland on Route 6, with a Finnish church and many Finnish names on the mailboxes, but the settlement is not large. In Dennis Village, "Little Taunton" on Taunton Road is largely Italian, and here and there are other such groups, but none of any particular size or significance.

Since 1900 the major change in the make-up of the Cape's population has been the addition of newcomers from all over the nation who have moved to Cape Cod because they wanted to, and most of them have come within the last fifteen years. Before then, the population had been decreasing. By 1920 it was only 26,670 and still going down. The number would undoubtedly have dwindled a good deal more had it not been for the new industry that developed.

As early as 1890 an invading force had established a beachhead on Cape Cod, and thereafter their numbers steadily increased. They infiltrated the Cape by train, then by automobile, and finally even by airplane. These invaders, whom many Cape Codders viewed with the same distrust and resistance they would have accorded to men from Mars, were known as Summer People. There was one compensation which made the presence of these people almost tolerable, however: the money they spent during their stay

was enough to tide many a Cape Codder over the long winter months.

A new division of the year took its place on Cape Cod's calendar. It was known as The Season. As mooncussers used to wait for a storm to bring profitable wrecks ashore, so did some of their descendants begin to wait for The Season. Others found they actually enjoyed meeting all different sorts of outlanders. After some of the outlanders had persisted in coming back again every summer for thirty or forty years they even began to be well regarded in the community, though of course they were never for a moment given the same standing as a native.

Only ignorance of the history of Cape Cod could lead a person to condemn the Cape Codder's attitude toward tourists, particularly the resentment they showed when outsiders first began to intrude in great numbers. For generations the bulk of Cape Cod's men, in order to maintain a home on their beloved peninsula, had spent a good part of their lives in foreign parts making a living at the hard trades of the sea. They had bought the Cape with their courage and endurance, their blood, and their best years, and had achieved a fierce sense of independence. Semi-isolation, intermarriage, common interests, and common suffering in their endless battle with the sea had made Cape Codders clannish. They did not take kindly to being in any way dependent on outsiders, particularly those who were loudmouthed nuisances and who insisted upon viewing the natives as "quaint."

There are still quite a few native Cape Codders of no great age who can recall the days when summer people were a rarity and cut no appreciable figure in the Cape's economy. They would be less than human if they did not resent the assumption some summer people seem to make—that Cape Cod is a public park maintained for their sole benefit.

Though they might dislike certain aspects of the tourist invasion, however, Cape Codders had not descended from the old skippers for nothing. They could recognize a good business proposition when they saw one. Here was a cargo which could be hauled for a

good profit. The voyage only took about eight weeks, and what were eight weeks, even with a few disagreeable features, compared to a year on a clipper ship or three years on a whaler? Slowly, and in its own cross-grained way, Cape Cod developed its new trade.

Something has always come along to keep Cape Cod afloat and solvent. Family fortunes have been laid down from farming and the raising of livestock, from saltworks, cranberries, merchant shipping, privateering, wrecking, fishing, whaling, and now tourism. One other industry which had a brief but profitable run on Cape Cod was the basis for some tidy family fortunes in recent times. This industry was rumrunning.

When liquor was brought ashore during the Prohibition Era, it often had to be stored somewhere until the right moment could be found for trucks to pick it up and take it to the cities. Many an old Cape Cod cottage was periodically packed from wall to wall and from ceiling to floor with cases of liquor, at storage rates of so much per case. Some of the Cape's more substantial citizens can trace their present prosperity to those dear departed days.

Cape Cod has always been a smuggler's paradise. With mile upon mile of coastline to chose from, it was a natural landing place for the skippers of that unofficial little merchant marine which operated during the Prohibition Era. How Elijah Cobb would have loved the Eighteenth Amendment! What a welcome challenge he would have considered it! What a superb job he would have done of evading such an Embargo, and what fine profits he would have made on the "desirable cargoes" involved!

It is not hard to imagine Cobb in just such a situation as one Cape Cod rumrunner of the Mid-Cape area once found himself. So let us call the man Elijah Cobb, Elijah's family being less likely to object than the family of the more recent smuggler.

For years the Coast Guard had been trying without success to catch Cobb with the goods. Then one day Cobb approached an old cranberry grower with an interesting proposition.

"I bought a big load of cranberries on Nantucket, and I want to

bring them over here tomorrow night and store them somewhere for a few days," he explained. "I'll give you five hundred dollars if you'll rent me your barn to keep them in till I can move them out onto the mainland."

"Five hundred dollars, eh? Guess I can't turn down a proposition like that," said the elderly farmer. "I'll take it." As it happened, he was an upright, law-abiding man, and a sincere Prohibitionist. The minute Cobb left, the old gent went straight to the Coast Guard and told them what had happened.

"Five hundred dollars to rent a barn!" he snorted. "Man doesn't pay five hundred dollars just to store a load of cranberries!"

Here was the chance the Coast Guard had been waiting for, and their captain did not mean to let it slip. The night Cobb's trucks were to bring their loads of "cranberries" up from the beach, every available Coast Guardsman who could be pulled off any other detail was hiding in the woods surrounding the cranberry barn.

In due time the trucks came rolling down the sand road and stopped beside the barn. Cobb had hardly stepped down out of the lead truck before spotlights suddenly crisscrossed the area and armed Coast Guardsmen surrounded him, his men, and his trucks on every side. There was no possibility of escape.

Triumphantly the Coast Guard captain had a box hauled down off one of the trucks. "Now, then, we'll see!" he said, and an axe was swung on the box. Out poured a stream of bright red cranberries. Sure enough, Cobb's trucks were loaded with cranberries and nothing but cranberries. And in the meantime, having pulled the forces of the local Coast Guard into one patch of woods, he had another crew of his men busy on a distant beach bringing ashore one of the biggest loads of booze of his whole career.

Those same years of the Prohibition Era and the Glittering Twenties saw the emergence of the Cape as an artists' and writers' colony. Eugene O'Neill and the Provincetown Players, Susan Glaspell, John Dos Passos, Wilbur Daniel Steele, and a score of other big names of that day gave Provincetown a national prominence. The Cape Playhouse in Dennis was a great center of the

summer theater world in the days of real summer theater, when productions were less professional and more fresh and exciting than they are today.

Beginning in the late Thirties, the population of the Cape was once more on the increase. More and more outsiders were coming to live on a year-round basis. Many were older folk who had retired, but some were younger persons who were able to find ways and means of making a living on Cape Cod, thanks to the enormous increase in the summer trade. For that matter, the increase in the year-round population itself provided additional opportunities.

Cape Cod today, then, is a conglomeration of people, often of greatly contrasting backgrounds, who are learning to live together and generally doing a pretty good job of it, but the true Cape Codder is still greatly in evidence. A survey of old Cape Cod names in the telephone book would seem to indicate that he should not be counted as extinct for quite a while yet. There may be a good many potatoes in the quahog chowder now, but the flavor of the quahog still comes through.

2. Sandwich

Incorporated 1639

SANDWICH HAS SHORE LINE ONLY ON CAPE COD BAY, AND CONTAINS the villages of Sandwich, East Sandwich, South Sandwich, Forestdale, Wakepee, and Farmersville.

Sandwich is the oldest town on the Cape, and the village of Sandwich is one of the loveliest. Long ago, early travelers saw its handsome old houses and the Christopher Wren spire of its meetinghouse and pronounced it the only Cape Cod settlement worthy of comparison with an English village.

Sandwich built some of the Cape's most beautiful meeting-houses, and had some of the worst fights in them. Its church was long the most bigoted and intolerant on Cape Cod, but in spite of this Sandwich never lacked for persons with the courage to oppose bigotry.

This is the only town to produce a Cape industry that gained world-wide renown—the Sandwich glass works. A hundred years ago it was a bustling and forward-looking place.

Settlement in Sandwich began two years before it became a town. In 1637, a grant of land was made to "ten men of Saugus." The town of Lynn, just above Boston, was then called Saugus, and from there came Mr. Edmund Freeman and nine associates, who were soon joined by others from Lynn, Duxbury, and Plymouth.

There had already been a trading post for a decade at Manomet, in what is now Bourne. The territory of Sandwich originally in-

cluded Bourne, and the village of Sagamore in Bourne was originally West Sandwich.

The leader of the "ten men of Saugus" is one of the most appealing personalities among the early Cape settlers. Edmund Freeman had liberal and tolerant principles at a time when such principles, if adhered to, inevitably led their owner into trouble.

They got Freeman into trouble at the time of the Quaker persecutions. For his tendency to believe in such dangerous ideas as freedom of worship, he was dropped from the high office he had occupied for seven years as the governor's assistant. He held firm to his beliefs, however, and when the fever of intolerance passed he had nothing to reproach himself with as did lesser men such as Governor Thomas Hinckley.

Freeman was a restless chap who had moved about a good deal before he settled at Sandwich. In his time there were no stage-coaches or other vehicles in Plymouth Colony. A man went places either afoot or on horseback, and it was on horseback that the Freemans traveled, Edmund in the saddle and his wife Elizabeth behind him on a cushion called a pillion, which was attached to the saddle. When she died, just one year short of their sixtieth wedding anniversary, eighty-six-year-old Edmund marked her grave with a rock shaped like a pillion, and placed another stone beside it that resembled a saddle. There, beside his wife, he was to be buried when his time came. The Saddle and Pillion stones have marked their graves ever since.

In colonial times men were not afraid to strike out anew merely because they were getting along in years. Edmund Freeman was nearly fifty when he headed the group that was given "liberty to view a place to sit down" on Cape Cod. Several others in the group were no younger, but all acted with energy and decision. According to a Sandwich historian the new settlement was quickly established with two aims in mind—"to worship God and to make money."

A year after the first settlers arrived, a church was founded with Reverend William Leverich as pastor, and for a time a reasonable

degree of unity seems to have prevailed, even though Mr. Leverich was never too popular with a substantial number of the people. He had been in Sandwich twelve years before a levy of five pounds was finally made "to pay for removing and parting of his house with boards, which has long since been promised to be done for him by the town." Apparently the poor man had been living all that time in a house not even divided into rooms.

Had Mr. Leverich taken the matter to Court he might have gotten action much sooner, for the Court stood ready to rule on almost any kind of lapse, however petty. During its period of probation, before it became a town, Sandwich's citizens were fined for numerous offenses, many of which seem exceptionally trivial today, yet they took the Court's meddling meekly.

One offense that drew the most frequent fines was a transplantation from the Old World that made no sense in the New. It had to do with failure to put rings in swines' snouts. No injury was being done by the pigs that ringing would have prevented, and nobody was even complaining about any fancied injuries, but the law was on the books and that was that. Among those fined were the leading men as well as the lesser ones. Edmund Freeman was fined. Richard Bourne was fined for three of his pigs, and Thomas Tupper for five of his.

When it came to the question of land, however, meekness disappeared. Everybody was a real-estate speculator, even the parson. Land changed hands at a brisk rate. Knowing full well the temper of its people on this score, Plymouth moved to have the lands granted to Sandwich accurately defined "with all convenient speed" and sent that speedy man Captain Miles Standish down to do the job, assisted by John Alden.

They performed the task to everybody's satisfaction, at least at the time, but somehow Scorton Neck became a sort of no man's land over which Sandwich and Barnstable quarreled for years. Whenever things grew too quiet, they could always choose new committees to get together and wrangle over who owned Scorton Neck—and they always did.

In the meantime, Mr. Leverich was getting in trouble and even he ended up in court. Sandwich's first divine was a tiresome bore in the opinion of many, and his religious views were considered questionable. At the instigation of his enemies he was haled into court on a charge of trading an Indian a gun for some goods, and though the whole affair smacks of ye olde frame-up, he was fined fifteen pounds, which equaled the entire annual salary he accepted when, before long, he gave up and moved to Long Island. The poor man experienced difficulties to the last: the boat transporting him and his goods was seized in Long Island Sound by Rhode Island authorities and Plymouth had to intervene to straighten matters out.

Mr. Leverich left behind a church already in the throes of its first serious split. For a while it made do with a lay preacher, Thomas Tupper. Tupper's efforts were not much thought of by a great many, but he was in favor with the government and made good use of that favoritism to keep his place in the pulpit.

In time Richard Bourne entered the lists, and each man had his party of followers. It was finally agreed that whichever man had the most followers present of a Sabbath was to conduct the services and do the preaching. An uneasier system of worship can scarcely be imagined.

To add to the strife caused by this split came the Quakers. While many Sandwich people subscribed to the official attitude of harsh intolerance of this sect, many others were shortly in trouble for befriending them. To Sandwich's credit let it be said that no local constable could be found who would hound the Quakers with the persistence desired by the Court. This unsavory job finally had to be intrusted to that off-Cape man and renegade minister, George Barlow. And when Barlow brought the Quakers Copeland and Holder to Sandwich he could not get the sort of satisfaction he wanted from Sandwich authorities. He was forced to take his victims on to Barnstable to find a magistrate who would order them whipped.

To be sure many citizens of Sandwich were badly treated insofar

as fines and imprisonment were concerned, but it is remarkable that the countermeasures were not harsher still when one considers how Quakerism flourished there. In 1657 Sandwich became the first town in America to hold regular monthly meetings of Friends.

Occasionally there must have been a certain amount of justice involved in the treatment of the more obstreperous social rebels. For example, Richard Kerby's daughter Sarah, who flirted with Quakerism, was unquestionably a saucy wench with a flip tongue. For "divers suspicious speeches uttered against" those mild and goodhearted men, Richard Bourne and Edmund Freeman, she was "reprimanded and sentenced to be publicly whipped if the offense was repeated." She expressed herself freely at the meeting-house and was later in trouble for disturbing public worship.

In a few years the Quaker troubles passed, and Sandwich actually called to its pulpit Reverend John Smith of Barnstable, a man of unusually liberal and tolerant principles. In Barnstable Smith had belonged to a minority who broke away from the church there and formed a Quaker group of their own. But presumably, in the fifteen years or so between then and the time of his call to Sandwich, Smith had returned to the fold.

Nevertheless for such a minister to remain long in favor was asking too much of Sandwich, and after twelve years the town found Mr. Smith's general attitude of toleration too obnoxious to be borne. At his own request his connection with the church there was terminated. At that time the active male members of the church numbered but five.

The next minister, Reverend Roland Cotton, prospered at least to the extent of being given all drift whales that came ashore. The picture of a clergyman stripping the blubber and boiling it in great iron try pots is an entertaining one, and after a Saturday whale churchgoers would doubtless have tried to keep to windward of the pulpit—but probably the reverend gentleman never touched one of the critters. In earlier days, men had paid the town £16 per whale and if only part of a whale came ashore a committee of leading citizens was customarily appointed to go down to the beach and

judge what proportion of a whole whale God had cast upon the shore, so that proportionate payment could be made. It seems likely, therefore, that Mr. Cotton converted his whale rights into cash and let others tend to the smelly details.

But even if he avoided too close contact with whale blubber, he still had melancholy duties connected with the sea, such as reading burial services for drowned seamen. He probably officiated at the burial of Captain Peter Adolph. When the German sea captain from New York was drowned after losing his vessel with all hands off Sandwich, the bodies of Adolph and his crew were recovered and given a decent burial. To show her gratitude, the captain's widow sent the town a bell cast in Munich, with St. Paul's question to the Romans inscribed in Latin around the bottom: "If God Be For Us, Who Can Be Against Us?" It served Sandwich for several years and then was sold to Barnstable when Sandwich bought a larger bell. Today it is on display in the law library of the Barnstable Courthouse.

By the time Mr. Cotton came to Sandwich, the Quakers there were no longer required to pay any portion of the orthodox minister's salary, but he did win one concession which could not have sat too well with some of the Friends. The town voted to allow him to pasture his horse in the Quaker burying ground. Nor was that the only indignity visited upon that hallowed spot. In 1767, more than a hundred years after the Quaker troubles, the town decided to construct a powderhouse—and built it in the Quaker burying ground. Since the Friends' beliefs forbade the use of arms, this action sounds suspiciously like a malicious joke.

On a nobler level is Sandwich's action in 1773, when it recorded the Cape's first protest against slavery. The town wanted to see legislation passed to prevent the importation of slaves, and so instructed its representatives. It also wanted the children "of such Africans as are now slaves among us" to be free when they reached the age of twenty-one. Five years after this vote, the selling of slaves in the American market was prohibited in Boston.

Later on in the same year that Sandwich registered its protest

against slavery, a protest of a different sort was made in Boston, and a Sandwich boy was present. Young John Nye ran away to the big city and joined the Boston Tea Party. But his actions there have about them a strong flavor of the practical Cape Coddler. While the other "Indians" were wildly pitching tea overboard, John tucked a generous packet inside his jacket and brought it home to his grandmother, Deborah Nye, who enjoyed it thoroughly. Certainly not more than half the townspeople would have criticized Deborah for this action.

Sandwich seemed to have more than its share of dissension, particularly between nearly balanced factions, and the dissension went deeply into politics as well as the church. In the early stages of the Revolution, Sandwich Tories nearly equaled Whigs in number. Loyalists were many and troublesome, but the patriots retained control, and as the war dragged on and British victory seemed less certain many of the Loyalists moved to Nova Scotia or other more congenial climates, thus increasing the patriots' majority. "Watch-boxes" were built along the shore and manned, but though local Tories collaborated with the British naval forces, there were no enemy attacks. At first the watchmen were paid two shillings a night, but by 1778 it was necessary to pay them eight.

The Quakers were something of a problem, too. Not being permitted by their beliefs to bear arms, a good many of them stayed home and made money farming while their neighbors were away fighting the battles. Hence, when it looked as if fines would be levied against Sandwich for not furnishing its quota of men in 1780, it was decided to ask such Quakers "as are thought to have money to spare" to lend the town the money for the fines and to draft them if they refused.

Even higher education in Sandwich was blighted by religious dissension. In 1804 the Sandwich Academy was established and during its vigorous early years drew pupils not only from the Cape but from the South and even from the West Indies. It seemed to hold promise of becoming a school of national importance, but within a few years squabbling among the faculty and trustees re-

sulted in fewer and fewer pupils being sent to the school, which soon had to close.

More enduring was the fund established four years later by Titus Winchester, the slave of the Reverend Abraham Williams. Titus, curiously enough, had some money and property of his own, and when he died he left part of his estate for a clock and part for the support of the ministry. Nearly a hundred and fifty years later, the annual income of his modest bequest is still being used by the church.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, Cape Codders were really settling into their own peculiar mold, and off-Cape persons had to be good, substantial people if they wanted to be tolerated there. A man like Silas Blush, now, who lived "entirely by Pilfering & stealing," according to John Freeman, and was too lazy to gather his own corn but sold it all standing, was liable to answer for a complaint such as that made against him by Freeman. Freeman urged the selectmen to "take immediate measures to send him back to his Town of Boston where he belongs."

And nearly a century later Sandwich would not let the most famous American actor of the day live within its boundaries. Because of his profession Joseph Jefferson had to be content with a home on Buzzards Bay. However, he was able to buy a small lot in Sandwich, and announced that he would "stay there yet." He was as good as his word. He is still there today—in his lot in the Bay View cemetery.

The War of 1812 brought war a little closer to Sandwich. This time an attempt was made to bombard it from the bay, and the George Allen house was struck by a cannonball. The range was too great for any considerable amount of damage, however, and Sandwich was never threatened as severely as was Falmouth on the South Shore.

As in most Cape Cod towns, Sandwich's men and boys were by that time going to sea to earn a living. One of the most noteworthy of the town's sea captains was a man no longer young, a retired

skipper who made a comeback. As a boy, Captain William Handy volunteered to fight in the Revolution, served in several campaigns, and was present at the execution of Major André. After the war he went to sea and finally became a whaler, operating not only out of New Bedford but, as a result of a deal he made with Napoleon, from Dunkirk, France, as well. In time he retired from the sea with capital enough to set up his own shipyard near his house on Buzzards Bay. But then during the War of 1812 and after he suffered considerable losses so that at the age of sixty he found his funds running low.

"I'll show the boys how to take whales," he declared, and announced he was going to make one more voyage. New Bedford men jumped at the chance to back the grizzled veteran. He performed like a champion. In fifteen months he showed the boys plenty. His share of the profits of that one voyage was enough to let him retire again in comfort.

Some years later Hannah Burgess performed a feat which commanded equal admiration. Her husband, Captain William Burgess, was only twenty-two when his young bride accompanied him on his first voyage. She was very proud of him and "happy in the love of my husband," as she often said in her letters. But happiness lasted just two years for Hannah.

Will became sick while his clipper *Challenger* was loading at a group of islands off Peru. Valparaiso was the nearest port providing medical help. Will was too sick to do the navigating, and none of the other men aboard knew how to reckon position at sea. Fortunately Hannah had spent some time learning how this was done. She brought the ship into Valparaiso herself, but too late. Will died before they anchored.

In such ways, Sandwich like other Cape towns in the great sailing era brought a large measure of its prosperity and glory at sea with hardship and tears. In 1825 a strange event occurred which went further toward making this town famous than did all the exploits of its men at sea. I say strange, because it seems hard to understand why Deming Jarves happened to pick Sandwich for the site of his

Boston and Sandwich Glass Company. Of course the pine forests were there in profusion, then as now, and they took care of the chief problem of a glass works—fuel. But Sandwich's sand proved ill-suited for glassmaking, and with all the sands of Cape Cod at hand Jarves had to have more sand *shipped in*. It came from Morris River, New Jersey, and later from the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts.

Nevertheless the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company was a big operation and, for many years, a profitable one. Its factory buildings were numerous and its great factory yard was surrounded by homes built for workmen who were brought in from the outside. The company owned thousands of acres of forests. It set up company stores, and even operated a horse-drawn railway to haul merchandise to the wharf where it could be loaded onto the company's own steamboat.

The steamboat did not become part of the operation until the railroad made the mistake of trying to push its freight rates too high. When this happened, early in the 1850s, Jarves threatened to build a steamer to run between Boston and Sandwich. The railroad superintendent, Mr. Bourne, laughed scornfully.

"The acorn hasn't yet been planted to grow the lumber for such a steamer," he declared. Not long after, Mr. Bourne had the dubious pleasure of watching the company's new steamboat loading on the freight he would have liked to haul himself. And on the steamer's side in large letters was the name *Acorn*.

If you watch people buying Sandwich glass in Cape Cod antique shops today you might gain the impression that each product of the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company was a work of art. Actually, a great deal of its output was aimed at that day's bargain-basement trade and looked like it. Much of the factory's business was large scale and world wide. For example, an eighty-thousand-dollar order for lamps from Russia, and an order for one hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods was received from a single American firm.

Today in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of

Art in New York city there is a room devoted to pressed glass, which was first made in Sandwich. A carpenter hit upon the idea of using iron molds for pressing glass. Such patterns as inverted ivy, petal and loop, horn of plenty, cable, and beaded circle flowed from the Sandwich glass works in ruby, opalescent, and canary, to name the finest colors produced. Blue-green and purple were rare and are much prized today. Then, however, local folk bought Sandwich glass mainly because it was cheap and because they could not afford anything more expensive. But whenever Sandwich families went traveling and saw more expensive glassware elsewhere which they preferred, they brought home their purchases and exiled their old locally made glassware to the attic without qualm.

Finally, after sixty years the competition of inland glass works doomed the Sandwich firm to extinction. It was a strike for better wages that actually closed the plant, but by this time the firm was already losing money and had little prospects of reviving its business. From time to time later on, efforts to revive the industry were made but always unsuccessfully. The next profit from Sandwich glass was not to come until another forty years or so had made it a collector's item.

Not as prominent as the Sandwich glass works but still a firm known to many throughout the nation was Keith & Ryder, a contemporary of the glass works. Some of this firm's products may well end up in museums, if they are not already there.

In 1826 at West Sandwich Keith and Ryder were shoeing horses and oxen and building stagecoaches, wagons, sleighs, and even wheelbarrows. In 1849 their prairie schooners carried many a family across the plains to California or to Oregon. Later the company built railroad freight cars, and at the Keith Car and Manufacturing Company the old firm of Keith & Ryder continued to carry on business until it reached the age of a hundred and two years in 1928.

The early days of both firms marked a bustling, prosperous era

in Sandwich. Everybody was busy. This sign in a blacksmith shop set the pace:

"Call on a man in the hours of business, only on business, transact your business, then go about your business in order to give him time to do his business."

In 1847 when the first steam train ushered in a new era, business was suspended. All up and down the Cape there was a holiday air as people came from miles around to watch the train roar past. At least many expected it to roar. In Sandwich, some people declared that it would go by so fast a man would have to look mighty sharp if he were to see it at all. There were doubtless plenty of hot arguments on the subject, for the same contrary spirit animated Sandwich men that had prevailed during the battling and bickering of earlier times. Take, for example, the remark of a local citizen when he heard the noon whistle at the factory, "Well, there it is noon. I'm going home to see if dinner's ready. If it ain't I'll raise hell. If it is, I won't eat a damn mouthful."

Not that the men had a monopoly on cussedness. It was a Sandwich woman called Aunt Nabby who once started down to the cellar carrying a large china platter. Her husband, Uncle Obed, heard a terrible thumping and bumping as she caught her heel on a step and fell all the way to the bottom of the stairs. He got up, rushed to the head of the stairs, and called down anxiously.

"Nabby! Did you break the platter?"

"No," said Aunt Nabby grimly, "but I will." And she did.

A contrary spirit was still abroad in Sandwich, but at least it was no longer venting itself on the Friends. They had long since become not only unmolested but influential. They played a large part in keeping Sandwich pretty strait-laced. When the Town Hall was built in 1834, they feared that certain elements in town might be ungodly enough to want to dance there, so they made certain this could never happen. First of all they had the floor built on a steep incline, and then to make doubly sure the heavy wooden seats were fastened securely to the floor.

Sandwich boys found other ways of having fun in Town Hall, however. From their seats in the back of the room they took pleasure in dropping marbles on the floor. The sound of a marble gradually gathering speed on a slanted wooden floor did much to make solemn occasions tolerable to small boys.

From the ranks of those same small boys came one of America's great tycoons; he at least trained on the Cape, even though he went to Chicago to establish his empire. Gustavus Swift began by driving pigs down the Cape, selling them off as he went, and from that humble beginning came Swift and Company, the great meat-packing house. However, while Gustavus was undoubtedly a very admirable captain of industry, other members of his family such as his sister Olive and his brother Noble must have been a lot more fun to talk about.

"Aunt Olive" Swift married a Crowell who was lost at sea three months later. Aunt Olive mourned him for a week, and then married again. Her first husband's brothers were so outraged that on the day of her wedding they tolled the church bell all day long. This admonition did not stop her from achieving the distinction of marrying twice in fourteen weeks.

As for Noble Swift, he was a true Cape Cod character. He used to go to dances held in the Keith car plant, and the church finally excommunicated him for dancing. Noble retaliated in a variety of ways. He was a butcher, and he always drove his butcher's wagon with one rein. Noble had his horses trained to do various tricks, such as wheeling around in tight circles. He loved to show off down around the depot while everybody was waiting to see the train come in. He often recited poetry of his own making, and after his excommunication he composed a little gem that started;

"Religion is a load to lug,
Religion is a humbug! . . ."

As luck would have it, Noble lived right across the street from the church, where he could keep a reflective eye on things. In due time he built a large and exact model of the church—and used it

for a henhouse. He also kept a parrot that always swore loudly during services. And after services he let out a pet goat that butted the faithful home if they did not step lively.

There were probably times when strait-laced Sandwich wished it had gone ahead and let Noble dance; but given a chance to reconsider, there is little doubt that the church would have stuck to its excommunication. Everything that laws and regulations could do was done to guarantee that the Devil would find lean pickings in Sandwich.

It was there that the first trial for the illegal sale of liquor was held. Three barrels of liquor—one of New England rum, one of cherry rum, and one of gin—were seized, and when their owner was found guilty it was decreed that the liquor be dumped in the creek the following Saturday.

On Saturday the banks of the little stream were lined with interested onlookers, and as the barrels were emptied into the water they bowed their heads—right into the stream. Men who had not been on their hands and knees for twenty years got down briskly that day.

In a way, this was only one more example of the fact that a true Cape Codder never believes in waste. And if you waste something of his, he will get it back if he has to write to Washington to do so. A Sandwich farmer proved this during the winter of 1875, which was so cold that the bay froze over and men walked across the ice all the way to Provincetown. The crew of a vessel that was frozen tight in the ice came ashore and burrowed into the farmer's salt haystacks to keep warm. Washington got the bill for damages to his haystacks, plus a bill for one of his cedar fence rails that the seamen had broken. The latter bill was for two cents. It was framed and hung in a White House room for many years.

As a matter of fact it was nothing less than a herculean task to persuade most Cape Codders to let go of any of their money in those days, and it is still no simple undertaking. In 1878 a Professor Robinson came to Sandwich and hired Town Hall to give his celebrated lecture on that new marvel of science, the telephone. A line

was strung from the hall across to the Congregational Church, and music played in the church was heard by the deadpan Cape Codders gathered in the hall. The professor explained the whole process in great and impressive detail and then offered stock in this fabulous new invention. Anybody and everybody had a chance at it, since it was not ten dollars a share, or five dollars, or even one dollar. Anybody could buy a share for only ten cents.

But not one share did Professor Robinson unload in Sandwich on Cape Cod.

Of course Cape Codders had good reason for husbanding their resources. They needed to know how to sit tight and weather the lean months, especially as they began to depend more and more on the summer trade. It was Susie Sears of Sandwich who once uttered some words of wisdom about winter on Cape Cod.

"Everybody asks what Cape Codders do in winter," she observed. "Well, Cape Codders live mighty small in the wintertime!"

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Saddle and Pillion Rocks. These stones mark the graves of Edmund Freeman, leader among the first settlers of Cape Cod, and his wife Elizabeth. Just off the Main Street on Tupper Road, they are marked with bronze tablets.

The Hoxie House. This fine old salt-box house, built by Lodowick Hoxie, is the oldest house in Sandwich and perhaps the oldest on Cape Cod. The claim has often been made that it was built in 1637. A brick found in the fireplace bore that date. However, according to the Hoxie genealogy, "Lodowick Hoxie (the first) came to America in 1650 and in 1658 was granted 6 acres of land in the Spring Hill district of Sandwich." As you pass the Old Mill Shop, turn right along the shore of Mill Pond. The Hoxie House stands on the right, about fifty yards from the road.

Congregational Church. This handsome old meetinghouse is particularly notable for its Christopher Wren spire.

Friends Meetinghouse, East Sandwich. On Spring Hill stands this plain and sober-faced reminder of Sandwich's Quakers.

Old Town Cemetery. Along with a great many Old Cape Codders, the Negro slave Titus Winchester and the German sea captain Peter Adolph lie buried here.

Daniel Webster Inn. Built as a parsonage for Reverend Roland Cotton in 1694, it was the Fessenden Inn when Webster came there.

Historical Museum. Besides its fine collection of Sandwich glass and such related objects as a complete glassblower's kit, the museum offers many interesting mementoes of Sandwich's seafaring past, including trinkets brought home by Hannah Burgess from her ill-fated voyage.

Site of Glassworks. A bronze plaque near the junction of Factory and Harbor Streets shows the layout of the plant of the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company, which was active between 1825 and 1888.

Bay View Cemetery. It was here that the actor Joseph Jefferson outwitted the town of Sandwich.

Nye Memorial Boulder. "Erected by the Nye Family of America to the memory of their ancestors, Benjamin Nye and Katherine Tupper."

Birthplace of Thornton W. Burgess. The author of "Bedtime Stories" and creator of Mother West Wind, Jerry Muskrat, and many other animal characters known to millions of children and grown-ups was born in Sandwich on the west side of School Street. His birthplace, a white house with a long piazza, is standing there today.

State Fish Hatcheries. Near Sandwich and in East Sandwich are located hatcheries where rainbow and speckled trout are raised and released in Massachusetts streams when they are two years old.

State Game Preserve, East Sandwich. Here quail and pheasants are raised and released in Massachusetts when they are twelve weeks old. Once the pheasants are ready to go into an open enclosure, ten feathers are plucked out of one wing, so that if they try to fly they find themselves going around in circles. The lack of the ten feathers is not noticeable, and they grow back in about a month.

3. Yarmouth

Incorporated 1639

YARMOUTH HAS SHORE LINE ON NANTUCKET SOUND AND CAPE COD Bay. It contains the villages of Yarmouth, Yarmouthport, South Yarmouth, West Yarmouth, and Bass River.

The villages of Brewster, East Dennis, and Dennis rival Yarmouth and Yarmouthport for sea captain's houses, but in the former villages they are bunched together and they go off down side streets. In Yarmouth and Yarmouthport the captains' houses are nearly all strung out along the main road. They are worth a stop for proper consideration, because they are among the most attractive dwellings on the Cape.

Yarmouth boasts that at one time fifty sea captains, all contemporaries, lived along a one-mile stretch of the main road (now Route 6). Double the distance if you wish to be more accurate—and surely two miles of handsome houses is better than one.

Still shading the houses, despite losses to hurricanes and the Dutch elm beetle, are some of the noble elms which Amos Otis, the genealogist and historian, had the foresight to plant about a century ago. The total effect is something too many people miss as they hurry along the main road.

In a less tangible way, but very strongly, Yarmouth seems to me more reminiscent of colonial times than even Barnstable or Sandwich. There is something about the lanes, the old cemetery,

and the very atmosphere on a quiet day that make bewigged gentlemen and their ladies seem not at all distant or strange.

Among the original settlers in Yarmouth, Reverend Stephen Bachiler was the first man to begin a "plantation" in Mattacheese, as the territory was called by the Indians. Mattacheese, means old or worn-out planting grounds. Apparently the Indians had raised corn there for a long time, and perhaps had worn out some of the land through their method of "fishing" corn with a herring or two in each hill for fertilizer. "Fishing" corn gave a good crop at the cost of quickly exhausting the land.

To Bachiler's eyes the land in 1638 did not look worn out, nor was he worn out himself, even though he was then about seventy-six years of age and had walked all the way from Plymouth in severe winter weather.

As an establisher of new settlements, however, Bachiler was a failure. He chose a poor time of year to begin, and nothing went right, with the result that he and his small flock soon gave up their attempt and went elsewhere. As a ladies' man, the aged pastor was a stunning success, but as a minister he was constantly in trouble. Amos Otis notes that his record leaves "the impression on the mind that Mr. Bachiler was not such a man as a minister of the gospel should be." But that he was uncommonly energetic is undeniable.

Abandoning his Mattacheese effort early in the spring of 1639, Bachiler went to Newbury and the next year was excommunicated for unchastity, though Governor Winslow finds this possibility hard to credit, since the culprit was then "about eighty years of age, and had a lusty, comely woman to wife." She was his second wife. He outlived her and at the age of eighty-nine took a third. She was proved an adulteress and was sentenced "to receive forty stripes save one, at the first town meeting held at Kittery [Maine] six weeks after her delivery, and be branded with the letter A." Later on, back in England, Bachiler took a *fourth* wife without bothering to divorce his third, and when he died near London he was almost a hundred years old.

In the meantime his abortive effort in Mattacheese had quickly been followed by a sounder undertaking headed by another remarkable man, one who had received only four years earlier about as bad an introduction to America as was humanly possible.

"In 1635, August 15, was such a mighty storm of wind and rain as none living in these parts, either English or Indians, ever saw," wrote Governor Bradford at Plymouth. "It began in the morning a little before day, and came with great violence, causing the sea to swell above twenty feet right up, and made many inhabitants climb into the trees."

When the storm struck, twenty-three more pilgrims coming to the New World were aboard a small ship nearing the coast. Twenty-one of them were drowned within sight of their goal. Only one man and his wife survived. They were cast ashore off Cape Ann on an island which is still called after him—Thacher Island.

Anthony Thacher was accompanied by his second wife. His first wife and five of the nine children by that marriage had died in England. Now he saw the remaining four swept away by the sea. A cradle and an embroidered scarlet broadcloth covering were all the earthly goods that he and his wife saved from the wreck (and these are still preserved by the Thacher family). "Anthony Thacher, of Sarum, Tailor" thus began his New World career with no means whatsoever. Four years later he was a man of property and the first citizen of Yarmouth.

The designation "tailor" may have been a deliberate blind, as were the humble callings of "Andrew Hallet, Jr., servant," and "Edmund Hawes, cutler." This was often done, since permission to emigrate to the new colony came easier to men of humble station than to gentlemen. Still it is possible that Thacher, though a man of some quality, actually was a tailor. He seems to have been a curate, and in those days curates often supplemented their scanty stipends with a trade.

Whatever his calling or profession, Thacher had the energy and decision to be a moving spirit in the settlement of the new town. It

was the second settlement on the Cape to be incorporated as a town. For all practical purposes, it was incorporated at the same time as Sandwich, only a few months before Barnstable was. And like Barnstable and Sandwich, Yarmouth was named for a town in England, in this case a seaport in Norfolk.

Fortunately for Anthony Thacher, he chose to remain a temporal leader and did not aspire to provide spiritual guidance. Yarmouth's ministers were destined to have a hard and rocky row to hoe, beginning with its first, Reverend Marmaduke Matthews.

Matthews was an educated and witty Welshman, but apparently his sermons tended to stray, and sometimes they strayed down paths which his more orthodox parishioners did not care to follow.

A splendid example of Cape Cod feuding seems to have started almost at once between the minister and one William Chase, Sr. Four months after the town's incorporation, these two were still squabbling in court.

Chase was reported to have said of Mr. Matthews that he " marvelled how any durst join with him in the fast." The following year Chase was charged with "miscarriages against Mr. Matthews, tending to the disturbance of the proceedings of the church, court, and country." He was severely censured, laid under bonds, and had to promise to leave the place in six months.

The judgments of the Pilgrim Fathers' General Court were stern, but not always put into effect. This is shown by the fact that fourteen years later, long after Mr. Matthews had had enough and gone elsewhere, William Chase was still making trouble in Yarmouth. This time he was presented in court "for driving a pair of oxen in yoke on the Lord's day, in time of service, about five miles." And when he died, five years later, he died in Yarmouth.

The minister who succeeded Mr. Matthews fared no better. He ran into difficulties of such scope that a grand council was finally called to settle differences. It is said that "an adjustment of difficulties followed, though some traces of the discontent survived for years thereafter." On Cape Cod, traces of discontent always

survived for years afterwards, and most villages today can boast century-old traces of some ancient quarrel.

While the ministers were having their troubles, Thacher was achieving great success as a community leader. He was certainly versatile. Not only was he licensed to draw wines, but he was also commissioned to join persons in marriage, and presumably was thus in a position both to officiate at the ceremonies and to cater at the reception.

At that time only men of high standing in Cape communities were allowed to keep taverns and draw wines. There were some who tried to get along without a license, but they seldom stood uncorrected for long. At the same time, such offenses seem to have been among the least serious in the book, at least in the eyes of the community. One man, William Hedge, who was sufficiently well thought of to be appointed one of the jurors to lay out the road from Sandwich to Plymouth, was presented "for selling wines and strong water without a license." And despite this lapse he was soon after elected to public office.

More severely frowned upon were lapses involving the Lord's day. In 1669, several persons were fined five shillings each "for smoking tobacco at the end of Yarmouth meetinghouse, during the Lord's day, in the time of exercise," and two years later three others were fined for going for a Sunday sail to Boston.

There were other ways to get into legal trouble than through peccadillos; land disputes caused a great deal of litigation. The three grantees of the new town—Anthony Thacher, John Crow (Crowell), and Thomas Howes—were soon up to their necks in trouble when it came to dividing the land among the settlers. The disputes over land which had occurred in Sandwich were repeated in Yarmouth. The usual committee was formed and made the usual division which pleased nobody.

Then once again Captain Miles Standish, was added to a local committee and given his customary free hand. Before long nobody was any happier but at least the land was completely and finally divided with the captain's usual fiery decisiveness. Later, when

tempers had cooled, a parcel of forty to fifty acres of Yarmouth real estate was granted to Standish for his necessary and vigorous services.

This parcel was mainly a matter of meadow lands. House lots were generally reserved for actual settlers, and no one was allowed to purchase two or more adjoining house lots to provide grounds for but one house. This wise measure was taken to keep the houses close together for safety's sake.

In Yarmouth the Indians were a source of anxiety rather than of actual trouble. The town was spared any Indian attacks, but some of its men were away now and then campaigning under Captain Standish against the Narragansetts. Though they probably worried about their families at home, the men found a few consolations in the military life. At home many of them had been penalized at one time or another for enjoying that forbidden fruit, tobacco, since most men, including the ministers, smoked privately. Militia in danger of losing their lives in war, however, were granted indulgence. On going forth into the field, they were issued a pound of powder, three pounds of bullets, and a pound of tobacco.

Though at first it was the land that held their attention, both in time of war and of peace, Yarmouth men were soon casting their eyes seaward, drawn by the water's possibilities. It may well be that the first Cape Cod fishermen lost at sea were Yarmouth's Thomas Blossom and Josiah Hallet, who drowned in 1650 at Nauset while on a fishing voyage. Three years later another Hallet with a slightly different first name was in less serious trouble over fishing: Josias Hallet and Thomas Gage were presented for fishing on the Lord's day.

Quite possibly Josias and Thomas went fishing because they could not abide the minister, who had about come to the end of his rope in Yarmouth. The following year the poor fellow sought more congenial surroundings off-Cape and for nine years the town was without a pastor of its own.

Yarmouth's third minister was a saintly old man who proved popular enough to last thirty years. The rigors of colonial life,

according to one historian, may have hastened his retirement, but since he was ninety when he stopped preaching and lived to be ninety-three, he seems to have stood the rigors pretty well.

Certainly the simple colonial life must have agreed with one of this minister's contemporaries, Colonel John Thacher, a son of Anthony. As a young man, he married Rebecca Winslow. One day they visited their friends the John Gorhams in Barnstable, and like a good friend John Thacher made a proper fuss over their winsome four-year-old daughter. Holding the tot in his arms, he turned to his wife and said, "Let me introduce you to my second wife, Miss Lydia Gorham."

The Thachers enjoyed a happy marriage of twenty years, and then Rebecca died. Her husband was prostrated with grief, and set the example, later to be followed by Governor Thomas Hinckley, of lamenting his wife's passing in reams of bad verse. The ink was scarcely dry, however, before he began to take notice of a handsome young widow. After all, he was only forty-six himself, and she was twenty-four, and life must go on.

The only disturbing factor was that Colonel Thacher had noticed a certain horse frequently tied to the young widow's door, and had recognized it as belonging to his own son. Could it be the boy had matrimonial designs himself? The colonel summoned him, and found his worst fears were realized.

"Ahem. Well, now. I'll make a bargain with you, my son," said the colonel. "If you'll give up your visits, I will give you five pounds in money, and my yoke of black oxen."

Apparently young Thacher lacked the fire of his father, for he took the offer. Whereupon the colonel paid court so ardently to the beautiful young widow, nee Lydia Gorham, that in less than six months after the death of his first wife he married her and carried out the prophecy he had made so playfully two decades earlier.

Though Thacher lived to be seventy-five, Lydia made sure she would not become the victim of his bad verse and subsequent forgetfulness; she outlived him by a good thirty years. This gave her

a chance to bury him where she wished, and to see to it that she was placed next to him. They lie side by side in the Yarmouth Cemetery, and you will notice that Wife Number One is nowhere in the vicinity.

Lydia Gorham died in 1744, and by that time three more ministers had tried their hand at Yarmouth without much success. Reverend John Cotton died young. Reverend Daniel Greenleaf had a fight with the church over his salary, and then the local squire took a dislike to him and worked for twenty years to get rid of him. Fortunately, Mr. Greenleaf was something of a doctor and had a clever wife. When the handwriting on the wall began to stand out in embossed letters, she took herself and their thirteen children to Boston and there opened an apothecary's shop. Her husband followed soon after, and began ministering to the body instead of the soul.

He was followed by Reverend Thomas Smith, who stuck it out for fifteen years and then gave up and asked to be dismissed, "leaving for lack of competent support." This brings us to the notable Reverend Grindall Rawson. He was not notable for his popularity, since he lasted only five years, but at least he gave as good as he got. Being told that some of his flock were in the habit of ridiculing him behind his back, he preached the next Sunday from the text, "And I was the song of the drunkards." It was called a very moving sermon, mainly because several men were moved to get up and stamp out before it was even over. A couple of Sundays later Mr. Rawson chose the text, "And they being convicted, one by one." This time nobody left.

Even a deceased minister got poor treatment in Yarmouth. A few years after the death of Reverend John Cotton—the one who died young before he could get away—his grave could not even be found when the redoubtable Reverend Nathaniel Stone of Harwich asked to see it. Writing of this incident, Rawson tartly added, "This was the only one of the first seven ministers whose dust was committed to the earth in Yarmouth. Whatever they suffered, the worms did not feed on them there."

With such poor relations between pastor and flock, one might think almost any kind of meetinghouse would have served the town's needs. But perhaps everyone wanted a chance to be on hand to bait the minister, because in 1768 it was considered necessary to enlarge the place of worship. This was done by cutting the building in two and inserting a new fifteen-foot section between the halves. The most interesting thing about the new meetinghouse is the amount of attention that was paid to "fashion."

The pulpit was to have new stairs and a new sounding board "with iron work thereto that is needful and fashionable, and colored with a fashionable color, with a deacon seat and communion table, they being fashionable and colored fashionably also, and they are to be in the form and fashion as Barnstable East Precinct have theirs in."

Actually Yarmouth chose a good time to enlarge its meetinghouse. For within a few years every inch of space was probably needed for town meetings as the colonies came nearer and nearer to breaking with the mother country. At a Yarmouth town meeting on June 20, 1776, two weeks before the Declaration of Independence was signed, it was unanimously voted "that the inhabitants of Yarmouth do declare a state of *Independence of the King of Great Britain*," adding only that this was to be "agreeably to a late resolve of the General Court, if in case the wisdom of Congress should see proper to do it."

This is not to indicate that everything was one-for-all and shoulder-to-shoulder in the fair land of Yarmouth. There were plenty of local grievances, and these were shortly presented in a bill of particulars. For one thing, the average recruit of that day found the organization of the militia objectionable. The field officers were so unpopular that some of the men were not willing to serve under them.

Another source of trouble was "test acts" and "documents proposed for signatures as test of loyalty to the country." Then as now, loyalty oaths did not seem to be the easy answer. "These have already caused much difficulty," it was noted.

Yarmouth men fought on the sea as well as on land, and it may even be that boats built in Yarmouth played their part in the Revolution. For by 1750 the Bray family's shipyard was operating at Hockamton, now known as Bass Hole, in the northeastern section on the bay. During the last year of the Revolution a sea tragedy occurred there. The schooner *Perseverance* was launched and a party of young people went sailing in her before she had been provided with ballast. The boat capsized and Miss Anna Hawes, seventeen, was drowned.

During those difficult years of war Yarmouth at least had the advantage of a popular minister for a change. Reverend Timothy Alden, who arrived the year after the meetinghouse was enlarged, got off to a good start and achieved a ministry of fifty-nine years. He died in Yarmouth, still its minister, at the age of ninety-two. This descendant of John Alden was a witty but lovable man, and his shafts seem to have been better received than Mr. Rawson's. When his wood supply grew low because his parishioners had not replenished it as per agreement, he chose Proverbs 26:20 for his text: "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out." The next day his woodpile burgeoned.

Doubtless he was a man who could even get along with members of another sect, such as the Quakers who had settled in the southern part of his domain. It was they who founded the village of South Yarmouth, which was then known as Friends Village, and there in 1802 they built the meetinghouse which still stands, trim and white, surrounded by the Quaker burying ground, with its even rows of plain white headstones, all exactly alike.

It was in South Yarmouth, too, that a large tract of land had been reserved many years before, in 1715, for the native Indians of Yarmouth. The section was known as Indian Town, and was one of the last places on the Cape where the wigwams of the Indians were to be seen as late as 1779.

It was there that the great praying Indian, Deacon Elisha Nahaught, lived. He achieved fame on several counts. Finding a purse full of gold pieces in the forest, he conscientiously returned

it to its owner intact, which was considered quite a feat for an Indian. As his reward he received one of the gold pieces.

Also according to a local legend, he is remembered for having been attacked by a number of large blacksnakes—which are neither ferocious nor dangerous in the first place, nor inclined to operate by platoons in the second. Nevertheless the story claims that Deacon Nahaught staunchly stood his ground, and when one of the serpents had the temerity to look in his mouth he bit off its head. The rest of the snakes slithered away, and the good deacon strode on home, a famous man.

Another story about the Yarmouth Indians probably has a good deal more truth to it. A white settler got up one morning to find his fine flock of turkeys missing. Those rascally Indians must have raided his turkey pen, he decided, and marched angrily over to the Indian village.

The first wigwam he poked his head into provided a touching sight. The family within were bowing their heads in their morning devotions. Quietly withdrawing so as not to disturb this beautiful Christian scene, the man looked into another wigwam. More praying Indians. Wherever he looked he found Indians bowed in prayer. When he finally looked in on Nahaught himself and found the deacon similarly engaged, he turned and went back home, ashamed of himself for having suspected those devout people. Behind him, in the lovely grove, there was no sound except the murmur of Indian voices in prayer and, somewhere not too far off, the gobbling of turkeys in captivity.

It was not long before the cluster of wigwams in South Yarmouth had shrunk to a pitiful few. The Yarmouth Indians fought bravely in the Revolution, as did the Mashpees, but by the time the War of 1812 came along the Indians' wigwams were already little more than a memory. Many a white Revolutionary War veteran was still on hand, but the red men were no more.

Even most Revolutionary War veterans were strongly opposed to the "present unhappy and ruinous war," as a Yarmouth resolution called the second war with the British. Yarmouth depended

on the sea, and its men were already making the successful sea voyages that would result in its famous row of Captains' houses. Captain Ebenezer Sears, a veteran who stood guard over Major André the night before his execution, was the first American captain to round the Cape of Good Hope, on his way to India, and long before the War of 1812 men like Captain Prince Matthews were familiar with the China Seas.

In 1809, Captain Matthews was building a house on Yarmouth Common, but before it was finished he had to make another trip to the Orient. Manlike, he told his wife to leave everything the way it was until he got back, and not go spending any more money on the house until he was home to supervise things. But it was a long way to China and back, and when he returned he found beautifully carved cornice moldings awaiting him in the front hall and master bedroom.

Actually, the good lady's mind had probably been made up even before the captain weighed anchor in Boston Harbor, and once Cape Codders made up their minds it was generally useless to try to change them. A typical Cape Cod town-meeting vote is one taken in Yarmouth in 1836 concerning a proposed amendment to the State Constitution. The vote was 165 to 1. Another vote of the period would seem to reveal that only eight men were still engaged in operating saltworks because a proposal to tax the saltworks was passed, 93 to 8.

Liquor also came in for an adverse vote now and then in town meetings, for Yarmouth was early a temperance stronghold. The second temperance society in the country was organized there in 1817. Still a good deal of common sense went into its conditions for membership: "No member of the society, except in case of sickness, shall drink any distilled spirits or wine, in any house in town, except his own, or the one in which he resides." Members were also forbidden to offer liquor to other inhabitants of the town except in case of sickness.

This streak of common sense ran strongly through Cape Codders of that era. When Judge George Thatcher's witty attacks in

Congress so infuriated a southern member that he finally challenged Thacher to a duel, the judge's common-sense reply reduced this suggestion to absurdity. Thacher, whose courage was well known, chuckled and said he would have to write Mrs. Thacher and see how she felt about dueling. In the meantime, he said, the southerner was welcome to draw his outline on a barn door and shoot at it, and if the congressmen hit it the judge would then acknowledge himself to be shot.

Judge Thacher died in 1824, when Yarmouth was moving toward the peak of its prosperity. It was then not only sending out its deep-water sailors but it was a fishing port as well, with twenty to thirty sail in its fleet. Its sea captains did their bit to spread the fame of the Cape Cod skipper's Yankee shrewdness, but back on land where there were the ladies to be dealt with these same skippers sometimes found themselves, like Captain Matthews, on the short end of the deal.

One handsome Yarmouth widow had a pretty gaudy reputation for entertaining the local sea captains when they were home between voyages. They liked to congregate at her house and have a rip-roaring good time. Once, along about the middle of November, she announced that she would cook them all the finest Thanksgiving dinner they had ever eaten if they would bring her the food. The captains vied with one another to round up turkeys and all the fixings, until her pantry was bulging with good things to eat. The great day came, and the captains trooped eagerly to her house in the woods, only to hurry away again when they saw the dread warning on her door—"SMALLPOX." Actually, the widow did not have smallpox at all; but she did have plenty of food for the entire winter.

Fishing captains as well as masters of merchantmen may have frequented the widow's house, but by the time of the Civil War most of them were either retired or fishing out of other ports, for by then, Yarmouth could no longer compete with Provincetown, Wellfleet, and Gloucester as a fishing port, and was only sending out three or four vessels a season. Soon after that the merchant

trade began to decline and the great days were over, but many a nest egg had been made and many a retired sea captain could sit on his piazza and watch the world go by. Some of them found tormenting the clergy an enjoyable pastime.

One such lived over near the South Shore. He saw the Baptist preacher coming down the street with Zeke, the town ne'er-do-well, and hailed him.

"Where you off to with Zeke, Reverend?"

"I'm taking him down to the shore to wash his sins away, Brother!" declared the minister.

Presently the old captain saw the two returning. He leaned forward to peer at the sky and test the breeze, and then gave his opinion.

"Well, judging by the wind and the weather, Zeke's sins ought to be up around Scituate by now!"

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Colonel John Thacher House, Yarmouthport. Yarmouth people know this better as the "1680 House," that being the year it was built. The house is now a museum.

Old Cemetery, Yarmouth. Just north of the Sears Monument you will find Colonel John and his second wife, Lydia. The Sears Monument itself has an entertaining history. Two monuments to the Sears family, identical in size and form, were erected around 1848, the other being in the West Chatham cemetery. They were erected by Honorable David Sears, a successful Boston merchant, principally to the memory of an ancestor, Captain Daniel Sears, whom the Chatham monument refers to as the "son of Knyvet Sears." The Yarmouth monument is inscribed "Sacred to the Memory of Knyvet Sears, Eldest Son of Richard Sears, Born in 1635, married Elizabeth Dymoke, and died in England in 1686." Later research has brought out the astonishing fact that neither Knyvet or his wife Elizabeth ever actually existed. Richard Sears had no

such eldest son, and no Elizabeth Dymoke is ever mentioned in any Cape records.

Indian Burying Ground, South Yarmouth. "On this slope lie buried the last native Indians of Yarmouth"—so states the memorial boulder on Indian Memorial Drive, overlooking Long Pond.

Old Windmill, Bass River. On the shore of Bass River stands a good example of an old mill. It lost an arm in a recent hurricane, but it will probably be restored by the time you see it.

Site of Bray Shipyards, Yarmouth. At Bass Hole, on the bay, the Bray family built vessels in colonial times, when the Indians called this section Hockamon.

Friends Meetinghouse, South Yarmouth. Built in 1802, this trim building is a particularly attractive Quaker meetinghouse. The headstones in the graveyard, all exactly alike in size and form, present an unusual sight, and while services have not been held in the building since 1929, you will notice that the graveyard has been used more recently. Several of the headstones bear dates of the present decade.

House of Seven Chimneys, Bass River. Four old Cape Cod houses were moved together and provided with seven big ugly chimneys by a man who must have really loved to build chimneys.

4. Barnstable

Incorporated 1639

BARNSTABLE EXTENDS ACROSS THE CAPE FROM THE BAY TO THE Atlantic Ocean, with beaches on both sides, and contains the following towns, villages, and settlements: Barnstable Village, Centerville, Cobbs Village, Cotuit, Craigville Beach, Cummaquid, Hyannis, Hyannisport, Marstons Mills, Osterville, Oyster Harbors, Pond Village, Santuit, West Barnstable, West Hyannisport, and Wianno.

Of the first three towns established on Cape Cod—Sandwich, Yarmouth, and Barnstable—only Barnstable kept all its original territory. It is the largest of the fifteen townships in area and population. It is the only one with over ten thousand inhabitants.

Barnstable is in many ways a center of things on Cape Cod. The county courthouse is there, in Barnstable Village, and the largest shopping center is there, in Hyannis. On its south side, in Hyannis, the township possesses the nearest thing to urban life to be found on the Cape, and on its north side it includes some of the quietest rural retreats and most gracious residential districts.

In Centerville, Cotuit, Osterville, and the other villages on its south shore may be seen some of the Cape's most luxurious estates. Barnstable contains more villages than any other Cape township, and to declare that you would never mistake, say, Osterville for West Barnstable is merely to compliment both places.

Barnstable has miles of beaches, many harbors, thick forests, and

rolling dunes. Within its borders it offers perhaps the most variety of any Cape township.

Its beginnings as a settlement were almost simultaneous with those of Sandwich and Yarmouth. Nineteen years after the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth, a grant of land at "Mattacheese" on Cape Cod had been made and some fifteen families were settled in that western portion of the land occupied by the Mattakees Indians. A church was organized, and each of the three deacons was required to build his house of stone, so as to provide forts in which the settlers could gather in case of Indian attacks.

The first minister, Reverend Joseph Hull, was a founder of the town and a leading man in it. He had been chosen chairman of the town committee and deputy to the Colony Court. The town had been named, with some slight misspelling which was never corrected, after Barnstaple, England, whence Hull himself had come. If ever a man seemed firmly placed, it was the Reverend Mr. Hull.

Then new settlers arrived from Scituate; Reverend John Lothrop and twenty-five or so of his followers from the church there moved to Barnstable. They were given a warm welcome by Mr. Hull and the others. Together they all celebrated the first Thanksgiving in Barnstable with a public service at Mr. Hull's house, and afterwards divided "into three companies to feast together, some at Mr. Hull's, some at Mr. Mayo's, and some at Brother Lumbert Senior's." All was Christian brotherhood.

However, there was only room for one working parson in Barnstable, and apparently Mr. Lothrop not only brought his ready-made majority with him but became the preference of most of the people already living there. Within a year Mr. Hull had been thrust aside and stripped of offices and popularity. Only a few friends and followers in the whole town remained loyal to him.

When he tried to found a new church composed of these and some Yarmouth men who disliked their own Reverend Marmaduke Matthews, the Barnstable church spewed forth letters of excommunication, and Mr. Hull and his wayward lambs had little choice

but to desist and beg forgiveness. Mr. Hull shortly thereafter removed to Dover.

Despite this rather ungentlemanly horning in, Mr. Lothrop seems to have been on the whole a good and tolerant man. He had suffered considerable persecution in England and had been imprisoned for two years. He is described as being "Indowed with a Great Measure of brokenness of hart and humillitie of sperrit." He was generally beloved by his flock, though he did have his problems with a few such as Goody Shelley, who was finally excommunicated for slandering "Syster Wells & Syster Dimmick saying syster Dimmick was proud." Of her Mr. Lothrop wrote, "Wee had long patience towards her & used all courteous intreatyes and persuasions, but the longer wee waited the worse shee was."

Another parishioner, Mrs. Richard Berry, distinguished herself as one of the colony's earliest thieves. She even stole the milk right out of a neighbor's cow. Her husband was wayward, too. He would take his pipe and tinder horn to meeting with him, and was caught one Sabbath at the end of the Yarmouth meetinghouse having a smoke. This misdemeanor cost him five shillings.

Despite these few black sheep, however, such was Mr. Lothrop's influence and the law-abiding tendencies of his flock that during his fourteen-year pastorate no town constable was needed.

The health of the early settlers during those same years was remarkable. There were but thirty-eight deaths in Barnstable, including eight stillborn babies. Only seven adults died in twice that many years, and two of those were drowned. During the first year of the settlement there were no deaths. In one other year there were none, and only one per year during four other years. Taking the conservative estimate of an average two hundred and fifty inhabitants during this period gives an annual mortality rate of but one per hundred, a powerful argument for the simple life in a good climate.

Even if a man was unfortunate enough to lose his nearest and dearest, he seldom stayed a widower for long in those days. When

Governor Thomas Hinckley lost his first wife after nineteen years of marriage, he wooed and won a lovely widow, Mrs. Glover, a remarkably beautiful woman who was accomplished and intelligent as well. Her friends opposed the marriage, not so much because of her two children as because of Thomas' eight. They married anyway and produced nine more of their own, including five beautiful daughters. When she died in 1703 after forty-three years of happy wedded life, Governor Hinckley, then eighty-five, succumbed to a minor vice of those early days—a tendency to write poetic laments. Hinckley's verses were so horrendous that two hundred years later historians were still speaking of them in hushed tones.

Governor Hinckley was a good man, but like John Alden he was inclined to go along with the prevailing opinion, right or wrong. He did so in the matter of the Quakers. Though naturally inclined to be liberal and tolerant, he fell in with the spirit of persecution. When the marshal, George Barlow, arrested the Quakers Holder and Copeland in 1658 on their way to Sandwich, he brought them before Hinckley, and an early writer describes the scene as follows:

"They, being tied to an old post, had thirty-three cruel stripes laid upon them with a new tormenting whip, with three cords, and knots at the ends, made by the Marshal, and brought with him. At the sight of which cruel and bloody execution, one of the spectators (for there were many who witnessed against it) cried out in the grief and anguish of her spirit, saying: 'How long, Lord, shall it be ere thou avenge the blood of thine elect?' And afterwards bewailing herself, and lamenting her loss, said: 'Did I forsake father and mother, and all my dear relations, to come to New England for this? Did I ever think New England would come to this? Who could have thought it?' And this Thomas Hinckley saw done, to whom the Marshal repaired for that purpose."

In later years, when the ugly fever had passed, it is said that none felt greater remorse than Hinckley. Generally, in Barnstable, the mild spirit of Lothrop lingered even after his death in 1653,

and the town treated the Quakers with toleration. Many gave them aid and comfort at the cost of fines and loss of public office. Isaac Robinson, appointed with three others to attend Quaker meetings and try to show them the error of their ways, was instead converted to Quakerism and eventually disfranchised for his convictions.

Considering their narrowness of viewpoint toward matters of religion and sex, the first settlers were strangely liberal where the question of drinking was concerned. Great quantities of liquor were consumed in the home, and the taverns were scenes of considerable conviviality. To be sure, only men of high standing were permitted to keep taverns; they had to be of high standing to get a license.

It was, for example, not thought incongruous that a pillar of the church should tend bar. Deacon Samuel Chipman did so in the public house he kept, and of the three sons of Mr. Lothrop who settled in Barnstable, Joseph was licensed "to keep an ordinary" and Barnabus "to sell liquors." The same year Barnabus got his license, "the aged widow Annable was fined £1 for selling beer without a license."

Of course, seafaring men have never been inclined to do without their cup of grog, and Barnstable men were by then trying their fortunes at sea. When the long period of the French wars came along, some like Silver John Goodspeed went privateering. Goodspeed shipped as carpenter on a privateer that captured a rich prize and brought it into Boston. There was some slight awkwardness when the vessel turned out to be Spanish, but its coffers were loaded with tempting silver dollars and bullion, so the court conveniently decided it must be a French vessel in disguise, and the melon was cut.

The captain of the privateer is said to have offered each sailor as much silver as he could carry from Long Wharf to State Street, a distance of a couple of hundred yards, his load to be forfeited if he stopped on the way. With the superhuman strength of a true Cape Codder carrying money, Goodspeed staggered to State Street with a creditable load, and since as carpenter he was entitled to

two shares, he received double the amount he carried and came away with five thousand dollars, a tidy fortune in those days.

Having thus earned the title of Silver John, he became a usurer and devoted his life to the piling up of more silver. When he was gone, his children devoted themselves to the spending of it, and did a thorough job. Before they were many years older, Silver John's silver was only a memory.

Not many men accumulated the amount of money John Goodspeed did. Though the rude simplicity of early days was passing, luxuries remained few, and the wills left generally reflected no great wealth. In his will, Jonathan Crocker, a substantial farmer who died in 1746, "provided for the support of his wife Thankful, giving her the household goods she brought with her, and some bedding she had made since." Other bequests, such as one by John Bacon, a lawyer, might strike us strangely for different reasons. Bacon's will specified that his "Negro slave Dinah is ordered to be sold, and the proceeds improved by my executors in buying Bibles" to be given to members of Bacon's family.

Another John Bacon died at about the same time, but he died with his boots on at sea. Captain John Bacon fell overboard at a time when the only other man on deck was a stammerer. The man rushed below to call the crew, but could not get out a word. He was known to be a good singer, so finally someone said,

"Sing it!"

"John Bacon's overboard," sang the man. By then, of course, poor John Bacon was a quarter of a mile astern.

Just as there was more than one John Bacon, so were there more than one of many another local name. The simplicity of names was beginning to be a problem, the prolific tendencies of Cape families being what they were. For example, because of a lack of middle names, nicknames had to be found to distinguish the five Benjamin Gorhams living in Barnstable. There was Moderate Ben, Old Fiddler, Captain Ben, Young Fiddler, and Turkey Foot. Some of the others made more money, but Young Fiddler was the wit and

boon companion of the lot and was therefore remembered the longest. As a boy he had a troublesome dog which his mother disliked heartily. One day he came home and said to her, "Mother, I have sold my dog."

"Good, son. How much did you get?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Did you, Benjamin? What did you get your pay in?"

"Aye, that's it—in bitch pups, at \$50 apiece!"

Because the courthouse was located in Barnstable, it became the scene of the stirring events related in our general history, when patriots prevented the sitting of the court there. As a town, however, Barnstable had an unenviable record. In 1776 came the portentous moment when it was proposed in the House of Representatives that all towns "be recommended to give instructions to their representatives with respect to a Declaration by Congress of the Independence of the United Colonies." In this matter all Cape towns but Barnstable instructed their representatives to vote for independence.

As is so often the case, a permanent blot went on the record by a very small margin. There were thirty yeas against thirty-five nays. At the town meeting, proceedings were dominated by Edward Bacon, a vehement Loyalist who was also the local squire. His name still lives in Barnstable's Bacon Farm.

With the help of his brother-in-law, Nymphas Marston, who conveniently happened to be moderator of the meeting, Bacon bullied and intimidated so many of those who might have voted for independence that out of the 140 voters present, over half lacked the courage to vote at all!

"Surely the seed of independence has flourished mightily in a century and a half!" So Kittredge was moved to write in considering this affair. "Today, if the wealthiest man in a Cape town rises in meeting and declares that the town should do thus and so, it is regarded by the citizens as a pretty good reason for voting in the negative."

Actually, the resolution of the Barnstable town meeting did not instruct the town's representative to vote against independence. The resolution read: "Voted not to give any instructions to the Representative with regard to Independence." However, it really came to the same thing as a negative vote.

Still Barnstable's stauncher patriots did not accept this without protest. Their rebuttal was printed in an off-Cape newspaper and they also requested "that this Protest may be entered in the town book, to let posterity know that there were a few in this town who dared to stand forth. . . ." Foremost among these was another member of the intrepid Otis family, Colonel Joseph Otis, brother of James, "The Patriot." Before the Revolution was far advanced, Joseph became a general.

Despite the fact that Barnstable was dragging its feet, the Declaration of Independence was passed within a few days after the memorable town meeting, and the die was cast. But did this mean that Bacon and Marston were forthwith rounded up and interned as dangerous Loyalists? Not in those days. At least one of these men and usually both were appointed to every important committee that was formed during the entire eight years of the war! Nor did they even fall under censure by the other towns. In 1777, for example, they were two of four men appointed to meet with commissioners from other towns to scheme about ways and means of approaching the General Court with various complaints. And of the general committee of nine appointed from this group of commissioners, two were Bacon and Marston.

The following year Bacon was elected representative to the Legislature, but this was too much for some people, notably General Otis, and Bacon was prevented from carrying out this stubborn mandate of his neighbors. In the course of these town squabbles Squire Bacon marched out of the church, but finally he forgave that body and allowed it to take him back in.

Two years later a committee chosen to consider Massachusetts' proposed new Constitution included both Otis and Bacon!

But the squire never made any bones about his unchanging

loyalties, and he did not live to see final American victory. He died one month before General Washington proclaimed hostilities at an end. Such was the history of an early Cape Codder who rode high, wide, and handsome over public opinion and was widely admired for it.

Actually, Squire Bacon may have been a more attractive man personally than those ardent Whigs, Joseph Otis and Dr. Nathaniel Freeman. Certainly he was more popular, and so was another Barnstable individualist, Captain Samuel Crocker. Crocker was a moderate Whig who was ready to do battle when anybody accused him of being a Tory in disguise. One night after fists had swung in the Sturgis Tavern, where the Whigs convened of an evening to discuss the latest news, some of the patriots broke down the fence in front of the Crocker house, and the series of low-comedy, near-tragedy brawls known as the "Crocker Quarrels" began.

Soon after that, the militia was drilling on the green when Otis and Freeman, both of whom were then colonels, passed by. Instead of presenting arms, the men clubbed arms. At the sight of this studied insult, Otis turned on Captain Crocker, who was drilling the men.

"The Crockers are at the bottom of this!"

"You lie, sir!"

Whereupon the two started whacking each other with their canes. In the meantime Freeman had singled out another Crocker, Cornelius, Jr., and with drawn cutlass had chased him into his house and slashed at him three times. Fortunately the ceiling was low and a beam took all three cuts. By this time a third Crocker was rushing to the rescue with fixed bayonet and was barely prevented from running Freeman through.

All combatants were parted without serious injury, but the breach took generations to heal. After the death of Cornelius Crocker, Jr., his wife kept a tavern. One night during a court session Colonel Freeman called there and asked to have lodgings.

"My house is full, sir."

"But my friends put up here, and I would like to be with them."

"My house is full, sir."

The colonel began to get red in the neck.

"Madam, you are licensed to keep a public house, and are bound to accommodate travelers and persons attending the Courts."

She pointed overhead to the woodwork he had assaulted so long ago.

"Yes, but if my house was not full, there would still be no room for Colonel Freeman."

"It is time to forget those old matters and bury the hatchets."

"Yes, but the aggressor should dig the grave," said Abiah Crocker, and the Crocker-Freeman feud was good for another fifty years.

The Revolution not only set Freemans against Crockers, but in one case paired Freemans with Crockers against a Freeman. Both Freemans and Crockers were suspected of having been among those ardent Whigs who dealt so shamefully with the Widow Nabby Freeman one night.

Nabby kept a small grocery store, and anybody who traded there was sure to hear her opinions concerning rebels in general and certain prominent local patriots in particular. The radical element stood this as long as they could, and then took Nabby from her bed one night, tarred and feathered her, and rode her around on a fence rail until she agreed to stop talking politics. Having struck this gallant blow for liberty, the young blades involved skulked away home and modestly refused thereafter to step forward and take credit for the enterprise.

Through it all, old Colonel James Otis, father of both the Patriot and the General, and himself the most venerated of all Barnstable men, did what he could to smooth out quarrels and heal breaches. The old colonel was one of the most warm, likeable, and truly great men the Cape has ever produced. He had the sort of wisdom and practical kindness that later distinguished Lincoln.

When William Blachford deserted from the army, having become so afflicted with rheumatism that he could not straighten up, Colonel Otis was instructed to have him arrested as a deserter

if he was seen in Barnstable. One of those eternal army brass hats was determined to use Blachford as an example.

Bill's way took him right past the colonel's house, and as the doubled-up figure came hobbling slowly along the road, Colonel Otis happened to be standing outside with some friends.

One of them said, "Here comes Bill Blachford."

Quickly turning to look in the opposite direction, Colonel Otis cried, "Where? Where is the rascal?"—and went inside the house until Bill had been warned to hurry on.

Further along the road, poor Bill ran into a sample of Cape Cod humor of the day.

"Where have you come from?" he was asked by a friend.

"Straight from the camp."

"Then you have got most damnably warped by the way!"

When Bill finally got home, very likely one of the first things he did was to have Doctor Hersey prescribe for his rheumatism.

For all the while the war was being fought, an old country doctor was serving one of the largest areas any one doctor had ever served in those days. He was doctoring the whole of Cape Cod.

When his brother, Dr. James Hersey, died shortly after starting to practice on the Cape, Abner had been studying medicine for only one year as his pupil. Abner had no formal training, but he had a great deal of natural ability and sound judgment. He must have had plenty of self-confidence, too, for he unhesitatingly took over in his brother's place. His services were soon very much in demand, and at nineteen he already had a thriving practice.

He was his own best patient. Ever afraid that a whiff of cold air might carry him off, he bundled himself up in clothes he had made himself according to theories of his own. These garments included an overcoat of seven calfskins lined with flannel. In winter or during storms he traveled in a heavily curtained sulky with two small openings in front, one for a peephole, one for the reins. A dozen all-wool blankets lay on his bed, and he turned down whatever number the weather called for: one or two in sum-

mer, three or four in fall, and so on. "With him," says Amos Otis, the Cape historian, "the weather was from one to ten blankets cold."

Abner Hersey lived in mortal fear of smallpox, and was a vegetarian and a teetotaler at a time when both were rarities. He was a shrewd businessman, and despite wartime inflation (during the Revolution he sold a cow for thirty dollars in the spring and paid that much for a goose in the fall) he amassed a considerable fortune. Much of his money went into real estate. Once when a tract of land was to be sold at auction and he had to be away on his rounds, he asked a neighbor to bid it in for him.

"How long shall I bid?"

"Till I come back," said the doctor.

His eccentricities did not end when he died, for he left a will which was in a class by itself.

Most of his estate went to the thirteen Congregational churches on Cape Cod, and his instructions were meticulous. Each church was to receive a certain proportion of the net profits of the estate, and spend the money on certain specified books. East Precinct, Barnstable, for instance, received one eighth while other churches received such varied portions as three twenty-eighths and five fifty-sixths.

Of the money thus received, twelve sixty-thirds was to go to buy copies of Grove's *A Discourse Concerning the Nature and Design of the Lord's Supper*, nine sixty-thirds for Doddridge's *Discourses to Young People*, and so on.

Even the management of his farmlands was not overlooked by the energetic doctor in his effort to run things from the grave so that he could return to earth a hundred years later (his avowed intention) and see if his wishes had been properly carried out.

Certain lots were to be ploughed in rotation, and not oftener than once in seven years. Wood was to be cut in moderation. The deacons of the churches were to administer the estate and pay over the net income to the pastors, who were to buy the books.

Doctor Hersey had been a good farm manager. The deacons

were not. Furthermore, the arithmetic involved probably made their heads ache. Faced with a problem of such fractional magnitude, they took the only sensible course of action. Once a year they convened at Lydia Sturgis' tavern to settle up the accounts. Naturally the expenses of the meeting were paid out of the fund, and naturally it took a good three days to do their business. For three days they had a high old time eating and drinking on the good vegetarian-teetotaler's money. By the time they got through, the year's profits on the Hersey estate were no longer a problem.

After thirty years of this, those members of the churches who were not so fortunate as to be deacons decided enough was enough. Furthermore, the poorly managed farmlands were yielding less and less profit. The legislature was prevailed upon to set aside the terms of the will, allow the property to be sold, and divide up the proceeds. The golden age of deaconry on Cape Cod was at an end.

Doctor Hersey died in 1787, and while it is anybody's guess as to whether he made a return visit a hundred years later, it seems unlikely that he did. No serious tornadoes, whirlwinds, or other severe atmospheric disturbances were reported on Cape Cod in 1887.

It was not only men like Doctor Hersey who were capable of displaying considerable determination in those difficult days. Some of the ladies were pretty determined, too, in their various ways.

The widow Rose Scudder was determined to go places, and the fact that she had to go on foot never stopped her. Though she lived seven miles from the meetinghouse, she often attended morning and afternoon service, staying with her sister between services and taking tea with her afterwards. Then after dark she walked home alone, most of the way through dense forests. She carried along her knitting and knitted as she walked, saying that the clicking needles were good company.

Mehitable Davis was determined to have a good husband, so she had four of them by the time she was forty-four. Her first husband died young, her second was lost aboard the *Arnold* in the

Magee Storm, her third died at fifty-six, and she also survived her fourth and died herself at eighty-seven.

On Cape Cod at that time, people stubbornly went their everyday ways and not even great historical events affected them much. The war ended and a nation was established, but in Barnstable it was hard to tell the new squire from the old. Edward Bacon's son Ebenezer now filled that position with all the authority his father had displayed before him.

Other Bacons were sometimes less prosperous and important but more amusing. Said Nathaniel Bacon, a cheerful philosopher and wit who was not addicted to hard work, "Squire Bacon and I keep more cows than any other two men in Barnstable." Nathaniel had one, the squire twenty.

Captain Isaac Bacon was a better money-maker, though his methods were not always above reproach. Some of his onion deals, for example, were a little pungent. Onions were an important Cape crop in the 1800s. Bacon raised them on his own farm and carried them to the Boston market in his own packet. The Bermuda onion had not yet been developed, and many of the onions were purchased by buyers for the West Indies market. When some of these buyers feared Captain Bacon's onions might not keep properly, Captain Isaac was ready with a sales talk. "Gentlemen, these are what are called 'tarnity onions. They'll keep to all eternity!" he said so convincingly that he sold the onions. From here to eternity proved to be not far, however; the onions had to go overboard long before they reached the West Indies.

Another time, hearing that Captain Huckins had sold a load of onions to be delivered in Salem, Captain Isaac got there first. When the buyer said he had contracted with Captain Huckins, Captain Isaac said, "He is my son-in-law and these are the very onions." What Captain Huckins said when he got there with *his* load of onions is mercifully not recorded.

It was Captain Isaac who once remarked that he wished it was the custom to swap old wives, the same as old horses. "I'd cheat somebody most damnably!"

A good many years before Captain Isaac began sailing his onions to Boston, Doctor Hersey had died, yet the medical profession did not become entirely colorless in Barnstable in the 1800s, thanks to Dr. Richard Bourne. Of him Otis declared: "Doctor Bourne was temperate in his habits; that is, he was never intoxicated at his own expense." One frosty night, after someone else had provided for him rather liberally, the doctor was swaying along on horseback through the woods when he spied a rotten stump which reflected a phosphorescent light. To his blurred vision it represented a welcome fire, so he dismounted, pulled off his boots, and warmed his cold feet on the stump for a while.

When he remounted, it took him until morning to find his way out of the woods. Finally he located the main road and spurred his horse along it—in the wrong direction. Meeting some acquaintances, the thoroughly befuddled doctor pulled up and uttered his famous query: "Gentlemen, can you tell me whether I am in this town or the next?"

Still, the doctor's eccentricities were mild and endearing compared to those Elisha Blush had to put up with. An old Spanish proverb says, "He who marries for money earns it," and the Barnstable expert on this question during the early 1800s must surely have been Elisha, who married two Rebecca Linnells and was for forty years a resident of Aunt Beck's Museum, as his house came to be called.

Outwardly the house was tidy, with a well-kept yard, but inside it was a shambles. Aunt Beck was a collector of anything and everything, and perhaps Otis' description of one table will suffice to give some conception of that incredible interior:

"In front of the bed and near the centre of the room stood a common table about three feet square. Respecting this table a neighbor, Captain Elisha Hall, assured me that to his certain knowledge it had stood in the same place twenty years, how much longer he could not say. On this table, for very many successive years, she had laid whatever she thought curious or worth preserving. When an article was laid thereon it was rarely removed,

for no one would dare meddle with Aunt Beck's curiosities. Feathers were her delight; but many were perishable articles, and in the process of time had rotted and changed into a black mould, covering the table with a stratum of about an inch in thickness."

The floor was covered and the walls were hung with old pots, kettles, pails, tubs, broken crockery, and other such adjuncts to gracious living, all bearing testimony to Aunt Beck's descent from the prudent economy of her younger years to the miserliness of old age.

When thirty-one-year-old Elisha married her she was a damsel of forty-six, and she lived to be eighty-six. Six weeks and three days after he had lost Aunt Beck, Elisha married her grandniece, a girl of twenty-nine who was also named Rebecca Linnell. He himself was then seventy-one.

A remark he made after his second marriage is worth mentioning. Some one congratulated Elisha on the happy change which had taken place. "Yes," said he, "I live more comfortably than I did, but," he added with a sigh, "my present wife is not so economical as my first."

Another man might well have volunteered for service in the War of 1812 just to get away from Aunt Beck's museum, but not Elisha. For that matter, enlistments were few on any account in that unpopular war, during which Barnstable hung up a war record no better and no worse than most Cape towns. Some Barnstable men went privateering, but the navy had to look elsewhere for its men. Thanks to the marshes, the town had little to fear from that gentlemanly gangster, Captain Richard Raggett of his majesty's navy. Raggett sailed around the bay demanding protection money from the various towns, threatening bombardment if they did not come across, but there was little he could do to Barnstable.

Even so, two cannons were sent to the town to protect its salt-works, but their only service came later, as ornaments in front of the Courthouse, where they may still be seen. In 1827 the county house burned, and ninety-three volumes of deeds and other valu-

able papers were destroyed, causing endless legal confusion on Cape Cod. The present fireproof courthouse was then built to house both the courts and the county offices.

In spite of such occasional disasters, Cape Cod was by then enjoying its golden age, and Barnstable thrived along with the rest of the towns. At Barnstable's two-hundredth anniversary in 1839, the principal speaker first talked about the town's many virtues and attractions which were plain for all to see, and then went on to say, "There are other things which we do not see. We see no beggars, no idlers, no sots. The population of the town is over four thousand; its poor-house has eighteen tenants. The population of the country is thirty-two thousand; in its jail there are three prisoners, and *those three are foreigners.*"

By then, the important centers of population on Cape Cod were already pretty well set, and one of these was Hyannis in Barnstable. People from everywhere else on the Cape take considerable pleasure in making it sound as though Hyannis was hardly more than a collection of mud huts up to a few years ago, but actually as much as a century ago the historian Freeman was able to write that it was, "Of late years, the most thrifty and improving part of the town [of Barnstable], its important harbor being safe in all winds, greatly aided by a breakwater constructed at the national expense, and having good depth of water. Here is a terminus of the Cape Cod Railroad, connecting with stages running on the south side of the Cape."

Hyannis' name is a corruption of "Iyannough's land," and thus pays tribute to the noble sachem whose friendliness was so ill-repaid by the whites. When Captain Miles Standish killed several Upper Cape Indians to stave off a suspected insurrection, the remaining Indians were so terrified that they hid in the swamps and there many caught colds and died, including Iyannough.

In 1861, two men ploughing a field near the actual location of Iyannough's Town, a place by then called Cummaquid, brought to light a brass kettle under which they found a skeleton buried in a sitting position. Researchers gathered and concluded that the skeleton must be that of Iyannough himself.

With the kettle and other implements found in the grave, the Indian's bones were placed on display in Plymouth's Pilgrim Hall, and in 1894 the Cape Cod Historical Society marked the site of the grave with a slate tablet.

By 1894 Cape Cod was generally looking backward instead of forward as far as its great, active days were concerned. More than eight hundred shipmasters called Barnstable home during the 1800s, and many were still around when summer visitors began to come to the rescue with their cash, making it possible for Barnstable's skippers to stay closer to home without necessarily giving up the sea.

One old captain took parties out sailing, and one day in the early 1900s he ran up against the typical brash summer visitor, a young fellow probably decked out in white flannels, a straw hat, and spike-toed shoes, who knew more and had always seen bigger and better things than anyone else.

Finally he asked the old captain what was the largest fish he had ever seen.

"Well, I don't rightly know what 'twas," said the captain, "but it was monstrous big, and had a tremendous mouth, and it blew water up in the air now and then—"

"Why, that was a whale," the pip-squeak explained scornfully, but the old man shook his head.

"No, no—we was *baiting* with whales."

It was a similar old-timer who lived in a shack where a friend called one bitter winter day and found the glass broken out of one of the windows on the north side. The old fisherman had put a piece of fishnet across the opening.

"Why," said his friend, "that won't keep out the north wind!"

"No," agreed the old-timer, "but it'll tangle it a bit."

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Old West Parish Meetinghouse, West Barnstable. Built in 1717, this is the oldest Congregational Church building in America. For more than a century, Barnstable's town meetings were also held

here, including the famous town meeting dominated by Squire Bacon, on the eve of the Revolution. Concerning those stormy sessions, a church pamphlet says, "Pew doors were torn off and leaning benches broken down in fervent debates within this cradle of democracy."

Sturgis Library, Barnstable Village. This two-story colonial house, once the residence of Captain William Sturgis, was originally built for Reverend John Lothrop, about 1644. It has an exceptional collection of genealogical records, Cape and New England history books, and bound local papers.

Grave of Iyannough, the Indian Sachem, Cummaquid. Behind the Cummaquid postoffice a slate tablet placed by the Cape Cod Historical Society marks the site of the noble chief's grave.

Birthplace of Otis, West Barnstable. Beside Route 6 may be seen a boulder with a bronze tablet marking the spot once occupied by the Otis homestead, where James Otis, Jr., "The Patriot," was born.

Crocker Tavern, Barnstable Village. This old stagecoach stop is now owned by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities and is open to the public in the summer.

Grave of Captain John Percival, U.S.N., West Barnstable. A tablet to Captain Percival's memory faces Route 6. It was placed on the north wall of the West Barnstable burying ground, a wall which he paid for when it was built. The tablet, which is not far from his grave, was placed there by the Barnstable Tercentenary Committee in 1939. This naval hero fought gallantly in the War of 1812, and commanded the U.S.S. *Constitution* on her last cruise.

Barnstable County Courthouse, Barnstable Village. This structure was completed in 1832 to replace the old courthouse which burned in 1827. The cannon mounted in front were sent to Barnstable during the War of 1812 to protect the town from the British fleet.

5. Eastham

Incorporated 1651

EASTHAM HAS BEACHES BOTH ON CAPE COD BAY AND THE ATLANTIC Ocean, and has two villages: Eastham and North Eastham.

After twenty-three years of Plymouth, a lot of people felt they had had enough of the place. Since the land was barren and the harbor bad, they decided that it could never amount to much. Compared to it, the fertile lands of Nauset looked very enticing.

Plymouth came close to becoming a deserted village. For a while its entire population considered moving to Nauset. Two committees were sent on separate occasions to look over the territory and report back to the town.

The first committee must have reported favorably, because persons who had obtained grants of land there three years earlier were approached and their consent gained to the proposed move.

The second committee, however, stated that there was not sufficient room at Nauset for the entire Plymouth group, at least not when future expansion was taken into account. Since the territory involved included all of present-day Wellfleet and Orleans as well as Eastham, this story seems a little thin. The committee further advised that it would be a good idea for some of the Plymouth group to purchase the land from the Indians, and it is interesting to note that all the members of the committee took their own advice. They were among the group who bought the land, and the group comprised a select number of the more prominent men of

Plymouth. It almost looks as if they simply did not want the whole town tagging along.

Before this distinguished group of settlers ever reached Nauset, some of the colony's earliest history had already been made there. On the bay side of a Nauset beach the Pilgrims' famous First Encounter with the Indians took place. There Captain Miles Standish and his exploring party from the *Mayflower* received a shower of arrows and replied with several discharges of musket fire, putting the Indians to flight. Nobody was hurt on either side, and that was the only skirmish the colonists ever had with the Nauset Indians. The next time the two groups got together, it was to talk business.

The purchase of the Nauset land from the Indians was the usual solemn farce and included one of the most astonishing pieces of bland effrontery on record.

"Who lays claim to Billingsgate?" the committee from Plymouth asked during the bargaining. "Billingsgate" meant all the land lying below the Nauset land under discussion, land which the Nausets shared with the Pamet Indians and used as hunting grounds.

"It belongs to no one," said the Indians.

"Then that land is ours," said the committee, and reported that the Indians "answered that it was."

Some years later a Lower Cape Indian who called himself Lieutenant Anthony turned up and claimed that the land was his and had been all along. He must have presented a good case, because he was paid for it.

Possibly this fair treatment of a just claim was due to the influence of Eastham's first and most outstanding minister, Reverend Samuel Treat. The Nauset Indians from whom the land had been "bought" found in him a rare good friend. For forty-five years he labored among whites and Indians, and his warwhoops against sin gave much enjoyment to the savages, even though they caused him more sophisticated congregation esthetic pain.

In the pulpit Mr. Treat was full of dire warnings, and his voice was so loud that it could be heard at a great distance from the

meetinghouse, even "amidst the shrieks of hysterical women and the winds that howled over the plains of Nauset." A sample warning follows:

"Thou must erelong go to the bottomless pit. Hell hath enlarged herself, and is ready to receive thee. There is room enough for thy entertainment. . . . Some think sinning ends with this life; but it is a mistake. The creature is held under an everlasting law; the damned increase in sin in hell. Possibly, the mention of this may please thee. But, remember, there shall be no pleasant sins there; no eating, drinking, singing, dancing, wanton dalliance, and drinking stolen waters, but damned sins, bitter, hellish sins; sins exasperated by torments, cursing God, spite, rage, and blasphemy."

Out of the pulpit Mr. Treat was another man. Cheerful, even facetious, he was fond of humor and was often seen "shaking his sides with laughter." He frequently visited the Indian's wigwams, took the trouble to learn their language, did his best to get better treatment for them, and won their undying affection. He had the constitution to match his exertions, and during all his long pastorate he ranged far and wide over the Lower Cape, causing some other clergymen to complain that he seemed to consider the whole of Cape Cod his parish.

Samuel Treat was the eldest of twenty-one children and he himself had eleven. He is said to have died from a second attack of palsy at the age of sixty-nine in 1717, the winter of the "great snow," as it was called in the annals of the day. Rather than have their pastor denied proper burial, the people tunneled through the snow to the graveyard, and his devoted Indian followers were permitted to take their turn at bearing his body to its last resting place.

No such affection was ever generated by the new town's most prominent citizen. Thomas Prence was a born leader, but he leaves the impression of having been rather cold and hard, and something of a calculating opportunist. Prence was a member of the committee that advised against the whole Plymouth group's moving to Nauset, as well as of the committee that bought the land. And he himself was among the first to move there. Marrying well (he first

chose the Elder Brewster's daughter, Patience) Thomas had gone up the ladder of colony affairs fast. Patience died young, some years before the move to Eastham, but by then her husband was well established. He now married a second wife, who died in Eastham. His third wife and most of his nine children survived him.

Along with the other settlers, Prence found the black, rich soil of Nauset a considerable improvement over that around Plymouth. Hence, when he was urged to serve as governor of the colony, he refused to do so if this meant giving up residence in Eastham and moving back to the capital. In those days candidates did not seek office; the problem then was to find capable men who were willing to serve. Thomas Prence was held in such esteem that his terms were met. For several years he was allowed to remain in Eastham, traveling back and forth between there and Plymouth when necessary. This, of course, added further luster to his adopted town. In fact, at the time of Eastham's incorporation, its population and prosperity made it first in importance among the towns of the colony. Eastham was incorporated with the name of Nauset, and five years passed before the name was changed.

Governor Prence had a full measure of the intolerance of his day and did his best to make life miserable for the Quakers and any others who deviated from the straight and narrowminded. In the field of education, though, he was a man of liberal views and his efforts to improve the colony's schools were a credit to his administration.

An enduring memorial of this early governor is to be found at the Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown. The stone doorstep of his house was donated to be a part of that monument, and is set at its base on the south side.

One thing Governor Prence had in common with the rich, cold-hearted, and powerful governors of storybooks was a tendency to produce beautiful daughters. And up in Sandwich, the Edmund Freemans had enterprising sons. When Edmund, Jr., journeyed down-Cape to woo and win Rebecca Prence, he noticed she had

an equally beautiful younger sister named Mercy. He came home and told his younger brother John about her. A more cautious swain, John took his time, but he married Mercy three years later.

Even in those days it helped a man to be the governor's son-in-law. John won the military rank of major, was elected assistant to the governor, and became the local tar tycoon.

Tar-making was an industry of some importance in the colony, and Eastham produced its share of tar. Major John Freeman soon was able to take all the tar made in two years within the "constablewick" of his township. Furthermore, though not himself a purchaser or old comer, he had by 1680 obtained possession of all parcels of land originally assigned to William Bradford and Thomas Prence in present-day Brewster, which was then a part of the plantation reserved for the proprietors. Prence had bought Governor Bradford's parcels from him during the latter's lifetime and had conveyed them to his son-in-law. If history teaches us nothing else, it shows us that our nation has never lacked sharp real-estate operators.

Indeed, though much has been said about the rockbound virtues of our Pilgrim forefathers, the records make us suspect that they had human failings as well. At least, when it came to the matter of disposing of common land in Eastham, it was judged expedient to set up a committee of "negative men" with the power to veto any decisions made in town meeting concerning the selling or giving away of common lands. Otherwise it was feared that a majority swung into line by corrupt influences might sometime permit a land grab.

Great care was always exercised in the handling of common property rights where both the land and the sea were involved. Eastham was one of those towns which thoughtfully voted that part of every whale cast ashore should go for the support of the minister. One of the first examples of a true Cape Cod fisherman is that of an Eastham man who was fined a whole pound for "lying about a whale." Perhaps in this case the minister's disappointment had something to do with the severity of the fine.

Nor was lying the only sin the town had to contend with. Four "fast young men" on a spree from a neighboring town were apprehended by the constable and taken to Plymouth and fined "for going into the house of John Doane, Jr., and behaving uncivilly, ransacking for liquors and setting up some scandalous verses." Careful notice was taken of the fact that the culprits were from another town.

Presumably Eastham's own young men were too busy killing their quota of blackbirds to be carousing around. A local ordinance read, "Every single man in the township shall kill six blackbirds or three crows, and shall not be married till they comply with this requisition."

The John Doane, Jr., whose house was ransacked by the fast young men was the son of Deacon John Doane, another of Eastham's notable men. A member of the land-buying committee with Thomas Prence and one of the first settlers, the deacon lived to be ninety-five and ended his days as he had begun them. For several years before his death, tradition says, he was rocked in a cradle. Then, perhaps feeling he might welcome a change of position, his family had him buried standing up.

Since his death the deacon has grown steadily older and is now generally listed as having lived to be well over a hundred. This feat actually was accomplished by his daughter Abigail, who was born in 1632 and had a "century sermon" preached in her room by Reverend Joseph Lord of Chatham in 1732. She lived to be a hundred and three.

When Doane and Prence and the rest of their company moved to Eastham they moved most of their interests there, and from then on they were Eastham men with very little attachment for the town they had left. When the bridge over Eel River near Plymouth was rebuilt, the Cape towns were assessed for part of the expense. To Eastham folk, far down the Cape, the bridge seemed incredibly remote. In fact, they were hopping mad, and refused to ante up. They told their selectmen to disregard the demand, and promised to shield them from any punitive action that might re-

sult. But in the end, all the Cape towns had to submit to this gouge.

The town had an engaging way of meeting some of its bills with unusual types of barter. When Mr. Samuel Freeman paid the town's taxes, he was given in exchange all rights to a black horse "running at large in Pamet" which was town property. Presumably he was also given all rights to the job of catching the animal. On another occasion Mr. John Freeman, who married Mercy Prence, advanced the town seventy-six pounds and received a mortgage on two islands at Billingsgate.

All such matters had to be settled in town meeting, of course, and it should not be supposed for a moment that they were always settled in an atmosphere of harmony and calm. Eastham began early to make its contributions to the Cape Cod tradition of stormy public gatherings. Some men refused to come to town meetings, or if they did they were inclined to shout their opinions at the moderator and then go stamping out of the meeting without so much as a by-your-leave. Finally every man living within seven miles of the meeting house was fined sixpence if he was absent or, being present, became obstreperous or left without permission. Even so, many an Eastham man probably paid his sixpence readily for the pleasure of sounding off and then marching out in the best Cape Cod tradition.

Many of the actions taken at Eastham town meetings were highly creditable, to be sure, such as what happened after the Widow Doane's house burned. The town agreed to build her a new house, seventeen by sixteen feet.

The town was not as kind to all its women, however, as poor Maria Hallet could have testified, although according to the standards of the day she was justly treated. Maria was the most beautiful fifteen-year-old in Eastham when a young English sea captain named Sam Bellamy put into the harbor in the face of a threatening storm. Stuck in Eastham for the night, Bellamy went to the Crosby Tavern and tried to interest some of the more prosperous local men in putting capital behind a scheme he had in mind. He told them he knew the location of a sunken Spanish galleon that

was bulging with doubloons, but like many another promoter he found money hard to raise on Cape Cod.

The wind stayed in the northeast for a week, and Sam Bellamy stayed in Eastham, where he presently met the lovely local belle. Maria fell in love with the handsome stranger, and when Bellamy sailed away he promised to return and marry her as soon as he had made his fortune. His son was born and died in the same night while he was still away searching for his fortune in the West Indies.

Unsympathetic town fathers jailed Maria, but sympathetic jailers allowed her to slip out and she began to roam the hills on the back side of the Cape. The selectmen decided to let her alone, on the condition that she stay out of Eastham. For the next several years Goody Hallet lived like a waif while her blonde hair turned gray and her features became old and fierce. She supported herself by weaving, and nobody wove finer cloth than she did in the ramshackle cabin that became her home in an isolated section of the Back Side. Inevitably she became known as a witch.

In the meantime Bellamy had become "Black Bellamy," a notorious and very successful pirate, and in 1717 he came north with his pirate fleet, which included his flagship *Whidah* and two prizes he had taken.

The year 1717 was a difficult one in Eastham. It was in the winter of that year that Mr. Treat died, in the midst of the big snow. And on the twenty-eighth of April, Bellamy's ships came to grief along Cape Cod's Back Side and the *Whidah* was lost with all hands.

Captain Cyprian Southack was sent by the government to investigate the wreck and to try to beat the Cape Codders to some of its contents. He probably became the first man to cross the Cape by water as he doggedly pursued the course of duty. The storm had forced a passage from Nauset Harbor to Town Cove and through Jeremiah's Gutter to Boat Meadow Creek, and the captain was able to sail from bay to ocean in a whaleboat. This passage was near the present boundaries between Eastham and Orleans.

The distinction thus achieved was probably small comfort to Cyprian Southack. He found and had to bury the bodies of one hundred and two pirates, but that was about all he could find. His attempts to pry local beachcombers loose from their loot got him nothing but sarcastic grins and insults.

Seven pirates escaped from one of the prize ships, but they were soon rounded up and were later hanged in Boston. Two men are said to have escaped from the wreck of the *Whidah*, one of them being a Nauset Indian who was never seen again. The other survivor was reputed to be Black Bellamy. He was supposed to have cut poor Maria's throat from ear to ear in a quarrel over hidden treasure and then vanished once and for all. But of the entire story only a few facts have been proven true. Maria did exist, and so did Bellamy. He was a pirate, and his pirate ship *Whidah* did indeed come to grief on the coast of Cape Cod. Somebody undoubtedly led Maria down the primrose path, but whether it was Bellamy or some local lad is anybody's guess today.

The year, 1717, that marked the death of Reverend Samuel Treat and the wreck of Bellamy's pirate fleet saw the beginning of the ministry of Eastham's most controversial pastor, Reverend Samuel Osborn. Because of a youthful indiscretion, Mr. Osborn became the victim of a twenty-year effort to oust him from his position. This effort was led by Reverend Nathaniel Stone of Harwich's North Precinct, now Brewster. Since Mr. Osborn's part in the affair was largely one of passive defense, the story belongs more to his chief persecutor and will be found in the chapter dealing with Brewster.

Mr. Osborn was succeeded by a safe, dull man who appears to have been just the man Eastham needed while it was simmering down after the Great Osborn Controversy. Reverend Joseph Crocker received a unanimous call to the church in 1739. A parsonage was to be built for him, but at the time he was actively courting a local lady of means who had a house that suited him quite well. Although he had not yet popped the question when he arranged terms with

the church, he covered the eventuality that the lady might make him the happiest man in the world. He specified that he would accept "such a parcel of land and such a dwelling-house as was built and procured for a settlement for Mr. Osborn and Mr. Webb [another Eastham minister]; and to be given to me and my heirs and assigns forever, except Providence should open a door for my own convenient settling of myself; and then I expect you will be willing to let me have the value of what you have voted for this, in money." Venus carried the day for the Reverend Mr. Crocker, and he received his parsonage in cash.

Very likely he was also fortunate enough to be in for his share when, in 1744, the town "made division of all the remaining undivided lands, from Sluts Bush to Boat-Meadow River, to 137 male inhabitants, now of age."

This was all very well, except that fifty years later when Orleans became a separate town most of this land fell within its boundaries. Orleans, which hoped to cut a canal through Captain Southack's old route, laid claim to the land, and in the legal battle that ensued the verdict went to the new town.

But well before the splitting-off of Orleans, the first loss of territory had befallen Eastham. An attempt to establish Billingsgate as a separate township made as early as 1719 had been squelched. This, however, was only staving off the inevitable. Forty-five years later the North Precinct was not to be denied its independence. It became Wellfleet, and from being first in population on Cape Cod Eastham dropped to fifth position, and accordingly lost ground politically.

Nevertheless it seemed to be curiously stimulated by this loss. A regular schoolhouse was provided; before that the school had traveled around the town from one private house to another. Now, too, much work was done on the roads, and new ones were put through. In fact, the people of Eastham appeared so well satisfied with their diminished state that when a group of persons living in the northwestern corner of Harwich petitioned the General Court to have their lands annexed to Eastham, the town itself objected.

It was a smaller but still vigorous town, then, that faced the Revolution when hostilities finally broke out. Like most Cape towns, Eastham stood firm against the use of tea, and "appointed a large committee of vigilance and correspondence, who were required to make the most diligent and careful search for any persons who should buy, sell, or use this detestable article, that their names might be known abroad, as well as at home."

The local nobility slipped, however, when a storm brought the brig *Wilkes* ashore on the Back Side. She carried a fine and varied cargo, and after Eastham wreckers finished picking her clean she looked like a thoroughly enjoyed Thanksgiving turkey. Because the vessel was not an enemy ship but an American one, this impulsive action caused considerable embarrassment. A meeting was held and a committee of sleuths appointed to detect the villains and bring them to justice; but if the committee had any success, the records fail to mention it.

The Revolution was as severe a drain on Eastham as on any maritime town. After the war the town soon recovered, but in 1797 it was shorn of its most prosperous and populous section when its south precinct became the town of Orleans. With this loss, Eastham's population shrank to the smallest of any town on the Cape.

Between wars and after the War of 1812 church membership also declined steadily. Reverend Philander Shaw spent forty years in a losing battle against that decline, but when he retired, Peter Walker, Eastham's versifying blacksmith, sang:

"A learned Treat, a pious Webb
And Cheever—all no more,
Mister Shaw then took the helm
And run the ship ashore."

The War of 1812 was just another source of irritation. It was notable in Eastham principally for a fine bit of derring-do performed in 1814 by one of its sea captains, Captain Matthew H. Mayo.

Having safely slipped over to Boston in a whaleboat loaded

with rye, Captain Mayo and Captain Winslow L. Knowles did a little shopping for their families, traded their boat for a somewhat larger one, and started home.

On the way they passed a pink-stern schooner at anchor with five men on deck who appeared to be idly fishing. But the sudden puff of a cannon and the geyser thrown up some fifty feet from the whaleboat showed their real occupation. At first the whaler tried to make a run for it, but a second shot skipped over them, too close for comfort, and they hove to. Captain Mayo proved his patriotism by secretly throwing his valuable spy glass overboard so that the Britishers would not get it.

The two captains were taken to the British man-of-war *Spencer* and kept there three days. Then they were told that three hundred dollars would ransom them and their boat, and Captain Knowles was permitted to go to Boston to try and raise the money. There, however, friends advised him against doing so.

Seven days later Captain Mayo was transferred to the schooner that had captured him. He was ordered to act as pilot for a cruise around the bay. The three officers and crew of twenty were armed to the teeth and ready for business.

Two days after this when a severe northwest wind blew up Captain Mayo advised making harbor under Billingsgate Point. He purposely anchored there in bad holding ground, intending to capture the schooner and make prisoners of everyone aboard her. While the gale roared cooperatively, he slipped forward, first chance he got, and partly severed the cable. It soon broke, and he then advised making harbor to the leeward, about ten miles distant.

When the boat grounded on the Eastham flats the British officers became suspicious, but Captain Mayo assured them that they had only struck the outer bar and would soon beat over it. Previously he had taken the precaution of picking the lock of the first officer's writing desk and filching a pair of brass pistols, which he held ready hidden under his jacket.

Next he gave the men a gimlet with which to tap the vessel's keg

of West India rum. Apparently discipline in the British Navy at that time was not too strict, for the men were soon satisfactorily drunk. Meanwhile, Captain Mayo had thrown overboard all the arms he could find on deck. By the time the vessel began to heel over, the officers were the only men aboard besides Captain Mayo sober enough to notice the list, and they found themselves looking down their own brass pistols. They were forced to surrender to the wily Cape Codder.

Going ashore, Mayo saw to it that the authorities were notified and the militia dispatched to march the officers and men ashore and to take possession of the ship.

But timid souls ashore began to undo all of Captain Mayo's good work. The prisoners, under guard in a barn, were permitted to escape. Before long a barge sent by the commander of the *Spencer* appeared and issued an arrogant demand, one thousand two hundred dollars in specie; two hundred dollars for the baggage taken from the prisoners by the deputy marshal, and one thousand dollars for the protection of the town and the saltworks along its shore. If the money was not paid within twenty-four hours, the British threatened to land in force and burn the whole place to the ground, houses, boats, saltworks, and all.

After some worried discussion, the local committee of safety decided to pay, and received in return a written promise of immunity from attack during the rest of the war. Orleans spiritedly thumbed its nose at a similar demand and Falmouth stood off a far more solid threat, but Eastham's selectmen, who were also the committee of safety, let themselves be bluffed.

Actually the militia of neighboring towns was on hand to help the local company, and an artillery company from Brewster was ready with two brass field pieces. In addition, the town of Eastham was scattered all about, so that there was no really worth-while target for the British to concentrate on.

The wars left Eastham lean but still sound in wind and limb. If it seemed to become an unhealthy place for Indians, once the white man arrived (by 1800 only one Indian was still alive), it

was healthy enough for the new settlers. Still on one occasion in 1816 an epidemic decimated the population. The disease was unusual and unknown, and its origin was never determined, but seventy-two out of seven hundred people perished in four months' time.

In spite of its reputation for hardy settlers, Eastham was a small place and did not produce as many sea captains as some of the larger towns, but it can claim the clipper-ship captain who set the all-time record for a voyage from San Francisco to Boston. In 1852, thirty-two-year-old Captain Freeman Hatch, master of the clipper *Northern Light*, drove his ship and his crew hard enough to make the long passage around the Horn in seventy-six days and six hours—"an achievement won by no mortal before or since," as his epitaph in the Eastham burying ground declares. And to this day no other sailing ship has ever equaled this record.

During the clipper-ship period, Eastham's contacts with the great outside world came not only through its sea captains. It was perhaps the first Cape town to enjoy a tourist boom, if one may call it that. "Millennium Grove," the famous camp-meeting grounds, was established there and brought thousands of visitors to the town. The grove included ten acres of shore property where steamboats could unload the eager pilgrims. While there, they slept in tents on straw.

"There are sometimes one hundred and fifty ministers (!) and five thousand hearers assembled," Thoreau wrote of this place, obviously stunned at the thought of that many parsons packed into so small an area. "The ground, which is called Millennium Grove, is owned by a company in Boston, and is the most suitable, or rather unsuitable, for this purpose of any that I saw on the Cape.

"It is fenced, and the frames of the tents are at all times to be seen interspersed among the oaks. They have an oven and a pump, and keep all their kitchen utensils and tent coverings and furniture in a permanent building on the spot. They select a time for their meetings when the moon is full. A man is appointed to clear out

the pump a week beforehand, while the ministers are clearing their throats; but, probably, the latter do not always deliver as pure a stream as the former.

"I saw the heaps of clam-shells left under the tables, where they had feasted in previous summers, and supposed, of course, that that was the work of the unconverted, or the backsliders and scoffers. It looked as if a camp-meeting must be a singular combination of a prayer-meeting and a picnic."

More than a decade before Thoreau visited the Cape and inspected the camp-meeting grounds, Reverend Enoch Pratt, who wrote a history of Eastham, was lamenting the fact that in recent years fewer souls had been saved at the camp meetings than seemed to have been in the past. Too many of the people turning out now were obviously more interested in pleasure than salvation. By the time of Thoreau's visit the meetings had undoubtedly degenerated into little more than a clambake with a protective coloring of evangelistic exercises.

In some ways it was appropriate for Eastham to be the scene of feasting, for in the early days it had been the breadbasket of the Plymouth Colony. Great quantities of grain were raised there until the soil was exhausted and the destroyed forests had made way for the sand which made a desert of formerly fertile places. Even so, in the middle of the last century Eastham was still the only town on the Cape that produced enough grain for home consumption. It also exported an average of a thousand bushels of Indian corn annually.

Other crops too have flourished in Eastham. Not many years ago carloads of asparagus went to market from her fields every day during the spring. At that time fresh asparagus commanded an even fancier price than it does today. Since then, with the advent of frozen foods the asparagus market has gone by the board, but fortunately summer people—one of the best cash crops of all—have come along in its stead. And of this new crop Eastham always gets its full share.

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

First Encounter Beach. Here on Cape Cod Bay, December 7, 1620, Miles Standish and seventeen men from the *Mayflower* were attacked by Indians. The site of the First Encounter is marked by a bronze plaque set in a large stone, situated where Samoset Road reaches the bay.

The Old Windmill. Built in Plymouth in 1793 and floated across the bay to Truro, it was carted to Eastham by teams of oxen a few years later. It is the only mill still in working condition in the area, and is open to visitors without admission charge, 10 to 12 A.M. and 1 to 5 P.M. daily, except on Sundays when the hours are 1 to 5 P.M.

"The Outermost House." Across the marshes, just as you enter Eastham from Orleans, you can see the Fo'castle, the small cottage in which Henry Beston lived during the winter of 1927. His book, *The Outermost House*, a record of his stay there, is a Cape Cod classic. The house has since been moved from the top of the dune to the side away from the shore, and is no longer the outermost house. Ask an Eastham resident to point it out.

6. Falmouth

Incorporated 1686

FALMOUTH HAS SHORELINE ONLY ON THE SOUTH OR SOUND SIDE OF the Cape, and contains the following villages and settlements: Falmouth, North Falmouth, Megansett, West Falmouth, Teaticket, Falmouth Heights, Hatchville, Woods Hole, Saconesset Hills, and Sippewissett.

In a history of Falmouth written in 1843, the author establishes its location with an exactness worthy of a nautical town. "Its situation," he says, "is found to be Lat. 41 degrees, 34 minutes—Longitude 70 degrees, 35 minutes, 45 seconds. For the latitude I am indebted to Capt. H. C. Bunker—for the longitude to Capt. John Crocker—both the result of actual observation and undoubtedly correct."

The first Englishman to set foot on Cape Cod, Bartholomew Gosnold, sailed from Falmouth, England. This may be the reason the name was chosen for the Cape's fifth township, but the assumption is no more than an intelligent guess. None of the founding fathers thought to leave us any notes on the subject.

It was more than forty years after the landing at Plymouth when thirteen men from Barnstable and three from Plymouth were granted liberty to buy land at "Saconesset," and another score of years before the town was incorporated as Falmouth.

According to a pleasant local tradition Moses Hatch, the first white child born here, was named Moses because he was born

among the bulrushes under a boat turned keel up to provide an emergency delivery room. But since the records show that his father Jonathan had already built his house it is more likely that Moses was born at home in the family fourposter—unless, of course, his mother was on her way home and gave birth to him before she got there. The event supposedly took place on the shores of Consider Hatch's Pond, a name long since shortened to 'Sider's Pond.

For a number of years the population of Saconnesset was too small to support its own minister. And even after its incorporation, Falmouth was not overly populous, judging by its quota of the levy for King William's War during the period of the French and Indian Wars. One man was required, and was promptly chosen and marched out of town equipped with "well-fixed gun, sword or hatchet, horn or cartouch-box, suitable ammunition, and knapsack" as specified.

Falmouth was Indian country, but fortunately the Indians were disposed to be friendly and the Cape escaped the massacres other parts of New England suffered. Once when certain lands were laid out, the description of the boundaries in the records involved a large rock. When a controversy arose several years later, the rock could not be located. Finally an old Indian, Jehu Horton, cleared up the mystery. He led a party of men to a huge pile of decayed brushwood, and said:

"There is the rock. When the bounds were established, our people began to throw a stick on the rock as a token of assent every time they passed by." So the brushwood was cleared away, and the rock was discovered.

One of the great problems of out-of-the-way settlements such as Falmouth was to attract blacksmiths and millers. Horses and oxen had to be shod, so smiths were offered free land. Grain had to be ground, so millers not only got free land but were spared military service.

Among those who quietly moved to Falmouth were a good many people who were weary of the stifling constrictions placed on life

by the authorities at Plymouth and who felt that a greater distance might help. Many Quakers settled here, particularly in West Falmouth.

In due time a minister came to Falmouth even though the town did not yet have an established church. It was difficult to raise money enough for the preacher's support, and in one way or another he had a bad time of it. The records deal increasingly sharply with poor Mr. Shiverick. In 1701, August, it was "voted to look out for a fit person to preach the word of God, and to keep school"; and in December it was voted that "Mr. Samuel Shiverick is none of this town's minister." In 1702, "the inhabitants agree, in consideration of the low estate of Mr. Shiverick, and his yearly maintenance not being paid to him, that a rate of £15 shall be made for his relief"; and three months later, at a town meeting, "said meeting did agree that they will not employ Mr. Samuel Shiverick any more to preach to them, and did choose Mr. Joseph Parker to tell him of it." His dismissal must scarcely have come as news to the unfortunate man by then.

In 1705 it was "voted to pay Mr. Shiverick, in his poverty, £4." Apparently, though, he did not give up easily, for the next year it was "voted that Mr. John Gore be the minister of the town, and that Joseph Hatch and Timothy Robinson be agents to agree with Mr. Shiverick concerning his demands—also to forbid his preaching any more on the town's account." Shiverick was a hard man to squelch.

Ten years later local prosperity had reached the point where the more extravagant set felt a new meetinghouse was in order. They were agreed that it should be forty-two feet square, but could agree on little else. Then the opposition, the "retrenchment" party, finally whittled the meetinghouse down to thirty by thirty-four feet after first failing to kill the idea of a new building altogether.

With the dimensions settled, proper attention could be given to disagreeing over the interior arrangements. Some wanted seats,

others pew-spots. The usual committee was appointed, and it decided to provide part of the meetinghouse with seats and part with pew-spots to be sold to the highest bidder.

But the new meetinghouse was not the only cause for sharp bargaining in Falmouth. Even the hiring of a schoolteacher was attempted in characteristic Yankee fashion. It was "ordered that Hannah Sargent be engaged this year as school-dame, and that £12 and diet per annum be allowed for her services—only the agents shall obtain her as much cheaper as they can." Hannah was not to be had for that price, however, neither then nor two years later when they tried again. The appointed committee was obliged to look elsewhere.

In 1708 a permanent church was finally established, and Reverend Joseph Metcalf became its first minister. A good-natured, kind-hearted, and personable young man, he was destined to win more affection from the town than perhaps any of his successors.

Even well-liked ministers lived in a goldfish bowl. Their every move was scrutinized by the good dames of their parish. For example, young Mr. Metcalf happened to realize one day that his periwig, through long use, had become shabby. He was not a vain man, but he did like to look neat, and in those days all distinguished men, including ministers, were expected to wear wigs.

Having occasion to visit Dedham and Boston, he "availed himself of his approximity to the peruke-maker," as he later put it. Returning home late on Saturday, he did a foolish thing. He failed to clear his wig with the female social leaders of his congregation in a private showing. When he mounted the pulpit Sunday morning, the wig burst upon their vision without prior warning, without prior approval.

It was not a riotously expensive wig, nor was it a mere floormop. It was a fashionable wig well suited to his purpose. Nevertheless, all the women were greatly scandalized, and the young minister was called on the carpet a few days later by a gathering of prominent ladies. He listened to their mewings and offered to lay aside

the use of a wig altogether. No, that wouldn't do. They wanted their minister to look well, but they felt his new wig had "an unbecoming look of worldliness and pride."

He then offered either to go back to the old wig, "decayed as it is," or to submit his new wig for alterations. The latter choice was accepted and each lady was allowed to make such alterations as she felt necessary. Each delicately clipped a bit here and a bit there, until all were satisfied but one old dame. She waited until the rest had finished with it and then announced that she found the wearing of a wig a breach of the Second Commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

Mr. Metcalf neatly rebutted this final attack by suggesting that the wig in its present shape was so unlike anything in heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, that he felt quite safe on that score. This engaging young man died after a ministry of sixteen years at the age of forty-two, "greatly lamented."

One of Mr. Metcalf's successors, who came to Falmouth young and unmarried, found more affection waiting for him there than he felt equal to coping with. Reverend Samuel Palmer had not been on hand long before Miss Prudence Parker was sadly belying her name. She "walked disorderly" every time she got within eyelash-fluttering distance of the divine young divine, and she twisted the Scriptures around to cover her lovesick actions. Finally she had to be barred from Communion because of the way she was carrying on.

In time Mr. Palmer got up nerve enough to tell her plainly that he was planning to marry another girl, Miss Mercy Parker of Boston—and then the roof really came off. As far as Prudence was concerned, he was picking the wrong Miss Parker. She told him so in language definitely unbecoming to a young lady, and in the phraseology of the day said she would see him in Hell first—"the hottest place in Sheol would be his portion."

It took Prudence twenty years to make a public admission in church of her mistakes so that she might be accepted once more in the fold.

This same Mr. Palmer owned a Negro named Titus. In the minister's later years Titus became more of a companion than a servant to him. The reverend owned some land and, though he never worked it much himself, he did help Titus at ploughing time. Titus was a good farmer who took pride in his work, and when he had an absent-minded minister driving the team it bothered him to see the crooked furrows that resulted. So often did passersby hear him gently admonishing his master, "Why, massa, it seems to me you might do a *leetle* better" that it became a local joke to speak of "Titus swearing at the minister." The two were firm friends, and apparently the old minister must have willed Titus his freedom, for when Mr. Palmer died, in the first year of the Revolution, Titus went to sea in an American privateer and never returned.

Mr. Palmer sometimes had good reason to plough a crooked furrow. He could look with compassion on the weaknesses of parishioners like Prudence Parker, for he had failings of his own. In 1773 he had to be called to account for "excess in drinking," and made his confession in writing to the congregation. Honest man that he was, he also recorded the incident in the church records, albeit in a very fine hand.

In view of this, Brother Hatch Rowley probably had the minister's sympathy a few years earlier. Some of the brethren complained that Brother Rowley, while fishing for striped bass with a party of friends, had not only tipped the jug too many times but had, as a consequence, begun to expand his fish stories well beyond the strict limits of the truth. Brother Rowley was suspended from communion, but a few weeks later at another meeting he was able to present a stronger case for the defense, and was then restored to good standing. It would have been a dangerous precedent on Cape Cod, anyway, to judge a man by his fish stories.

Falmouth's record in the Revolution was good. The order to draft men for the army was unpopular there. Falmouth felt men

should go voluntarily, and preferred to fill its quota with volunteers by offering special bonuses. In 1778, about a dozen Falmouth men were among a group of Cape Codders who served for three months at headquarters in Cambridge, guarding British prisoners from Burgoyne's army. It was one of these, William Green, who did his duty with finality.

A distinguished but somewhat arrogant British officer, Sir Richard Brown, was among the prisoners. Sir Richard was a dandy who much preferred a little pleasant feminine company in Boston to the monotony of a prison camp. Several times, ignoring the sentries, he had left the camp and gone off to Boston for the evening. Green was told not to let him do this again, and Green did not intend to be reported to his superior officer for failing in his duty. So the next time Sir Richard got into a chaise with two pretty wenches and settled back for the ride into Boston Green ordered him to stop or be shot. As the officer started to drive away, Green did not even raise his rifle. A snap-shot from the hip sent a ball into the officer's back and killed him on the spot.

Outraged English prisoners almost mobbed the guard house, and demanded that Green be tried by court-martial. He was tried and was promptly acquitted since he had only done his duty.

The Revolution brought the British fleet to threaten Falmouth. The town lived in a state of constant anxiety. Not only the British, but Tory sympathizers operating from Martha's Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands, and Nantucket, were a menace both to shipping and to the town itself.

In 1778, after plundering, burning and looting in a discreditable way at New Bedford and Fairhaven, the British were disposed to do as much for Falmouth, but found General Joseph Otis and the local militia prepared to receive them. The marauders managed to burn one small vessel and carry away four others, but avoided combat and moved on to Martha's Vineyard, where they could steal sheep and cattle, ransack private homes, break windows, and even open and rifle new graves, without having to worry about organized resistance.

It was during this period that Otis received an order to send fifty of his men to Providence. In reply he wrote: "As the enemy are around and threaten danger here, it is like dragging men from home when their houses are on fire; but I will do my best to comply."

Tarpaulin Cove at Naushon Island, one of the Elizabeth group, has been the scene of many dramatic and sometimes dreadful sights. It was there in 1723 that the pirate sloop *Fortune* dropped anchor. Ned Low, the pirate admiral, was a bloodthirsty madman. He murdered a captive skipper, laid him out on deck, and cut out his heart. Then he had that organ roasted and seasoned, and made the dead skipper's mate eat it. After this happened a warship scoured the South Sea, as Nantucket Sound was then called, searching for the pirate admiral, but he escaped.

When war came, Tarpaulin Cove was a favorite base of operations for the British. In the spring of 1779 a British fleet of two schooners and eight sloops was back with the avowed intention of plundering and burning Falmouth.

First a raiding party sallied forth to Woods Hole. They stole and killed a dozen head of cattle and were about to load them aboard their boats when they were surprised by local militiamen and had to put off without their choice cuts.

This presumptuous intrusion into the crown's affairs decided the British. They would put Falmouth in its place once and for all on the following day. The plans were discussed by some of the British officers while they were spending a gay evening in the house of John Slocomb, a well-known Tory of the Elizabeth Islands. Slocomb listened, and his allegiance slipped. He sent his son to row secretly under cover of night to Woods Hole and warn the people of Falmouth. Colonel Joseph Dimmick, one of Falmouth's most daring and capable leaders, sprang to work with the men at hand on the entrenchments along the beach, and riders were dispatched at top speed to other towns to bring reinforcements.

By the time the Royal Navy hove into sight next morning, the preparations for its reception were well along, and the British were

surprised at their extent. Nevertheless, the ten vessels formed into a line opposite the men entrenched on the beach, and boatloads of warriors began to pull away from the ships toward the beaches. The American militiamen reserved their fire and contented themselves with shouting challenges to the British to come ahead and try to land. Colonel Dimmick paraded the breastworks and told his men to save everything for the moment the enemy boats touched shore. When these veered toward Nobsque Point, he sent twenty-five men to keep pace with them on shore.

Deciding that a landing attempt would be too expensive, the boats returned to the ships and it was then that the heavy bombardment began, with the ten vessels delivering a very warm fire of cannon ball, double-headed shot, bars of iron, grape shot, and small arms.

The colonel showed his mettle in the best traditions of the day, pacing up and down the breastworks with the bullets buzzing around him and waving his sword defiantly at the enemy. Fortunately the Almighty looked out for both the colonel and the town that day. An April thaw had reduced the earth to a mush of mud and melting snow that swallowed cannon balls and prevented the rebound which was usually so destructive. Many buildings were hit, but the damage was comparatively small.

When the defenders finally did start returning the fire of the ships, the fleet retired into the Sound and lay there till the next day.

In the morning a British naval party attempted to land at Woods Hole, but this move also had been foreseen, and militia forces had been sent there, too. After a warm reception had driven off the landing party, the fleet gave up the whole project as a bad job and sailed away to take their revenge on the helpless islands. By standing their ground in the entrenchments on the beaches, Falmouth's men had won the day.

In the meantime, several companies from the other side of the Cape were marching to Falmouth's aid, and came together according to plan at the junction of the Sandwich and Barnstable roads.

At this moment, the colonel in command received a message from Colonel Dimmick. He read it and then ordered the companies drawn up around him in a square. In this martial setting, he made a brief, stirring speech, welcoming them and lauding their punctual arrival. He emphasized the dangers of the situation more or less as follows:

"The foe, against which the sons of liberty contend is formidable; his well-disciplined forces are no strangers to the battlefield, so that, if called this day to meet the enemy, nothing less than hard fighting must be expected. Nevertheless, whilst we would regret to see our numbers diminished at such a moment as this, if there be any present whose heart fails him, whose resolution falters, who is not ready, if need be, to shed the last drop of his blood in the cause, I am willing to assume the responsibility of absolving him from moving one step further toward the field of action. If any such are here, let them intimate their wishes by stepping forward from the ranks, and their discharge shall be granted."

Every man stood firm except one lieutenant. He suddenly remembered that in his haste to get at the British he had left home without untying a "sparked" heifer that was about to calve. So now he felt that he ought to run home and untie her. "With regret that the country must on this occasion be deprived of the services of an officer so patriotic," he was excused and went on his way. The colonel then read the dispatch from Colonel Dimmick announcing that the enemy had left and there was no further cause for alarm. Everybody had a drink, the men were dismissed, and the lieutenant was shortly chagrined to find that he had plenty of companions hurrying home to help him with his heifer.

It was one of Colonel Dimmick's exploits which caused the retaliatory attempt to destroy Falmouth. Tory raids on Falmouth's food supplies had become a serious and exasperating problem to the patriots. Then a schooner laden with precious corn was intercepted and captured in the Sound before it could reach Falmouth. The captain of the vessel escaped in a small boat and, once ashore,

had the good sense to go straight to Colonel Dimmick with his story. It was then midnight, but Dimmick sprang from his bed, sent the captain to summon his brother Lot, and went into action.

Shortly before daylight, three whaleboats manned by determined men were rowed quietly into Tarpaulin Cove. The men landed, kindled a fire out of sight in a hollow, and waited in the bitter cold for morning.

As soon as the first gray light revealed the location of the privateer and its prize in the harbor, the men jumped into the whaleboats and pulled for the captured ship. The enemy fired on them from both vessels, but they returned the fire and kept on rowing until they reached the prize, which they boarded, retook, and got under way—only to run it ashore. Even so, they fought off the privateer until the tide rose, and sailed the much-needed food ship into Woods Hole harbor a few hours later.

On another occasion Dimmick and twenty-five men sailed a small vessel to Vineyard Haven in the dark of the night. This time he surprised a schooner and a sloop with three prizes anchored between them. The schooner *General Leslie* carried ten four-pounders and the sloop twelve nine-pounders, while Dimmick's little boat mounted only two three-pounders and two wooden guns, but all he asked was a chance to get close.

An attempt to slip up to the sloop missed by an eyelash because of adverse wind and tide, and the alarm was given. Under small-arms fire Dimmick ran his boat alongside the *Leslie* and exchanged volleys in which the only casualty was one man aboard the *Leslie*. Dimmick took her even though her crew outnumbered his thirty-three to twenty. Then, cutting the *Leslie's* cable, the Cape Codders sailed their prize and prisoners to Hyannis.

Falmouth emerged from the Revolution with a few proud battle scars and a good fighting record. Between wars the town kept in fighting trim by battling over "the everlasting controversy respecting the passage of alewives into Coonamesset Pond." One party, led by former Colonel, now General Dimmick, wanted the alewives to have free access up the river to the pond. Because this would

have necessitated the removal of some obstructions, interference with mill privileges, and the invasion of private rights, a strong anti-herring party arose.

For many years there was great wrangling and bickering, all inconclusive, until the excitement was brought to a head and abruptly dampened by an event both ridiculous and tragic.

The anti-herring party had got hold of a cannon with which to demonstrate their feelings. The cannon was mounted on the green, given a heavy charge of powder, and then filled with as many unoffending herring as could be found. When the match was touched to the cannon, it burst with an explosion that instantly killed the man who had fired it.

The bell that tolled for this unfortunate man was a new one recently purchased for the church. Apparently bells were sold by the pound in those days, for the charge was based on a rate of forty-two cents per pound. The receipt given for payment still exists, and is kept in a safe-deposit box in the Falmouth National Bank. It reads:

Boston, Nov, 30, 1796
One Church Bell cents \$
Weight 807 lbs, at 42, 338.94
Received pay by a note,
PAUL REVERE.

When Falmouth followed a new trend and bought a bass viol, Edward Landers is said to have tuned the instrument by the Paul Revere bell. At that time a bass viol was called the "Lord's fiddle," though not everybody agreed with this designation. "Catgut and resin religion," some called it, and they were never very pleased when Mr. Landers took off his coat, for convenience's sake, and sat down in his shirtsleeves to begin sawing away.

In the early days, the musical part of divine worship was something of a trial, anyway, even before the advent of the Lord's fiddle. The service began with fifteen minutes of prayer, which is about five minutes short of the average sermon today. A chapter from

the Bible was then read and commented on, and after that a Psalm was sung. In the words of a church history:

"Deacon Moses Hatch would read the first line,—

"The man is blest that hath not bent,"

and sounding the first note as near 'D' as he knew how, he would lead the congregation until the line was sung. Then the second line was read and the people sang—

"To wickedness his eare,"

and so on through the psalm."

This process was called "deaconing" or "lining," and was generally followed in the early days because so few Psalm books were available.

The new bell in Falmouth was soon sounding the alarm as British warships appeared once more off the town's shores. When war came again, Falmouth reacted as before with firmness and decision. The War of 1812 was generally unpopular and none too well supported on the Cape, but Falmouth, like Orleans, not only voted for the war but showed spirit when it came.

In both wars with Britain the town was fortunate in having an energetic and daring leader who could trade blow for blow with the enemy. This time the man was Captain Weston Jenkins, commander of the Falmouth Artillery Company, whose artillery consisted of a total of two field pieces. With these, however, he and his men did not hesitate to warn off any enemy ships that appeared. When the Falmouth citizenry detained a Nantucket packet sloop because they suspected the crew of collaborationist tendencies, the British were annoyed. The Falmouth men were quite right about the Nantucketers, whose choice in a war with Britain was either to maintain friendly neutrality or starve.

The British brig *Nimrod* was on hand at the time. Its captain demanded not only the return of the packet but the surrender of those annoying field pieces. In the best American tradition, Captain Jenkins said, "If you want these pieces, come and get them." The British captain swore he would.

Once again, a representative of the world's greatest navy announced that Falmouth was about to be wiped off the map. In accordance with the more civilized practices of that day, the civilian population was given two hours' notice to leave town and pick a good seat for the show safely out of range.

Once again British naval power squared away. Once again American militiamen climbed into the same old entrenchments. Once again Britain blazed away for several hours, and when the smoke cleared the total number of houses badly smashed was one—the minister's. The church had also been damaged. A few other houses had been grazed by a shot or two.

One thing the British did do was make the feathers fly. Several feather beds were among the casualties. One story also mentions a single feather on the hat of a lady sitting in Elijah Swift's parlor. She is said to have started to her feet with her chin outthrust and cried, "No Britisher can do that to me!" She had to be forcibly restrained from sallying forth to take on the British navy single-handed.

When the *Nimrod* had completed its bombardment, the principal loss proved to be in the saltworks along the shore, some of which had received considerable damage. The militia was still dug in safely on the beach, and no landings were attempted. The *Nimrod* sailed away, and Falmouth remained very much on the map. On its way past, the British warship in a fit of pique fired a few shots at the militia on Nobsque Point, where the lighthouse stands today.

Later that year, Captain Jenkins taking the offensive went fishing in Colonel Dimmick's old grounds at Tarpaulin Cove. He was looking for the *Retaliation*, a privateer which had been annoying Falmouth shipping very successfully for some time.

With thirty-two friends, all volunteers for the expedition, Captain Jenkins sailed from Woods Hole in a little sloop named *Two Friends*. When they neared Tarpaulin Cove, he was careful to have all his men well out of sight except for two.

In this fashion he sailed innocently around the point, and stopped

obediently when the privateer fired its long gun. Captain Porter of the *Retaliation* and five of his crew put off from the privateer in a small boat and rowed confidently toward the sloop to take her over as a prize.

When they arrived alongside, the hidden men rose up and Captain Porter found himself staring into a score of American muzzles. Since the privateer depended on superior fire power rather than manpower and had a crew of only about a dozen, the few men left on board saw no point in resisting thirty-three determined patriots. The spoils in this case were a fast ship with five guns, a cargo of plunder, and two Americans who were being held prisoner aboard her.

After the war Falmouth, along with the rest of the Cape, settled down for an era of peace and prosperity. The town contributed her full quota of seamen and sea captains during the golden age of Cape Cod's maritime history. One of Falmouth's most famous seamen was Silas Jones, whose name was made when he was but twenty-one and third mate on the whaler *Awashonks*.

After laying to in the lee of Baring's Island in the South Pacific during a storm, Captain Coffin and his men of the *Awashonks* were surprised to see canoes full of naked savages putting out from the shore. Their charts had led them to believe the island was uninhabited. The Cape Codders were used to trading with natives, however, and since these were unarmed they were not afraid. In fact, when the natives came alongside and climbed aboard with their coconuts and breadfruit, the captain and first mate unconcernedly went below to dinner, leaving in charge the second mate and Jones.

The natives took a great interest in the cutting-in spades used to strip blubber from whales. When the captain returned in a mood of after-dinner expansiveness, he demonstrated their use. The natives grew more and more excited and summoned others from the shore. These new arrivals came armed with spears. The captain ordered Jones to disarm them as they came aboard. Jones was doing this when the peaceful scene suddenly became a nightmare.

Seizing the knife-edged spades, the natives began work on the chain of command. They sliced off the captain's head and killed the mate in no time at all. The second mate dived overboard and was never seen again. By a process of quick elimination, Third Mate Jones found himself in charge.

Grabbing a spade from a native he chopped at him but missed and drove the spade into the deckhouse. After narrowly escaping being impaled on native spears, he leaped into an open hatchway and ran aft with two other men to the cabin where the ship's fire-arms were kept.

Fortunately the savages were not too concerned about Jones and his men because they believed they had him trapped. For the time being they were more interested in all the toys on deck. The chief stood at the wheel turning it this way and that. He had no idea what he was doing, and it seemed likely he would run the vessel aground. If this should happen Jones knew that he and his men would be lost for sure.

One of our hero's two companions was gravely wounded and the other was gibbering with fright. But when Jones realized that someone was playing with the wheel he ordered one of them to join him in aiming guns in that direction. They fired together right through the cabin roof and by great good luck managed to send the chief to a warrior's paradise. Seeing their leader killed in this sudden and mysterious fashion so unnerved the natives that most of them took to their canoes in a panic. At that moment Jones himself appeared on deck and then even the braver ones jumped overboard and followed the retreating canoes.

Fifty days later—in only a couple of days less time than it took Columbus to sail to America—the *Awashonks* finally reached Honolulu, piloted by Jones and the remnant of his battered crew. There he turned over the ship to the American consul. Jones himself went on to a long and prosperous career as a shipmaster. When he returned home for good he became a leading citizen and president of the First National Bank of Falmouth. He lived to the age of eighty-one.

In 1886 Falmouth celebrated its two-hundredth anniversary with ceremonies which ran true to form. Katherine Lee Bates, who wrote "America the Beautiful" and was probably the best poet Cap Cod ever produced, left Falmouth at the age of twelve and was unable to return for the bi-centennial. In her absence a local bard was appointed official poet and lovingly prepared a poem in honor of the occasion. The president of the celebration opened the afternoon session with these words:

"It is a matter of great regret that as these exercises did not begin as promptly as we hoped, a portion of the programme must be omitted. It has been decided to omit from the programme the poem of Mr. S. C. Lawrence, but I am glad to say that that will be printed in full so that we shall have opportunity of reading it."

I have read Mr. Lawrence's outpourings and agree that this was a wise decision. I think the audience would have preferred a few stories about colorful local personalities such as Henry Clay Lewis. One time somebody called him the meanest man in the world.

"Huh!" snorted Henry. "You ain't never met my brother Freeman."

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

First Congregational Church, Falmouth. Originally built on the Village Green in 1796, it was moved to its present site and rebuilt in 1857. The bell, also cast in 1796, is said to be one of two bells made by Paul Revere which are still ringing today. The inscription on it reads, "The living to the church I call, unto the grave I summon all."

East End Meetinghouse, Falmouth. The East End Congregational Church was organized in 1821 by residents of the east side of town who objected to traveling so far to church. It was the source of considerable friction and never really prospered.

The Old Stone Dock, Falmouth. Built in 1801 and now a public bathing beach, this old dock was once the place where the packet

boats unloaded provisions for Falmouth. It is located at the foot of Shore Street.

Birthplace of Katherine Lee Bates, Falmouth. The house in which the author of "America the Beautiful" was born is marked by a memorial boulder in the front yard. It is the third house from the Village Green on the north side of the street, going in the direction of Woods Hole.

Nobska Lighthouse, Nobska Point, Falmouth. Built in 1828, this is one of the most photographed lighthouses on the New England coast.

Falmouth Historical Society, Falmouth. The society's exhibits, notably an excellent whaling collection and its famous eighteenth-century French wallpaper, are housed in the old Wicks homestead, built in 1790. At one time, Falmouth had a glass works, and the society also possesses two pieces of Falmouth glass. The house is open from 2 to 5 P.M. Tuesdays through Saturdays in the summer.

Rainbow-Roof House, West Falmouth. Built in 1685 by Quaker Thomas Bowerman 2nd, it has been in the family ever since.

Friends' Meetinghouse, West Falmouth. In the early days, West Falmouth was almost exclusively a Quaker settlement. The first Friends' Meetinghouse there was built in 1720, the second in 1755, and the present one in 1841.

The Old Nye Tavern, North Falmouth. This old tavern was a stagecoach stop in early times.

United States Bureau of Fisheries, Oceanographic Institute, and Marine Biological Laboratories, Woods Hole. These great institutions make Woods Hole a center of marine research and conservation work. Watch for the Oceanographic Institute's famous 142-foot steel ketch *Atlantis*, built in 1930 exclusively for marine research, and the ninety-seven-foot ketch *Caryn*, acquired in 1948.

Guano Works, Woods Hole. This old stone building, now part of the Marine Biological Laboratory, was once part of the guano works when that industry flourished in Woods Hole and loads of guano were brought from South America in Yankee vessels.

Government Buoy Yard, Woods Hole. Here, after a year's service, buoys are cleaned, red-leaded, and painted. At that time the floats and sinkers on the buoys are also replaced.

Penzance Point, Woods Hole. I had always thought the name was a bit of Gilbert-and-Sullivan-inspired whimsy, but apparently I was wrong. Says an old guidebook, "Penzance, in the town of Falmouth, Mass., was so named because of the striking similarity of its position to this town as compared with the location of Penzance of England relative to the original town of Falmouth."

7. Harwich

Incorporated 1694

HARWICH HAS SHORELINE ON NANTUCKET SOUND AND PLEASANT Bay, and comprises the following villages and settlements: Harwich Center, Harwichport, East Harwich, West Harwich, North Harwich, South Harwich, and Pleasant Lake.

The settling of Eastham as the fourth town on Cape Cod left a large tract of land between it and the Upper Cape which was inhabited only by the Indians. Yarmouth extended down-Cape as far as the eastern boundary of present-day Dennis; Eastham extended up-Cape as far as the western boundary of what is now Orleans. The territory in between was set aside as one of three "plantations" reserved for the "purchasers or old comers," as they were called, the latter being those settlers who came from Europe on the first three ships, *Mayflower*, *Fortune*, and *Anne*.

This "plantation" was comprised of present-day Harwich, Brewster, and Chatham. Eastham had been settled for a few years when the first division of land was begun. The usual committee was appointed to bargain with the Indians and arrange for the "extinguishment of Indian titles," and before long even Indians were solemnly buying land from one another. In 1674 there was Indian trouble in Harwich over rights to land among the Indians! Furthermore, instead of settling the matter with tomahawks and scalping knives, John Sipson and Thomas Cloak, "reputed sons of Quan-

tockamew of Pottonumacot," took Simon, son of Pompno, to court and there won a satisfactory settlement.

On another occasion, Mattaquason and John Quason, two prominent Indians, sold a parcel of land on the west side of Red River in South Harwich to "old Skinnequit," and the pond there bears his name to this day. Uncle Venie's Road will take you to Skinnequit Pond from Route 28.

Somewhere along the shore of Pleasant Bay in the territory of Old Harwich the Indian Squanto was buried by his white friends. He had taken sick and died in the course of an expedition with Bradford and others to buy corn and beans for the hungry Plymouth colony.

Squanto was one of the Indians kidnaped on Cape Cod by the adventurer Hunt a few years before the coming of the Pilgrims. Hunt sold his captives in the slave market at Malaga, Spain. From there Squanto eventually managed to get to England where a London merchant helped him return to the New World. The Indian landed in Newfoundland, and after some wanderings finally turned up at Plymouth.

In spite of the original wrong done him, he had become friendly toward the whites, and certainly his arrival in the new colony was highly providential. Without Squanto, the colony might not have survived. As Bradford wrote, "He was a special instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation. He directed them how to set their corn, where to take fish, and procure other commodities, and was also their pilot to bring them to unknown places for their profit, and never left them till he died."

As we can see from their real-estate transactions, the Indians who lived in Harwich submitted peaceably to the white man's rule and customs. What little trouble they got into usually stemmed from their weakness for liquor and pilfering, as in 1667 when two Indians slipped aboard a vessel and stole some liquor. One of the Indians involved was ordered to pay his fine "in Indian corn, pork, or feathers."

Nevertheless, the Indians seem to have been treated justly on

many occasions. When the house of Isaac James, a noted Indian of the town, burned to the ground with all its contents in 1749, James' loss included fourteen pounds in bills of credit. He made this considerable loss known to the General Court and the sum in bills of credit was restored to him.

Justice for the Indians extended to the sea as well. Many Harwich Indians were whalemens (one, Samuel Crook, even had white men in his crews) and when a dispute arose over certain Indians' rights on Billingsgate Island off Wellfleet, the Court upheld the Indians.

Though they later sold much land, the Indians made a gift of the first piece of property in Harwich to be owned by a white. The first white man to live within the bounds of present-day Harwich was given a parcel of upland and meadow on the South Shore by the local sachem. The Court, after thinking it over, granted him the land which had already been given him, just to remind everybody that the blessings of law and order had come to Cape Cod. This man, John Mecoy, was mentioned that same year in the colony records as being in Yarmouth with a good supply of liquor on hand, and he must have concentrated on drinking alone for he is one early Cape Codder who did not establish a line to carry his name down to the present day.

Who proposed the name Harwich is not recorded, but it was probably inspired by the English seaport, and was substituted for the original Indian name, Satucket. At any rate, in 1694 the General Court was regaled by a petition from the good folk "at or about Satucket, a plase well known to bee very remot from plases of good public worship." Because of the "intollarble travel" necessary to reach a meetinghouse, they felt a township of their own was in order. The Court agreed.

Even then it was three years before a candidate for Harwich's pulpit appeared. Reverend Nathaniel Stone, a well-connected young minister (he had married a daughter of former Governor Hinckley) came to try out, and three years later he was still there preaching as a candidate. There was the question of terms, and

Harwich men were not to be rushed into hasty decisions. This caution caused Mr. Stone to observe somewhat tartly in a letter to his father-in-law that when it came to dealing with their ministers, people's promises were generally better than their performances, and that he hoped such was not going to be the case in this instance.

Eventually a bargain was made, though probably not one entirely to Mr. Stone's satisfaction. When it came to the parsonage, for example, the parishioners made sure that the minister would not always be coming around asking for improvements or repairs. It was "mutually agreed and accordingly confirmed that the town be not obliged to build him another house, or to add anything to this he now dwells in, unless this house he now dwells in shall be, by any extraordinary province, demolished."

The rest of Mr. Stone's battle-scarred history may be read in the chapter on Brewster, which was then the North Precinct of Harwich.

Mr. Stone turned out to be one of the Cape's most oppressive and meddlesome parsons, but some of his parishioners must have given pause even to him. One was a beautiful she-devil who lived near Muddy Cove in East Harwich. Whites and Indians alike took to the woods when she went on the warpath, and tried desperately to give her no cause for offense, because she had a habit of jumping up and down on an offender's fresh laundry or pulling up everything in that person's garden.

One fine Sabbath day she got into an argument with her sisters-in-law and a pitched battle resulted—this in 1678, when the Court was inclined to take a very dim view of disturbances on the Sabbath. Anyone else would probably have been whipped, but this lady was only fined and given the *promise* of a whipping if she did not watch her step. Before she could have been whipped, someone would have had to fetch her, and undoubtedly nobody was anxious to draw that assignment.

Thirty-two years later she was still going strong. One day she got into a quarrel with Mr. Edward Bangs, a prominent resident

of the North Parish, and in no time at all his barn was a cinder. Though no one had actually seen her set the fire, she was arrested along with her son and bound over for trial. This was not her only fall from grace since the family brawl. Five years before she had peddled a little firewater to the Indians and been fined for doing so.

When the trial for arson was held, the son was acquitted upon payment of fees amounting to eight pounds. The mother did not bother to show up at all and her poor husband, who must have been the most patient and downtrodden of all Cape Cod males, had to forfeit fifty pounds of bail money. But again, nobody cared to go fetch the hellion.

This doughty dame lived to a ripe old age. Fortunately for local gardeners, she was confined to her chair during her later years. She died sitting, and had been in that position for so long that it proved simpler to bury her that way rather than to straighten her out.

The night this ancient troublemaker died, the local constable probably had his best night's sleep in years. He may have stopped wondering, at least for a while, why he had taken the job in the first place. In Harwich, as in most Cape towns, the enforcement of the law was not a popular duty. A good constable was hard to come by. On one occasion Ammiel Weekes was chosen, but hid before he could be warned. John Dillingham was then chosen but refused to accept. Solomon Kendrick was next honored, but he too was able to avoid being warned. Samuel Nickerson, Jr., the people's fourth choice, had the good fortune to be out of town. David Hopkins then got the nod and accepted, though one wonders why.

Even without the lady mentioned above, his was a thankless job, particularly when it came to collecting taxes. One poor Harwich constable even got stuck with a counterfeit fifty-shilling bill, and must have been a very worried man until next town meeting, when it was voted that this should "be the town's loss."

An equally thankless job was that of keeping order in the meetinghouse, a job similar to that performed by beadles in the English church, though they were not called by that name on Cape Cod. In most towns this duty changed hands often. The main trouble, in Harwich as elsewhere, came from the tendency of children and young people to skylark during public worship. John King was among those appointed to keep after them, and in his case it was "voted to stand by sd. John King if he should strike a boy or youth to prevent them from profaning the Sabbath day."

The meetinghouse in which these struggles of will took place would have presented a surprising appearance to most of us if it were in existence today. Since our standard conception of a colonial New England meetinghouse always involves the adjective "white," it is interesting to read about the construction of this new place of worship built in the late eighteenth century. When it was nearing completion, the parishioners decided to give the building a few finishing touches by "coloring" the roof red, the "foreside porch" and the side yellow ochre, the back side "red as the roof," and the floors and doors chocolate. The trim was to be white.

And for those who boast that our forefathers "built to last," it might be pointed out that within a mere forty years this second of Harwich's meetinghouses had become so ramshackle it was unfit for use as a house of worship. It was even beyond repair, so it was pulled down and replaced by a third building.

In Harwich the meetinghouse never became a fort and men never had to sit in it during services with their weapons close at hand for fear of Indian attacks, but at the same time they had good reasons for staying on the alert whenever they were away from home. During the long years of the French and Indian Wars the quaint old British custom of impressing men for service as soldiers and seamen kept Cape Codders on their toes. Harwich men found their cedar swamps and their small boats very handy when caught out-of-doors by the approach of His Majesty's recruiting service. If forewarned, "men kept shut up for fear of press."

It was not always for soldiering that colonists were impressed. One time Benjamin Freeman, Benoni Gray, and John Tucker were in Boston—possibly after a tour of duty as soldiers, for they were armed with guns, cutlasses, and cartouch boxes—when a fellow Harwich man, Captain Jonathan Bangs, impressed them for service aboard a Provincetown galley commanded on behalf of provincial authorities by Captain Cyprian Southack.

This was the same Captain Southack who later became the first man to sail across the Cape. He came to Eastham to find one hundred and two drowned pirates whom he buried there, and then he tried in vain to discover the spot where Cape Cod's mooncussers (looters of wrecked vessels, who preferred moonless nights for their work) had hidden the cargo of the wrecked pirate ship and its prizes.

But when the three Harwich men were brought aboard the galley on this earlier occasion, Captain Southack ordered them to leave their arms behind with a Boston gunsmith. Upon their return to Boston after service, the gunsmith could not seem to recollect where he had put their guns. However, the Harwich representative at the General Court, John Mayo, went to work for his constituents and managed to get damages of twenty shillings each for the loss of their firearms.

If it had not been for the extensive traveling of such Harwich men, the town's health might have been even better than it was. One of the less welcome trophies that seamen sometimes brought home was smallpox, as did two Harwich men in 1747. Fear of the disease was so great that, when at a later date a case appeared in the family of John Wing in the North Precinct, "all passing was forbidden in the neighborhood, and the 'King's Road' barred." Anybody who wanted to pass through the town had to go by way of the shore or by Poverty Lane (now Tubman Road in Brewster).

Even half a century later, when inoculation was common, fear of this disease was still so great that, after a case had appeared and the victim had recovered, someone set fire to the building

which had been used as the "pest house" and burned it to the ground.

Most of the time, however, the usual good Cape Cod health prevailed. When women took to their beds, it was generally not the doctor who had to be called, but Patience Smalley, the midwife. It was Patience who unwillingly gave her name to one of Harwich's lanes. One day she was summoned by a messenger on horseback to answer an emergency call. She jumped up behind him and they galloped off along what was thereafter known as "Aunt Patience's Way," because the mare stumbled on a root and threw the midwife over her head with such force that Aunt Patience landed on the ground and broke her neck.

How far that particular messenger had come is not recorded, but certainly distances were considerable in Harwich for one midwife, or one minister, to cover. By 1744 the people of the South Side (what is now Harwich) were sick and tired of traipsing all the way to the North Side (now Brewster) every time they went to church. At town meeting they asked to be set off as a separate parish, but the North Side had the votes and would not hear of it. The South Siders had to take the matter to the General Court before they could get their way. This made everybody good and mad and set the stage for a real Cape Cod set-to when, sixty years later, Harwich split across the middle with a loud crack and gave birth to Brewster.

In 1744, however, the two precincts remained uneasily yoked together as one town. The new precinct immediately engaged a minister of its own—after the usual probationary period, of course. Reverend Edward Pell's salary makes interesting reading today. He was voted sixteen bushels of rye and ten of wheat in September, and one hundred bushels of corn in November plus sixteen cords of oak or twenty of pine per year. Presumably if he wanted a little pocket money he was supposed to sell a few bushels of something.

A year later he received a raise—five loads of hay—and by 1751

he was drawing down a hundred and eighty-five bushels of corn and five more of wheat. Actually, these were cost-of-living increases, rather than raises. Nobody thought about raises in those days, particularly for parsons.

When times grew hard, Mr. Pell's back pay was slow to come in. Besides, there was a great deal of trouble with people who were leaving the orthodox church of their forefathers for the various newfangled sects such as the Separatists, "New Lights," or "Come Outers." Eventually Harwich managed to split into fifteen different denominations, all meeting within its bounds.

Mr. Pell was spared what would doubtless have been a dreary, losing fight; he suffered a fatal illness at the age of forty-one. A jocular young man, inclined at times to be facetious, he asked on his deathbed that they bury him not on the lone prairie (which he expected the South Precinct burialground to become after the church had gone to rack and ruin) but to be laid out in the sacred grounds of the North Precinct. His modest wish was fulfilled.

Harwich was a house divided against itself in more ways than one. Even on political questions, opinion was split pretty evenly. In 1768 the Loyalist majority was sufficient to keep the town from taking any positive stand concerning the Stamp Act and other recent oppressive measures. By 1774, however, after the patriotic demonstration at Barnstable Courthouse had put heart into many previously lukewarm and undecided individuals, the local Whigs took the reins.

The town was represented at the opening battles of the Revolution by Edward Bangs, later to become a judge, then but an undergraduate at Harvard. When he heard about the British troops who were marching on Lexington and Concord, "he hastily equipped himself from the College armory of the College company, repaired to the scene of action and fought gallantly during the day." Thus informally could one defend one's country in the eighteenth century.

Though many Harwich men served in the Provincial and Conti-

nental Armies during the Revolution, their most noteworthy adventures occurred at sea, as in the case of Zenas Phinney. After serving a year in the army, he went to sea, and "while mate and prize master was three times taken by the English, twice shipwrecked, twice driven ashore by the English, and once was sent to a prison ship in New York." Yet he survived all this to have a successful career as a Cape Cod sea captain!

Such a life of action and swiftly changing fortunes became a commonplace to the Cape men in their privateering days. Certainly this was so for the captain and six other Harwich men who were among the crew of the *Hazard*, a brigantine that carried sixteen guns.

Ordered to cruise "down East" on a hunt for an English brig of eighteen guns, the *Hazard* spent two weeks doing so in company with the *Tyrannicide*, a brig of fourteen guns. Then the two privateers took a couple of prizes on the Grand Banks and sent them south to Martinique. Eventually, in company with the *Tyrannicide* and two other vessels, the brig *Lion*, with sixteen guns, and the *Stink Pot*, with six, the *Hazard* sighted a frigate and prepared to give battle. The only trouble was that when the captain of the *Hazard* looked around he found that his teammates were running under full sail—away from the scene of action—leaving him alone alongside a heavy frigate. The *Hazard* managed to show the Britisher its heels, too, but not without suffering considerable damage to its sails and rigging from the frigate's cannonading.

The next day the captain altered his course to get clear of the *Tyrannicide*. He was not going to get left in the lurch twice. A day later, the privateer took a rich prize, an English brig, and put a prize crew aboard her. Eleven days later a British warship of forty guns retook the vessel and the American prize crew ended up in Halifax Prison in England. And so it went.

Back home, in the course of the Revolution, the South Precinct had done an amazing thing: it had chosen a new minister by a unanimous vote. Reverend Joseph Litchfield did not accept at once, but continued to preach from the Harwich pulpit for about

a year, and intimated that he would accept the offer as soon as he returned from a trip he proposed to take with his wife to Europe to visit friends.

This gallivanting off to Europe at a time when America was fighting to free itself from European shackles probably did not impress some of his potential parishioners any too well. When a Mr. Samuel Nickerson turned up in the parish and presented himself as a preacher, he had little trouble in stirring up all the old opposition to the standing order in the church. Mr. Litchfield returned from Europe to find Mr. Nickerson in the pulpit and the Nickerson family in the parsonage.

Everything might have gone swimmingly for Elder Samuel Nickerson (who, though an off-Cape man, was a descendant of old William Nickerson of Chatham) except that he presently left his wife and took up with a widow woman. Elder Samuel's impulsiveness in this direction made it "impossible to keep up the discipline" among his flock, and the church he had formed was dissolved. By then, however, Mr. Litchfield had long since gone elsewhere.

Harwich's two precincts remained together until the beginning of the nineteenth century, and then in 1803 Brewster became a separate town. Harwich was still the larger town, with nearly double the population of Brewster. For a time Harwichport was one of the major fishing ports on the Cape. Harwich deep-water captains had their share of adventures in all corners of the globe, but one of the most famous stories about a Harwich captain is not of the usual variety. It centers on the problem of human slavery.

Even in Harwich many people had Negro slaves in the early days. Of one of them, Benjamin Bangs wrote in his diary in 1760: "I sold my negro Oliver and very glad to get rid of him for thirty-nine pounds of lawful money to Eleazer Nickerson of Bass Ponds and he is gone this day; this is ye seventh master he has had; good riddance of bad rubbage."

As time went on, however, there were Harwich men who stood up to be counted among the growing opposition to human slavery, and one of these was Captain Jonathan Walker. In 1844 he showed

how he felt about the problem by sailing from Pensacola with seven runaway slaves aboard his ship. He was overhauled and taken back to Florida with his contraband and spent eleven months in confinement there.

Before they freed him, the local authorities sought to teach Jonathan a lesson. They branded the palm of his right hand with the letters "SS," standing for "Slave Stealer." However Captain Walker put their work to good use. His lecture tour, with its dramatic and convincing Exhibit A, helped the cause of abolition all over the North and inspired Whittier, in his poet's crusade against slavery, to put into stirring verse the story of "The Branded Hand."

By the time the Civil War had been fought and the great days of the sailing era had passed, Harwich was full of retired sea captains, and one way or another they managed to get the town stirred up every so often. Having raced each other at sea all their lives, they could not give up the habit easily, so they finally built a race-track around a little pond that was a stone's throw from the shore. Settled at the helm of their sulkies they circled the track, swinging their whips and giving their horses vigorous instructions as to when to tack and when to run with the wind.

Staid Harwich was horrified at the idea that horseracing was taking place within its bounds. Something drastic had to be done, and something pretty drastic *was* done. A channel was dug at public expense from the sea to the little pond and a harbor made out of it, so that it could be put to some better use than the propagation of railbirds. Thus it can be said that lovely little Wychmere Harbor is really only a small pond transformed by horseracing into a harbor!

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Congregational Church, Harwich Center. This church stands on the site of the first meetinghouse of the South Parish, which was built in 1747 when the South Side people managed to set up a South Precinct despite the protests and opposition of the North

Side (now Brewster). The present church building, erected in 1834, is one of the handsomest on the Cape.

Rogers Groups, Brooks Free Library, Harwich Center. This collection of forty-seven statuettes by John Rogers, America's most popular sculptor at the turn of the century, is an impressive possession of the Brooks Free Library. Museums of the caliber of the New York Historical Society have held exhibits of Rogers Groups within recent years. The statuettes were given to the library many years ago by a Harwich family.

Old Powder House, Harwich Center. Just past the Brooks homestead next to the library stands a tiny square building bearing a sign which identifies it as "Old Powder House. Used by the town of Harwich 1770-1864." Judging from its size, Harwich was certainly not expecting any long sieges.

Wychemere Harbor, Harwichport. One of the most attractive small harbors on the Cape.

8. Truro

Incorporated 1709

TRURO HAS SHORELINE ON CAPE COD BAY AND THE ATLANTIC OCEAN and contains the following villages and settlements: Truro Center, North Truro, South Truro, Pond Village, and Pilgrim Heights.

The highlands of South Truro have a special fascination and beauty, with their strange "kettle holes," those completely enclosed little valleys where the land drops so sharply on all sides that there is scarcely any valley floor at the bottom.

Just below the Little Pamet River, a hill rises steeply from the bay. As seen from Old County Road on the South Truro highlands, it is one of my favorite views.

From those high and windswept moors, Provincetown and its harbor are splendid, but to me it is the jutting hill in the middle distance that provides the crowning touch to the scene, particularly in the late afternoon of a misty day, with the whip-poor-will's melancholy call throbbing from the brush. The spit of sand reaching out to sea at the base of the bluff has the mold of artistry, and the cottages on the summit seem to block together into the outlines of an ancient castle.

The height needs nothing more than its beauty to give it a place among the most rewarding scenes to be found on the Cape, but as it happens, the early history of America as we know it might never have taken place without this hill.

It was on this height that the first exploring party from the

Mayflower found a store of Indian corn which was later used for seed. Without that corn the Pilgrims might have starved. They gave the height the name of Cornhill, and so it is called to this day.

Not all the original place names in Truro have caught on as well, nor are they as easily explained. It would be interesting to know why this section was once named "Dangerfield," but unfortunately the early settlers on Cape Cod did not go in much for explaining things—a tendency which is observable in their present-day descendants.

At any rate, Dangerfield lost out. When it came time to incorporate, there must have been somebody influential on hand who hailed from the city called Truro in the English county of Cornwall.

For that matter more than one such person was probably on hand. Because when Shebnah Rich examined the city directory of the English town in 1878, the Cape historian found there names like Paine, Dyer, Rich, and Higgins which were most common in his own town of Truro. There was, however, a considerable difference in the economy of the two towns. Whales had never figured in the English Truro's scheme of affairs.

And more than any other Cape town, Truro is associated with whaling. The business started close to home and expanded as the need arose. In the early days shore-whaling was a popular and profitable pastime, and Truro was one of those towns which set aside whaling grounds for the use of its inhabitants.

From the time of the very first settlers, local place names took on an "oily flavor," as Rich puts it. There are many examples such as "Try House Lot," "Whale House Hill," the latter being a high bank near the South Truro Landing where the boats and try works were kept and where there was a lookout for that part of town.

The cry of the man on watch was "Towner!", an Indian word meaning he had seen a whale twice, and with that the men of the town rushed to the shore and sprang into their whaleboats to go after the monster in the bay.

So Truro was only acting in character when its townspeople postponed the formal calling of Reverend Caleb Upham in 1755. A meeting was held to hear and act upon his answer to Truro's call, and certainly there was great interest in this important development. But the magic words interrupted the meeting. The room must have emptied suddenly as the good church fathers erupted from the house on their way to the bay. One reads it was "voted, that inasmuch as many of the inhabitants are called away from the meeting by news of a whale in the Bay, this meeting be adjourned to Feb. 11, one day." It is a wonder that anyone was left to vote the adjournment.

Sometimes it was not even necessary to launch a boat to make money from whale oil, and certainly not from blackfish oil. When a drift whale came ashore, the whole town benefited from the proceeds, particularly the minister; a part of each went to his support. As for blackfish, they were sometimes driven ashore by boats and sometimes accommodately beached themselves. These huge "fish" (like whales, they are actually mammals) often turned up in great numbers, and the "melon" of oil in their heads fetched a worth-while price. In 1874 the largest school ever seen was driven ashore. It contained 1405 blackfish!

More than one man struck oil on the beach, but few had such luck as Captain Daniel Rich. Captain Daniel always made it a practice to do a little beachcombing every morning after driving his cows to pasture, and one lucky day he came upon seventy-five enormous blackfish. Taking out his knife, he calmly put his mark on each and every one of them, and before nightfall he had sold the lot for nineteen hundred dollars!

These occasional schools of blackfish and the increasingly rare whales that turned up in the bay were not enough to occupy Truro's whalers for long, however. Truro's whaling vessels soon began to carry the chase to the far corners of the globe. This town was the first to send its vessels to distant seas, and it was two Truro whalers who first sought their prey as far south as the Falkland Islands.

Such cruises provided adventure a-plenty, but the whalemens were not the only residents who lived exciting lives at sea during colonial days. A plot made to order for the historical novelists was acted out in real life by Elizabeth Vickery, daughter of Deacon Jonathan. Miss Vickery was eighteen and we may assume that she was ravishingly beautiful both in face and in figure.

As a passenger on a fishing vessel out of Truro she was bound for Boston during one of the wars with the French. The vessel was captured and a prize crew of four Frenchmen put aboard. During the excitement Elizabeth hid herself away and was forgotten and left on board, to be discovered later by the four Frenchmen. Then a wild storm struck their boat and they were separated from the French man-of-war and were shipwrecked. They struggled ashore on the Isle of Sable, off Nova Scotia, a wild and dangerous coast on which hundreds of ships have shattered.

It was winter, so the little party was cut off from the mainland until spring. The four men set to work and built a hut from the wreckage of the ship, and there the five of them lived throughout the winter. In the spring an English ship happened by and took them all prisoner. The Frenchmen gallantly interceded for the beautiful American girl, who was freed and sent home. Here the story falls down a little, however; surely among the four Frenchmen there must have been one handsome devil, but if there was he failed to find his way to Truro after the war to woo the fair Elizabeth among the whales and the blackfish. Instead, she married a local man named Collins and produced a large crew of stolid Cape Codders.

Storybook adventure seemed to run in her family, however. For Elizabeth was the great-aunt of Benjamin Collins, who also ran into difficulties at the age of eighteen. He was among the oarsmen on the barge that rowed Benedict Arnold to the *Vulture*. Collins was drugged and kept aboard until he realized that Arnold had joined the enemy and that he himself would be considered a traitor. He ran away to Canada and didn't return until forty-one years later, when he visited Truro for a year. But by then Canada

meant home and family to Collins so back he went to live out his life there.

Actually the Revolution was a hard blow to the entire town. The whaling industry was ruined, and Truro itself was in an uncomfortably exposed position. With the British fleet anchored in Provincetown Harbor, such Loyalists as the town contained felt able to express themselves pretty freely. However, the Reverend Mr. Upham, who had been forced to play second fiddle to a whale, was a firm patriot, and so was the town doctor. It took firmness and courage to stick to their views. All during the war they were threatened and reviled by the Tory element, which included some of the most influential townspeople. For the duration, the doctor had to make a living out of saving patriots' bodies and the minister had to scrape along by saving their souls. Both men were boycotted by the Tories.

Yet despite the Loyalists in high places, the bulk of Truro's population remained hostile to the British and showed it when Mr. Greenough, the schoolmaster of Wellfleet, precipitated the Great Tea Episode. Mr. Greenough was so injudicious as not only to make himself useful to the captain of a tea ship that came ashore at Truro but he even accepted a broken chest of tea for his services.

Apparently Mr. Greenough, or *somebody*, did a little tea peddling as well, for "at a town-meeting, Feb. 28 (1774), several persons appeared of whom it had been reported that they had purchased small quantities of the East India Co's. baneful Teas lately cast ashore at Provincetown. On examining these persons, it appeared that their buying this noxious tea was through ignorance and inadvertence, and that they were induced thereto by the villainous example and artful persuading of some noted pretended friends of the government, from the neighboring towns: It was, therefore, Resolved that the meeting thinks them excusable with their acknowledgment."

Few towns did their duty more firmly and suffered more than Truro during the Revolution. There were then twenty-six houses north of Pond Village, and from those houses twenty-eight men

were sacrificed—either killed in action, or died of illness in camp or aboard prison ships. Few stories of the missing had as happy an ending as that of David Snow and his fifteen-year-old son, David, Jr.

Early in the war father and son were captured by a British privateer while they were fishing. They were taken to England, to Halifax's Old Mill Prison. Then one day young David found a file, and his father began making plans. He organized a social evening, and while a fiddler fiddled and thirty-six other prisoners danced with a heavy, noisy shuffle, David filed. The whole group escaped, and covered the fifteen miles to Plymouth Harbor as fast as they could scuttle, knowing that everything depended on their being at sea before daybreak.

In the harbor they boarded and took a small vessel and got away clear. They reached a French port safely, sold their prize, and finally made their way back to America, landing in the Carolinas.

Seven years after they had been given up for dead, David Snow walked into a neighbor's house where his wife sat sewing, and though she fainted dead away at the sight of her husband, she soon recovered sufficiently to walk home with him.

Because so many Truro men were away at war, the problem of guarding the town's own shores caused a great deal of anxiety. On one occasion the home guard showed considerable ingenuity in dealing with a threat. When British barges threatened to land, the "Yankee captain with his corn-stalk brigade" marched down to the shore to the rear of a hummock which sat behind and between two others. He strung his men out in a long line, and then marched them around and around the rear hummock, giving the effect of a tremendous force moving across this small natural stage. For an hour or two this awesome display of strength went on without halt. Confronted by such a horde, the British either decided they were outnumbered, or chuckled when they saw through the ruse. At any rate they never attacked.

One of the few bright moments of the Revolution for the local folk came when the British man-of-war *Somerset*, after strutting

arrogantly in and out of Provincetown Harbor for two long years, became completely stranded north of the Clay Pounds.

This was a come-uppance much to the taste of the Cape Codders. First the captain and the four hundred and eighty men in his crew were marched away to Boston as prisoners. Then, without standing much on formalities, Truro and Provincetown cut the melon.

"From all I can learn," General Otis clucked dolefully at the time, "there is wicked work at the wreck, riotous doings. The Truro and Provincetown men made a division of the clothing, etc. Truro took two thirds and Provincetown one third. There is a plundering gang that way."

Though they took pleasure in looting the *Somerset*, most Provincetown and Truro folk were inclined to live and let live so far as the British were concerned. During their long stay in Provincetown Harbor, some of the British officers visited ashore, made lasting friendships, and flirted with the girls in a gentlemanly way. Indeed, Truro even came out of the war a doctor to the good. A British surgeon married one of the Rich girls in South Truro and stayed to raise a large family and practice medicine there for the rest of his life.

Apparently he prospered better than a later physician named Young. After struggling for a while with Truro's salubrious air, Doctor Young declared the place too healthy for a doctor to make a living, and moved to Wellfleet. Wellfleeters will doubtless resent the implication.

Not long after the end of the Revolution had cleared the harbor of British warships, Mr. Upham died and Truro was blessed with its third good minister in a row, quite a record for Cape Cod. Reverend Jude Damon will ever be remembered for the inspired tact he demonstrated when praying on behalf of his parishioners.

His famous prayer besought Divine help for the Bankers, the fleet that went out to the Grand Banks to fish. Most vessels made two trips a season, so that in the summer some of Damon's flock would be coming and some would be going—and the families of

both comers and goers would be sitting in the congregation at the time of the pastoral prayer. An east wind would give fair wind to those going down to the Banks but a head wind to those coming home. A west wind would reverse the situation. How could the Reverend Mr. Damon resolve this conflict? He did it this way:

"We pray, O Lord, that thou wilt watch over our mariners that go down to do business upon the mighty deep, keep them in the hollow of thy hand; and we pray thee, that thou wilt send a side-wind . . ."

Along with the stories told about him, Mr. Damon left some amusing records of his own, particularly regarding marriages at which he officiated. The usual fee, even in that distant day, was two dollars. Three was often paid, and sometimes five. Mr. Damon's largest fee came from the wedding of "Stephen Mills to Rebecca Coan; two guineas was given by Mr. Mills for marrying him." Obviously Mr. Mills was some off-Cape sport. Twice Mr. Damon "married gratis." One of these cases involved "a widower seventy-four years of age belonging to Eastham," and of the second Mr. Damon wrote that "He was a widower of sixty-eight and she a maid of sixty-six."

In those days few men remained bachelors from the cradle to the grave. For example, one man had always been considered a mother's boy who would never marry. Finally, however, he became sufficiently enamoured of a good-looking Methodist widow of Provincetown to write her a provisional proposal. If she would come to Truro to live and would join the orthodox church, he would be happy to marry her. She promptly wrote back her provisional acceptance. If he would move to Provincetown and become a Methodist, she would be glad to marry him.

So, of course, he moved to Provincetown and became a Methodist, and they lived happily ever after.

The Methodists were a lively sect on the Cape at that time, making fast headway against considerable opposition. In 1794 the first Methodist Church on Cape Cod and the second in the nation was built in Truro.

Methodist preachers had the common touch and it came out in their sermons. One of them, finding his message not developing to suit him, stopped suddenly and cast an accusing eye at the stovepipe. "Brethren," he said, "your stovepipe is so confounded crooked that I can't preach a straight sermon." The stovepipe was attended to, and he proceeded to give them a rouser.

Another Methodist minister who had trouble with a parishioner by the good old Cape Cod name of Cobb left this record: "—— Cobb, dismissed; too cobby; all cob and no corn."

A third who was annoyed at his whole congregation took as his text, "The world, the flesh, and the devil," and warned the people exactly what they were in for:

"I shall touch lightly upon the world, hasten to the flesh, and pass on to the devil, when I will give it to you hot as you can sup it."

Certainly the devil got in his work amid the spooky hollows and wild moors of Truro just as he did in Wellfleet, with its ghosts, and Eastham, with its witch, but his best piece of work on a Truro soul was done at sea.

Held up by bad weather on a run from North Carolina to Boston with a load of corn, Captain Sylvanus Rich went ashore to get a bucket of milk. Hoisting sail soon after, he had made no distance at all before a fearful gale started pushing his vessel around.

Captain Rich, like many another then, believed firmly in witches. Right away he recalled the old woman from whom he had bought the milk. There had been a quality about her he had noticed at once, and now, as the sails shredded and the vessel drifted helplessly, he declared the old woman to be at the bottom of all their misfortunes.

Under the spell of a terrible hallucination, the captain grew thin and haggard. If ever there was a hag-ridden man, it was he. According to the terrible story he told the crew, the old woman came into his cabin every night, saddled and bridled him, and climbed on his back. Then the next thing he knew, she had whirled him over hundreds of miles of ocean back to Truro and was driv-

ing him over its hills and through its woods and around Bound Brook Island. All that night work was wearing him out. He swore he was about done in, and the terrified crew could look at him and believe it.

In a desperate and hopeless condition, they drifted about for weeks in what was little more than a wrecked hulk. All seemed lost, when suddenly Captain Sylvanus Rich and his men were saved by a coincidence almost as incredible as the Yankee captain's canters through the Truro woods with a southern witch in the saddle. A ship sighted them and came to their aid, and who was its captain? Sylvanus, Jr., of course!

The spell was broken. The old captain pulled himself together, the vessel was put in order, and the voyage ended safely. And one disgruntled witch, her fun spoiled, mounted her broomstick and whirled grumpily back to the Carolinas.

However, a worse plague than witchcraft soon cast its gray shadow over Truro's seamen when war brought the British fleet back to Provincetown Harbor. The War of 1812 spelled ruin for Truro. Most of its men grumbled and wanted no part in this new and unpopular conflict with Great Britain except perhaps to do a little privateering. None of Truro's privateers were as fortunate as Captain Reuben Rich of Wellfleet, who made a fortune in twenty-four hours (one day at sea, one valuable capture) and some were considerably less fortunate. Captain John Collins was one of the unlucky ones.

Within a few days of setting out, Collins' privateer confidently overhauled what seemed to be a British merchantman. By the time the enemy vessel made itself known as a man-of-war, it was too late for the Yankee privateer to escape, though it tried to do so during a hard running fight lasting an hour. Collins sat out the rest of the war as a prisoner in England.

But afterwards he returned to a distinguished career as one of the Cape's outstanding shipmasters, and took part in the establishment of the first transatlantic steamer line, the Collins Steam Mail Line.

After the War of 1812 Truro entered its period of greatest prosperity and largest population. At Pamet Harbor, the wharves were covered with stores and sheds and crowded with vessels. Shipping was constantly on the move there. Packets carried fish to Boston and returned with supplies for the ships' outfitters. Coasters and traders kept Truro doing business with New York and other major ports. During the fishing season, fishing vessels were constantly sailing for or returning from the Banks.

In the shipyard, two and sometimes three vessels were on the stocks at the same time. Cutting timber for the building of the vessels kept many people busy, and others worked among the salt vats that dotted the shores of the creeks and coves. They brought the salt in scows to vessels waiting to load.

All this activity produced a colorful and animated waterfront scene. The vessels had not yet grown large enough for the shallowness of the harbor to be a matter for concern. That problem was a death knell reserved for the future.

Not least among the attractions of that day was the magnificent packet *Post-boy* and its skipper, Captain Zoheth Rich. The *Piz-by*, as Captain Zoheth called it, was the finest example of naval architecture with the best passenger accommodations to be found on Cape Cod Bay. Solid mahogany and bird's-eye maple were used in building her cabins and furniture, and silk draperies graced her ports.

Captain Zoheth was a genial man and a good listener, but not much of a talker. He was one of those Cape Codders whose counterpart can still be found today, whose "vocabulary was limited to the fewest monosyllabic words, which he used with miserly economy, cutting them short in a quick, hurried, inimical style; then as if impressed that he had not done full justice to his subject, he would repeat his first words still quicker, and with more marked emphasis." From between compressed lips comes a quick spatter of words, in many cases perfect proof of the contention that brevity is the soul of wit. Shebnah Rich gives a fine picture of Captain Zoheth getting ready to sail to Boston:

"The first day from Boston was always a busy one, and the captain was on the alert. People would soon begin to inquire, 'Captain Zoheth, when do you go to Boston again?'

"I think we'll go Wens'dy, wind and weather permit'n; yes, go to Bost'n about Wens'dy.'

"They knew well enough that the *Post-boy* never went to Boston on that declaration; none expected it. The next day the same question would be asked, with this answer,

"Goin' to-morrer, if can get out the harbor; go to-morrer.' 'To-morrer' was sure to bring a scant tide, and scant wind, and the packet would not move.

"Somebody was now sure to say, 'Why, Capt'n, you didn't go to Boston today.'

"No, didn't get out; *divilish* low tide, and head wind.'

"Well, when *are* you going?' The last said, perhaps, with a slight impatience.

"The *Piz-by* will go Bost'n to-morrer; yes, *sir*, the *Piz-by* will go to Bost'n to-morrer, wind or no wind, tide or no tide, by gracious!'

"Now it was well understood the packet would go to Boston to-morrow. Early the next morning the captain would be seen coming with his little black-leather trunk that always meant business; long before highwater the colors floated at the topmast head, the signal for Boston; and the *Post-boy* went to Boston, just about the time the captain intended, and when from the first it was understood she would go."

During those prosperous days when the *Post-Boy* was active and the Bankers were busy, Truro had an English minister, Mr. Boyter, who lacked Reverend Jude Damon's perception, you might even say his caution. Every spring, about the first of April, a fleet would sail from Truro to fish for cod on the Banks, and the Sunday before they sailed the Bankers were treated to a good-by sermon. Mr. Boyter announced that the subject of his sermon would be "Luck," and on Sunday every pew was filled.

Mr. Boyter then launched right into his message. Now, every fisherman present that day believed emphatically in luck as only

a fisherman, with a fisherman's experiences behind him, can. Yet Mr. Boyter declared there was no such thing as luck; he compared a three-to-five-months' trip on the Banks, out of sight of land, to "trouting in the brooks of Vermont with a fly and pole," and he even advised the astounded fishermen to bait their hooks with red flannel.

Not long after delivering this sermon, Mr. Boyter found it advisable to continue his good work in Orange, New Jersey.

Religion invariably raised enough problems in fishing, without ruling out the help of luck. Speaking of his own case, one Truro captain who was a pillar of the church all winter and backslid on the Banks all summer declared there was no hope for him if he died during the fishing season, but in winter he was all right.

And what about fishing on Sunday? Many a Cape Cod skipper kept the Sabbath holy, and more than once had to endure the torment of watching a less devout vessel load up with mackerel, a heathen fish which has never recognized Sunday as a day of rest.

"Twenty-five years (1830-55) covered the active business history of Truro. In loss of life and property they were the most calamitous that ever befell a community not blotted out." So wrote Rich, and with good reason. The profits from the sea were sometimes large, but so were the losses in men and in vessels. A monument still to be seen in Truro tells the story, and yet tells only a part of it:

"Sacred
To the memory of
Fifty-Seven Citizens of Truro
who were lost in seven
vessels, which
foundered at sea in
the memorable gale
of October 3, 1841."

The tragedy of Truro was underscored with masterful poignancy by Thoreau in two lines of sparse dialogue.

"Who lives in that house?" I inquired.

"Three widows," was the reply."

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Corn Hill. The hill where the Pilgrims found their precious store of corn is on the bay west of Truro Center. A tablet marks the place where were discovered the corn and an iron kettle they appropriated to carry it in.

Site of Pilgrim Encampment, Pond Village. Here near the shores of the bay, the Pilgrims made their rendezvous the night of November 16, 1620, during their first trip of exploration. They built a great fire and "kept good watch, with three sentinels, through the night." This is the pond into which they lowered the iron kettle when they decided to hide it the following morning.

Pilgrim Spring, Pilgrim Heights. South of Pilgrim Heights along the salt meadow, a tablet marks the general vicinity in which the Pilgrims "found springs of fresh water, and sat down and drank our first New England water with as much delight as we ever drank in all our lives."

"Hill of Storms." Just the old cemetery remains in what was once this central part of the town, north of Truro Center. Here it was that Truro's first meetinghouse stood.

Methodist Meetinghouse, South Truro. The Truro Neighborhood Association has preserved this old meetinghouse, built in 1851, as a historic landmark. Across the road and to the east, beside the Methodist burying ground, is the site of the first Methodist meetinghouse on the Cape and the second in the country. It was built in 1794.

Bell Meetinghouse, Truro Center. This is the handsome church located near the Town Hall. It was built in 1827.

Pomp's Lot, Truro Center. Pomp, a Negro slave brought to Truro directly from Africa, found his new life unsupportable. He went off one day with a loaf of bread and a jug of water. These he left at his feet when he hanged himself on a tree. They were to serve as food and drink for the long, long journey that lay ahead.

Indian Summer Encampment Site, Pilgrim Heights. Many Indian relics have been found here.

East Harbor, North Truro. Now called Pilgrim Lake, this body of water was once Truro's harbor, and known as East Harbor, in the great days of sailing vessels. Gradually East Harbor began to fill up with sand blown into it from the north and east, and the sand, washing through its entrance into Provincetown Harbor, was threatening to spoil that harbor, too. A dike was finally built in 1869 which turned the harbor into a lake. Its water has gradually freshened until today it is, for all intents and purposes, a fresh-water lake.

Highland Light, North Truro. From the first, the Highlands were recognized as the ideal location for a lighthouse, and the first lighthouse was built there in 1797. The cliffs have a stratum of blue clay running through them and are known as the Clay Pounds. The cliff Highland Light stands on rises one hundred and forty feet above the sea. The present lighthouse was built in 1857, when the erosion of the cliff was seriously threatening the old one. Under ordinary conditions its light can be seen for twenty miles. Though it is generally referred to as Highland Light, if you want to be very accurate you should call it Cape Cod Light as do the U.S. Coast Guard and men at sea.

Deckhouse of Wrecked Barge, North Truro. Near Highland Light is the deckhouse of the barge *Coleraine*, wrecked nearby, which was used for many years as a summer cottage.

Air Force Radar Installation, North Truro. This is the installation which can be seen to the south of Highland Light.

9. Chatham

Incorporated 1712

CHATHAM HAS SHORELINE ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN AND NANTUCKET Sound, and contains the following villages: Chatham, Chathamport, North Chatham, West Chatham, and South Chatham.

Chatham is off by itself. The road loops through the town, but this is not merely a place you pass en route to another town. You have to go out of your way to see Chatham, and that is part of its charm. The houses and inns along the shore and behind the high bluffs overlooking the Chatham bars are a world unto themselves. Like Provincetown, Chatham is an outpost. Like Provincetown, too, it has its own special look. Similarly, its principal village is a jumble of narrow streets and lanes and close-clustered houses.

Chatham is the only town on the Cape which is dominated by a working lighthouse right in its midst. To understand how really treacherous are the shoals that lie off Chatham, just step a few paces from the lighthouse to the Federal cemetery. This is a burial place for sailors whose bodies have come ashore on local beaches. One hundred and six unidentified seamen have been buried there.

Throughout most of its early history, Monomoy, as Chatham was first called, was a land that seemed to breed contention and strife. At Monomoy, a fiery Frenchman caused the first armed clash on Cape Cod between Europeans and Indians. Then a con-

tentious Englishman settled the place. Later, he and his relatives quarreled with each other, and all of them quarreled with the Court and with adjoining towns.

Perhaps the moods of the sea influence people who live beside it, for in few places are the waves more contentious than they are off Chatham. The *Mayflower*, trying to round the Cape, was turned back when it "fell amongst dangerous shoulds and roring breakers" off Monomoy's shores. Monomoy's shoals made Massachusetts men out of the Pilgrims.

Monomoy's early days were filled with struggle. They were unprosperous days. It seemed as if the place would never amount to anything.

To begin with, Champlain had high hopes of founding New France there. Fifteen years before the Pilgrims dropped anchor off Cape Cod, he looked things over on two expeditions. On the second expedition the Frenchmen got in trouble among the Monomoy shoals, smashed their rudder, and had to anchor. Going ashore in a shallop they found an Indian who was able to pilot them into Stage Harbor.

Champlain was not in personal command of the expedition. It was headed by Sieur de Poutrincourt, who was rather a troublemaker. At first the numerous Indians in the vicinity were friendly enough, but Poutrincourt liked the harbor and was inclined to wear out his welcome. While the rudder was being repaired, parties of the French explored inland, and others even built stone baking ovens on the shore in order to make bread.

When the Indians began to move their women, children, and huts away into the woods, it was rather obvious that they were clearing for action. More Indians, probably curious visitors from neighboring tribes, had appeared until some five or six hundred were on hand, including an ominous number of warriors.

But Sieur de Poutrincourt was undaunted. He was spoiling to show off his firearms. So he strutted about the beach blasting away with a musket, barely resisting the temptation to demonstrate on a live Indian.

He expected his antics to awe the savages, but still decided to take no chances. Knowing that the Indians were most likely to attack at night or at daybreak, Poutrincourt ordered all hands aboard for the night. However, the men doing the baking were incredibly nonchalant about the presence of several hundred savages. Either the ship's discipline was very poor or the bakers had the traditional temperament of French chefs, whom nobody can rule. In any event, when the shallop was sent for them, they refused to obey orders and come aboard. They preferred to stay ashore and eat the cakes they were baking along with the bread. At least five men remained on the beach overnight.

The next morning Indian scouts found them all asleep except for the man who was tending the fire. Then according to Champlain, about four hundred warriors came tiptoeing over the hill and "sent them such a volley of arrows that to rise up was death. Fleeing the best they could towards our bark, shouting 'Help! they are killing us!' a part fell dead in the water; the others were all pierced with arrows and one died in consequence a short time after. The savages made a desperate noise with roarings which it was terrible to hear."

Sixteen men on the ship immediately rushed to the rescue in the shallop, only to get themselves blocked by a sandbar, so that they had to wade most of the way ashore. By the time they arrived the Indians were gone and there was little to do but bury their dead near a cross which had been set up the day before and then return to the ship. A few hours later the Indians came back and mocked them by breaking down the cross and digging up the dead. Again the French went ashore, with the Indians melting once more into the woods, and again the white men stubbornly buried their dead and set the cross back in place.

The next day they set sail, after ironically naming the harbor "Port Fortuné" because of the bad luck it had brought them. They continued their explorations along the shore to the west, but twice bad weather forced them back to Port Fortuné. They had no more than returned to this unlucky place the second time than a promi-

nent member of their company fired off a musket which burst and cost him one of his hands. Disgruntled by this and by their earlier troubles, the French worked out a plan for capturing and killing a few Indians by way of revenge. They succeeded in butchering several. Having carried out this splendid bit of public relations, they gave up the Cape as a bad job, tossed away a chance of establishing a base for a New World empire for France, and left it to Englishmen to gain a foothold there.

Ten years later five Frenchmen from a wrecked fishing vessel were captured by the Indians and used "worse than slaves," being sent from tribe to tribe to be put at hard labor and "made sport of." It was one of these captives who learned enough of the Indian language to make a dire prophecy to his captors. He predicted God's displeasure and the coming of a race which would destroy them. The following year many Indians died in the great plague which raged among them, and when the Pilgrims presently appeared the Indians remembered the Frenchman's prophecy.

For a long time after Poutrincourt's unwelcome visit, however, the Monomoy Indians were left to themselves. Even when the Cape began to be settled, Monomoy itself was undisturbed. Europeans might have cast covetous eyes in that direction shortly after the first settlements were made on the upper Cape in 1637-39 if Monomoy had not been included in the great tract of land, lying between Yarmouth and Eastham, which in 1640 was reserved for the "purchasers or old comers" of Plymouth Colony.

A man living in Yarmouth was destined to upset this arrangement. William Nickerson, who had shaken the dust of England from his feet because of religious persecution, came early to America and settled in Yarmouth soon after it became a town. He lived near Follins Pond in what is now Dennis.

Nickerson was constantly involved in lawsuits with someone. First it was over the land disputes that raged in Yarmouth and that finally had to be settled in a high-handed fashion by Miles Standish. Nickerson himself had a ready tongue, and after a num-

ber of suits for slander and defamation by and against William Nickerson and others had finally been thrown out by the Court, it earnestly desired him to see the evil of "his offensive speeches against the sundry of the town."

Presently he moved to Roxbury and dabbled discontentedly in real estate there for a while, but soon he was back, and brought a barrel of liquor into town shortly thereafter. Actually this was not discreditable or unusual; it was no more than standard practice among our founding fathers. So William took a lusty swig, hoisted up his belt, and started checking up on how many drift whales had been taken along the shores of the town while he had been gone. Every resident was entitled to a share, and by the Lord Harry, he wanted *his* share!

Such small bickerings were not enough to keep William Nickerson occupied, however. He needed something really big to set his jaw over. Besides, he began to feel the need of more elbow room, not only for himself but also for his numerous family of married sons and daughters and their broods.

The land to the east over there in Monomoy looked mighty inviting, and the local sachem was a sucker for boats. Offer him a shallop, a few coats of trucking cloth, some kettles, axes, hoes, knives, a hat, some wampum, and a few shillings in hard cash, and he might be silly enough to sell the whole works and let the Nickerson tribe move in.

Tradition says that the chief did not jump at the deal at once, but that the Indians retired to their wigwams for three days to wait for a sign. If a bear were to come, it meant trouble. If a deer came, that was a sign of peace, and they would sell the land. Even in those days the Cape must have had a lot more deer than bear, besides which William Nickerson probably spent the three days beating the brush for deer and driving them in the Indians' direction. At any rate, the deal went through.

The sachem paddled happily away in his boat, and William Nickerson rubbed his hands and prepared to move to Monomoy, conveniently forgetting that the General Court might feel it had

some say in the transaction. For that matter, the Court *had* made some fool rule prohibiting the buying of land from the Indians without its consent, but if any remembrances of this law crossed his mind, William did not let it stop his plans for an eastward march.

The Court was not slow to react. It let out a roar of rage. Not only was the sale illegal, it was also illegal to give, lend, sell, or otherwise transfer a boat into the possession of an Indian, and Nickerson could jolly well pay a fine on that count, too!

William let out an answering roar of outrage, pain, and fury, and a battle of sixteen years' duration was joined.

In truth, the Court did not find anything unfair about Nickerson's dealings with the simple savages. It merely refused to let him flout the law. The judges demanded that he let outsiders come in to share his bargain. For this privilege they were to pay him a proportionate share of what he had given the sachem. This was like telling a carnival operator that you would pay for one quarter of the kewpie-doll prizes in return for one quarter of his profits on the games.

Nevertheless, the Court whittled Nickerson down to one hundred acres of his original purchase of some three thousand, awarding the rest to purchasers and old comers. And after sixteen years of wrangling William finally agreed to buy out the others for ninety pounds. Subsequently he bought more land from the Indians, until his holdings totaled about four thousand acres.

When Nickerson began his battles, he was already in his sixties. For resisting the constable he had been set in the stocks for three days, along with his sons. For refusing to give sureties for future good behavior he was clapped into jail, and stayed there three days before he relented. Yet in the end he gained full control of the settlement and kept in fighting trim by squabbling with his own family.

Nickerson gave fifty acres of land to any of his children who wanted it, but one son-in-law, Tristram Hedges, claimed he had contributed part of the ninety pounds and demanded a larger

share. Nickerson went to court with him and won handily. His claim to the land had at last become unassailable.

But in spite of all the furore, few except Nickerson and his clan got very excited over Monomoy. It was such a feeble and unprosperous settlement that as late as 1680 the Court adjudged it "in its infancy and therefore not soe able soe to doe as others" and paid for the care of a Monomoy orphan out of the Colony Treasury instead of expecting the village's few inhabitants to assume that responsibility.

When Monomoy had been settled for twenty-five years, it was still little more than a Nickerson neighborhood. It was a problem child, too. Since it was not yet a town, it should properly be attached to either Yarmouth or Eastham.

Yarmouth felt it had the better claim, since the Nickersons were formerly of that town, but when it tried to work up an attachment the response was cold—particularly after the Yarmouth rate-collector came around. He was "affronted in the execution of his office and offered divers abuses therein"—in short, he nearly had to run for his life. Eventually the Court thought it wiser to put Monomoy under Eastham's wing. Eastham nervously lifted the wing, but Monomoy paid little attention to its foster mother.

In 1693, the first recorded meeting of the inhabitants was held. The clerk and treasurer of the meeting? Ninety-year-old William Nickerson, to be sure. The business of the day had a homey touch about it. Lieutenant Nicholas Eldridge was assigned to get the villagers a half bushel, a peck, and a half peck, so that they could have correct measures to use in buying and selling.

From then on regular town meetings were judged necessary, and in 1700 the village took another important step forward.

In that year it was voted to "bild a meten hous." The voters "made chose of Gorg Godfree and William Nickerson to lok after and see the work be don," and it was agreed that all the men should take turns helping the foreman get the timber. Later it was necessary to get after "those men that had not took ther torn."

Such signs of progress notwithstanding, Monomoy was still far from being a booming community. The outlook was dark. The population was small, conditions in the church were unsettled, and French privateers were an ever-present threat. If any of her men were impressed, Monomoy would be left defenseless. In 1711 the General Court finally took note of this condition and tried to ease the situation by decreeing that no men from the foot company at Monomoy were to be impressed for duty elsewhere, but this action came too late. The first emigration from Monomoy was already taking place. Thirteen families moved inland, mostly to a place in Delaware, now Smyrna, which was then called Duck Creek. And now over half a century after William Nickerson had bought the land, only thirty-three families were still there.

Nevertheless, after first trying unsuccessfully to annex a chunk of Harwich, Monomoy became a town in 1712. In the end, not a foot of land other than Nickerson's original purchase went into the town of Chatham, and its territory has remained practically unchanged ever since. It is noteworthy, too, that even as late as 1728 there was nothing in Chatham that could be called a village in the usual sense of the word. Its houses were scattered more or less evenly throughout its territory.

In England there is a Kentish river port named Chatham and it would seem that this was the inspiration of the Cape Cod town's name. One guidebook I came across says it was named for William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But Pitt was born in 1708 and did not become the Earl of Chatham until the town had been incorporated for fifty-four years.

Perhaps had William Nickerson lived to see the town incorporated, it would have received the name of Nickerson, but even he could not live forever, though he tried hard enough. He was either ninety-nine or a hundred when he died in 1703, having been born either in 1603 or 1604. With Nickerson gone, the town had to look elsewhere for its contentious men, and soon found them in Reverend Hugh Adams and Mr. Ebenezer Hawes, the tavernkeeper.

At the time Mr. Adams arrived, in the dark days of the 1711 emigration, there was no established church in Chatham. Before the first minister, Mr. Vickery, began his brief and troubled stay, the duties of religious teacher had been assumed by William Nickerson. Mr. Vickery and his successors had found Chatham hard going. Mr. Adams was to find it even harder.

His first few years went well, but then when he tried to establish a church, the County Association of Ministers ruled against it, probably feeling the place still too weak to support an established church. Mr. Adams advised his flock to go ahead anyway, and thus got himself into trouble. His real troubles came, however, when he squared off with Mr. Hawes.

It seems that the parsonage and the tavern stood close to each other—much too close for all-around comfort. Mr. Adams kept a sharp watch on the conviviality over yonder. He decided the place was not being properly conducted and so he decreed that Mr. Hawes would have to go. He launched an attack.

Unfortunately Mr. Adams had undergone some personal difficulties in South Carolina, so Mr. Hawes retaliated by mentioning certain gossip which had worked its way north from the wharves of Charleston. Mr. Adams was shortly suing him for slander, but in a trial held at Barnstable the suit went against the minister.

At the time, Mr. Adams allegedly agreed to resign if the majority of the town favored his doing so, but when the vote went that way he denied having made any such agreement, and in his subsequent sermons he took the hide off those who had voted against him. He carried his slander case to a higher court and finally won a judgment, but with damages of only ten shillings.

Disgusted at his inability to get any real satisfaction against the publican, he finally quit the field and moved elsewhere. Of him a biographer said, "He was a good man, an able preacher, a faithful pastor, but so eccentric and opinionated that he made enemies wherever he went."

Perhaps the estimate of Ebenezer Hawes given in Court by townspeople was less objective and possibly influenced by alcohol,

for these witnesses were strongly pro-Hawes, "and forder do Declaier that he the sd Hawes Hath Bin and still is the most forwardest, forthputtingest and nobelest man that wee have in our town . . ."

After the departure of Mr. Adams, a more commanding figure appeared in Chatham's pulpit. This was Reverend Joseph Lord, a well-educated, capable, and well-connected minister. Like Reverend Nathaniel Stone of Harwich, he had married one of Governor Thomas Hinckley's beautiful daughters.

In 1718, Mr. Lord was the only educated man in town. Schools were then very crude affairs, held two or three months at a time in each part of town in some private house. There were not to be any schoolhouses until after the Revolution. Pupils were of all ages from ten to twenty-five, and attended only if they wished to or their parents made them do so. Teaching was rudimentary. For girls, there was no thought of school at all. What did women need with reading or writing? Tobacco, now, was another thing. Every home had a tobacco patch, and both men and women smoked.

Mr. Lord was not only preacher, but lawyer and doctor as well. He prescribed for the ill, drew up wills, deeds, and agreements, and was generally the person everyone came to in time of trouble.

In 1719, he published the first book written by a resident of Chatham. At that time snappy titles were not in vogue, as evidenced by his: "Reason Why not Anabaptist Plunging but Infant Believers Baptism Ought to be Approved Is because the Lord Jesus Christ Preached it and Practiced it . . ." This is only a starter for the title then catches its breath and runs on for seventy-nine more words. It remained for a later resident, Joseph C. Lincoln, to turn out some really readable prose, but at least Mr. Lord came first.

To be sure, he was not a notably lovable person. He was unpleasantly zealous in helping his brother-in-law, Reverend Nathaniel Stone, hound a fellow minister (details of the case may be found in the Brewster chapter). If Mr. Lord's actions in supporting Mr. Stone were a sample of his tactics, it is not surprising that de-

spite his capabilities everyone did not rush to join the church. The first church formed after the incorporation of Chatham had but seven male members, and two of those dissented from part of the creed.

The original Chatham church, erected in 1700, must have been a jerrybuilt affair like most first meetinghouses, because in 1729 it was already in such poor condition that the town voted to pull down the building and construct another rather than repair it. Mr. Lord had been urging the townspeople to do this for several years, but they had refused to vote the necessary funds. Their principal excuse was that the fishing had been poor. At last, however, Mr. Lord engineered a majority and the new meetinghouse was built.

That year the catch was double what it had ever been before. And if anybody thinks Mr. Lord was not hard to live with all the next winter as he hammered away at the efficacy of bread cast upon the waters, that person has never met a Cape Cod minister.

That same prosperous year brought gruesome tragedy to Chatham's shores when a coaster sighted a vessel showing a distress signal off Monomoy Point. Aboard the ship were a group of Irish immigrants in desperate condition. Of one hundred and ninety passengers, one hundred had already starved to death or died from an epidemic which had broken out early in the twenty weeks' voyage.

The passengers carried all their worldly wealth with them, and the captain was accused of having tacked aimlessly about the ocean hoping they would all die off so that he could take their goods and money for himself. He was later returned to England in chains, tried, and hanged.

Among the passengers who survived were some of the nation's best Irish stock, including Charles Clinton, ancestor of Governor De Witt Clinton of New York. According to contemporary reports, the Irish spirit was still there, too. Despite their weak condition, the language of the survivors was strong.

By the time of this prosperous year for the fishing fleet, Chatham was growing at last, but still in an uncertain way and with many setbacks. A second emigration in 1747 took several families, along with large numbers from all over the Cape, to a strip of land on the Connecticut-New York boundary known as the "Ob-long," where land was priced low to draw new settlers. In 1760-63 the third and greatest emigration left Chatham badly depleted when some three hundred persons moved to the land in Nova Scotia from which the Acadians had been banished. A couple of years later a smallpox epidemic took a further toll of the town's inhabitants.

Nevertheless some Chatham men were already carrying on the seafaring careers which would eventually bring prosperity to the town. Captain Joseph Atwood, heralded in family records as a "navigator of unfrequented parts," was a notable master of the period. In 1749 he made a voyage to the Caribbeans in the *Judith Snow*, a square-rigger of eighty tons, and was instructed by the owners of the vessel that while loading in the Bay of Honduras "you must keep a good lookout lest you should be overpowered by the Spaniards, and as you are well-fitted for defense, we expect you to make a manly defense in case you are attacked." The battle forces at Captain Atwood's disposal consisted of a mate and three or four sailors.

Fortunately no Spaniards overpowered him, and he lived to come home and build the Atwood House, a simple cottage which he referred to a bit grandiloquently as his "Mansion House." The town was spared the shock of carnage on the high seas until shortly before the Revolution, when a second celebrated case of foul play at sea occurred off Chatham. The master of a local vessel saw a schooner flying a distress signal, and found her decks red with blood and but one lone man in a great state of fright left aboard her.

This man, Ansell Nickerson, told how the vessel, bound from Boston to Chatham, had been stopped and boarded by four boatloads of men from a topsail schooner at two o'clock in the morning.

Fearing impressment, he had hidden by letting himself down over the stern on a rope.

From what Nickerson then heard, he judged that the master, mate, and one man were murdered and a boy carried away alive. The marauders talked of burning the vessel, but finally decided to leave her to drive out to sea with her sails standing. When they had gone, Nickerson pulled himself aboard and found the deck covered with blood and all the crew gone. Chests of goods had been broken open and plundered, and the head knocked out of a barrel of rum, most of which was gone.

A frigate immediately scoured the coast for pirates but found none. Ansell Nickerson was arrested on suspicion of murder, tried with John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., as his counsel, and acquitted. It seemed hard to believe that one man could have killed four others without getting a scratch himself, besides which three of the four murdered men were cousins of Ansell's, and Nickersons at that. Yet years later John Adams admitted in his diary that "I know not to this day what judgment to form of his Guilt or innocence." In a fine burst of provincialism, the *Massachusetts Gazette* declared, "Thus ended a Trial for the most surprising Event which has happened in this and perhaps any other age of the world!"

Chatham's exposed position, and the worry it had undergone because of French privateers, made the town very edgy about war. Caution was the keynote, and early in 1775 this sentiment led to a remarkable vote concerning certain resolves of the Continental Congress. The town meeting "*Voted* not to vote to concur."

But caution on Chatham's part could not hold back the march of events, and with the war hard times descended on the town. At the beginning of the war there were thirty fine vessels in Chatham's fishing fleet and three hundred fishermen aboard them. At its end only four or five vessels remained in the harbor, "but of sorrowing mothers and lonely widows the town was full."

On the other hand, the town itself was actually subjected to enemy action only once. In 1782, when the war was nearly over,

a British privateer turned up in a mood of derring-do and slipped into the harbor intending to make off with some of the few boats left there.

Though the British succeeded in getting a brigantine under way, the local militiamen assembled on the beach and gave them such hot fire that the flustered prize crew ran the captured ship aground on the flats. Then they took to their boats and fled, and the brigantine was triumphantly recaptured. A sloop had also been taken, but the militiamen gave chase in small boats and retook it as well.

After the Revolution, the fisheries soon began to recover, and the saltworks brought the town additional prosperity. Like Dennis and Harwich, Chatham had its local inventor of a method of producing salt by solar evaporation. This man was named Reuben Ryder.

By 1800 at least seven windmills were in operation in Chatham, both as salt mills and grist mills. Reverend Ephraim Briggs was having a successful pastorate and was also winning some immortality as a chemist by being the first man to succeed in manufacturing epsom salts. How many Chathamites used Dr. Briggs' aid to good living is not on record, but there is no doubt about the state of their health. With 1351 inhabitants, there was not enough of a practice to justify a physician's settling there.

Affairs in Chatham now proceeded along slow, steady lines. Though independence had been gained seventeen years before, it was not until 1800 that the town records abandoned the custom of figuring in pounds, shillings, and pence, and began using dollars and cents instead. War came again, a wearisome repetition, and seventy-six years later, at the age of ninety-four, Mrs. Rhoda Howes recalled that unhappy conflict in these terms:

"The War of 1812. Yes! Yes! I remember them Britishers. One of their big ships anchored off here and plagued us dreadfully. She hung around here a long time and when a storm came up she would get away for a time, as she drew too much water to come into the harbor. Then our fishing boats would run out. But she

would soon come back and our packets couldn't run, so we couldn't get fish or coin either. Once in a while a fishing smack would slip out and in, but fortunately she never got hold of one of our boys. There was old Squire Crow, he was a Tory and sympathized with the Britishers. He killed a creetur and carried the beef over to the ship to make friends with them. He owned a top-sail schooner then, and she was bound this way and they thought she would run in here on her way to Boston. They did come in and the Britishers caught sight of her and chased her and drove her ashore and burned her, not stopping to find out who she belonged to. Most of us thought it was good enough for him and he did not get much sympathy in town. . . . They threatened to bombard the town, because we would not pay tribute, but there wasn't much of any town then to fire on. . . ."

The threat to bombard the town came after an American privateer had landed some captured goods at Chatham. A British frigate appeared and sent a barge ashore to demand their return. A meeting was called, and the more timorous leaders of the town were in favor of giving in to avoid bombardment. At this point a Revolutionary war veteran named Salathiel Nickerson came striding down to the beach with his Yankee jaw thrust out and took charge.

"Get the hell out of here!" he said, or words to that effect. The British departed, muttering, but no bombardment materialized. Chatham's buildings were not sufficiently concentrated to make it worthwhile and Salathiel was probably smart enough to realize this.

It speaks well for the awe-inspiring qualities of the Royal Navy that the Britishers even got away with their barge, for as wreckers and beachcombers Chatham men seldom let anything that touched shore get out of their hands. Even today they tell the joke about the shipwrecked wretch who came ashore on the beach there, clinging weakly to a spar.

"Where am I?" he gasped as a couple of natives came running up.

"Chatham."

"Chatham? My God!" cried the horrified man, and paddled briskly out to sea again.

While those at home took good care of any merchandise that happened to float ashore, Chatham's sea captains were ranging far and wide and playing for high stakes. In 1817, Captain Simeon Ryder made a voyage from New York to Cadiz with a cargo valued at one hundred thousand dollars plus some twenty thousand dollars in Mexican coin. After safely delivering his cargo and loading with salt for ballast, he had sailed barely forty miles out of Cadiz when pirates boarded his vessel and looted it.

Less fortunate was Captain Benjamin Godfrey, who accumulated a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars in Mexico—a vast sum in the 1830's. He was bringing the money across country in silver on muleback when guerrillas came along and relieved him of it. "For a time his courage left him," says one account, but he recovered to make another fortune in New Orleans.

After such a wild career, what Godfrey did with some of his capital seems strangely gentle. He founded the first girls' seminary in the Midwest, and the only one in the nation at that time (1838) outside of Massachusetts.

Back in Captain Godfrey's own home town school facilities had expanded greatly. By midcentury Chatham had thirteen public schools! The town could now afford such an outlay, for it had become a comparatively wealthy township where a really poor family was uncommon. The population rose from 1,334 in 1810 to 2,437 in 1850, and five hundred pupils were attending the thirteen schools.

To be sure, some of the boys were not there long before they went to sea. Many of the old sea captains were not noted for their education, and this sometimes showed in their speech. Said one at town meeting, "I'm glad this question has arosen and I hope the subject will be completely disgusted." Asked how he did something, he replied, "Why, I did it by common distinct."

The old Chatham spirit of contentiousness was kept very much

alive not only in town meetings but in matters of religion. Sec-tarianism was flourishing, and the numerous sects varied from the orthodox to the bizarre.

When the old First Congregational meetinghouse was abandoned, many of the pew owners took out their pews, and some thought the pews in the new meetinghouse were too elegant, especially the "crooked pew arms." A bell was bought by subscription and installed, but nobody thought to explain its purpose to the janitor. He waited till the morning service was over and then rang it with all his might as the congregation filed out.

According to the Baptists, "the arrows of persecution flew," but there is no record of any physical violence being offered them. The Unitarians had their troubles, too, but mainly among themselves. Many felt strongly that the church should be moved to Main Street; others wanted it to stay where it was. The heat of the argument was too much for someone. A fire which was considered of incendiary origin soon leveled the old church and settled the question, for "with nothing left to move, it was easier to choose the new site."

The Come-Outers, for a long time, had no formal building. They really came out; except in severe weather they met outdoors in their cemetery. This place of worship was probably not as depressing as it sounds, since they allowed no headstones or monuments. Like the Quakers, they wore plain clothes and built plain homes, and it is they whom Professor Kittredge described in the following telling terms:

"Frequently, when under the spell of their mania, they walked along the tops of fences instead of the sidewalks; affected a strange, springing gait, and conversed by singing instead of by ordinary speech, in the distressing manner of characters in light opera."

While these earnest groups were doing what they could to spread the Light, another light was being spread from Chatham's shores by the Twin Lights, much to the disgust of many a local wrecker. The first pair of lighthouses at Chatham was built in 1808, when Highland Light at North Truro had been in operation

for about ten years. The specifications were that they "shall be of wood and the form octagon." Twenty-two feet in diameter, forty feet from the stonework foundation to the floor of the lantern, the lantern to be six feet, six inches in diameter, and the tower room seven feet high.

In 1840 a new pair was built of brick, and all went well for thirty years. In 1870 a raging northeaster brought extremely high tides and the sea broke through the outer beach.

At that time the twin brick lighthouses stood two hundred and twenty-eight feet from the edge of the fifty-foot bank, but from then on every northeasterly or easterly storm chewed away a chunk of the bank.

Captain Josiah Hardy, 2nd, was then the lighthouse-keeper. In November, 1874, he mentioned in his log that the lighthouse bank had suffered noticeably in a storm. In December, he got out his measuring tape and found the distance from the foot of the south tower to the edge of the bank to be one hundred and ninety feet. In four years thirty-eight feet had been cut away.

From then on Captain Hardy measured and reported, measured and reported, every time a storm brought him closer to the brink. It took Washington three more years to get concerned. When headquarters finally sent a man up to check, the distance was ninety-five feet. Six weeks later it was eighty-four feet, and Captain Hardy was perspiring freely.

A month after that a government expert appropriately named Mr. Frederick Tower arrived to lay out the site of two new lighthouses on the west side of the road. Captain Hardy took another measurement and told him for heaven's sake to hurry up. Time and tide were waiting for no Washington man.

Work began at once. Four months later, on August 31, there were fifty-nine feet left between Captain Hardy's lights and the bank. Engineers moved the lenses to the new towers on September 6 and they were lighted for the first time that night, burning lard oil. On New Year's Eve, 1877, Captain Hardy checked once more. Forty-eight feet, nine inches.

Actually, Washington had acted with two years to spare. For not until December 15, 1879, did the old south tower go over the bank, eight years and one month after the sea had broken through into the harbor. The cistern of the lighthouse-keeper's house went down the bank the next year, and the house followed soon after. The following year the north tower joined its twin.

The third set of lights remained in operation until 1923, when the north tower was torn down. Since then Chatham has had only a single light. That same year Monomoy Light on Monomoy Point, built in 1818, was retired from active duty.

A place such as Chatham comes to have great respect for any service which combats the ravages of the angry sea that bares its teeth on Monomoy's shoals. It is not safe there to refer to the Coast Guard as the "five fathoms navy," because too many Chathamites know that five fathoms can be more dangerous than fifty. Tides, currents, shoals, and rocks make the coast more perilous than the open ocean. An example of those dangers was supplied in 1902, when a dreadful and heartrending disaster occurred. The worst thing about this tragedy was that it never should have happened.

Six days before a storm, two coal barges being towed by a tug were stranded on Shovelful Shoal south of the tip of Monomoy Point. Four days later, floating operations were begun. Fifty men spent two days dumping the coal overboard. The weather had been dirty and threatening right along, and now, before the barge *Wadena* could be floated, conditions grew worse. Nevertheless, the owner of the barge, William H. Mack, and four of its crew stayed aboard. The upshot of this was that seven men of the Life-saving Service had to risk their lives going after them. Then, after the five men had been gotten safely aboard the lifeboat, with instructions to sit perfectly still, some of the barge crew became panicky and threw their arms around the men at the oars. Out of control, the boat was struck by one heavy sea after another and capsized.

Captain Elmer Mayo, aboard a barge anchored nearby, could not stand the sight of the men losing their grip on the overturned boat and slipping away to death one by one. He jumped into a dory and somehow managed to reach one of the lifesaving crew, Seth Ellis, and drag him aboard. They reached shore safely, and thus one man of twelve was snatched from what should have been certain death. Both Mayo and Ellis were awarded Congressional medals for their efforts in this disaster, in which the recklessness of five men cost the lives of eleven.

What I have had space to tell here is only a fraction of the tragedy and drama with which Chatham has been all too lavishly provided by the ever-treacherous seas that ring it half around. In the short time I have lived on the Cape, I have heard a vivid radio broadcast direct from the Chatham Coast Guard station by Ed Semprini, our local news man, as an aftermath of a disaster at sea. This happened when the survivors from the freighter *Pendleton* were brought ashore after it broke in two in Nantucket Sound. As long as ships travel the seas, the "dangerous shoulds and roiling breakers" of Chatham's shores will continue to make widows and orphans of seamen's families.

But in these days, when the town draws its share of summer people and makes most of its living on land rather than at sea, drownings are less frequent, of course. On a fine day there is no fairer sight on Cape Cod than the view from Chatham's bluff in front of the light. So nowadays we are likely to think less about the tragic incidents of the past and pay more attention to the amusing things which have happened in years gone by.

A favorite local yarn concerns a Cape Codder who had been receiving condolences from his neighbors after burying his wife of thirty years. These good souls reminded him that he had been fortunate in having the companionship for so many years of so good a woman, but they might as well have saved their breath.

"Yes," he replied, "she was a good woman, a good housekeeper, a good cook, and kept me well mended up, and I lived with her for thirty years—but I never liked her."

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Champlain's Landing Place. A bronze tablet near Stage Harbor marks the spot where Champlain came ashore in 1606.

Stage Harbor. The "Port Fortuné" of Champlain's adventures. It gained its present name either from the fishing stages for curing fish which were built there or from the wharves themselves which were formerly called "stages."

Monomoy Point. This was Champlain's "Cape Mallebarre." It is now a state bird sanctuary.

Militia Training Field, Chathamport. The triangle of land between Queen Anne's Road, Old Comers Road, and Training Field Road, was the drilling ground for the colonial militia.

Old Grist Mill. Built by Colonel David Godfrey before 1774, the old mill had an active business career of over a hundred years.

Atwood House. Though not the "Mansion House" Captain Atwood termed it, this is the oldest house in Chatham and a very handsome one. Built around 1756, it is owned and occupied today by the Chatham Historical Society.

Chatham Lighthouse. This is the survivor of the third pair of twin lights which have been erected at Chatham.

Mack Monument. Near the lighthouse stands this memorial to the captain and crew of the barge *Wadena* and the seven men of the Lifesaving Service who were drowned while attempting to rescue them in the disaster of 1902.

Burialground for unknown sailors. Also close by the lighthouse is this burialground where lie one hundred and six unidentified seamen whose bodies have come ashore at Chatham. According to a Chatham pamphlet, half of all the known wrecks on the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico coasts of America have occurred between Nauset and Nantucket.

Home of Joseph C. Lincoln. Though born in Brewster, Lincoln was long a resident of Chatham at his Shore Road home.

Mural Studio. Quite a stir was made in Chatham some years ago when Alice Stallknecht Wight painted murals for the Congregational Church showing Christ in the clothes of a modern fisherman, preaching to the multitude from a boat—the multitude being very recognizable portraits of her Cape Cod friends and neighbors. The murals are no longer in the church, but may be seen at the studio. It is located at Bridge Street and Stage Harbor Road and is open to the public.

10. Provincetown

Incorporated 1727

PROVINCETOWN HAS SHORELINE ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, CAPE Cod Bay, and Provincetown Harbor. It is the only township on the Cape consisting of a single town or village.

One day last year, Town Clerk William A. Garten decided the huge safe in his office needed a housecleaning, to make room for current records. The next day the Cape Cod *Standard-Times* carried a front-page story on his findings headlined:

RECORDS DATING TO 1698
UNCOVERED AT PROVINCETOWN

Among the discoveries was a record of births that went all the way back to the birth of Ezekiel Cushing in 1698. A copy of even older records began with the very first child born to the Pilgrims in the new world. He was Peregrine White who was born in 1620 on the *Mayflower* in Provincetown Harbor.

Another entry which drew particular notice in the newspaper story was one that concerned a town meeting held in 1775. Though great events were then taking place, Provincetown still found time to deal with small annoyances. At the end of this particular meeting, it was voted that owners of dogs that strayed into the meetinghouse during services would either have to pay a fine of half a dollar or kill their dogs.

Up to the moment I read that, I was pretty excited about the

"discoveries," but when the dogs appeared, the truth became apparent. Nothing new had been discovered. It had simply been a hundred years since the last time the safe had a housecleaning. Just about a century ago some town clerk hunted around in the safe and dug out those same records for the Cape historian, Frederick Freeman. The same dog vote is quoted in his history published nearly a hundred years ago.

To anyone who will take the trouble to go behind its gimcrack tourist-trade facade and get to know the place, Provincetown still proves a unique and fascinating town. It is like nothing else on Cape Cod. It is like nothing else anywhere.

No other Cape town has the foreign atmosphere that Provincetown possesses. The congenial conglomeration of Portuguese fishermen, working artists and writers, real and phony Bohemians, happy refugees from big-city pressure, and genuine old Cape Codders—the people who make up its year-round population—put it into an entirely different category from Hyannis, Falmouth, Wellfleet, or any other Cape town or village.

People say it has become too commercial, that the tourists have ruined it, that there are no real artists or writers left in Provincetown any more. They have been saying this for a good many years. Yet the old town's charm is still there in its crooked, narrow little streets and lanes and alleys, in its higglety-pigglety clutter of delightful old houses with their neat yards and surprising flowers. And these are maintained with a pride that goes far beyond concern for the tourist trade.

The past clings to Provincetown and enhances it, but it is not a dead town which has been carefully embalmed as a tourist attraction. It is still a fishing port with a sizeable fleet operating out of it, and the Portuguese fishermen who run the boats know their business and make their living from the sea just as their forefathers did hundreds of years ago. In fact, the ancestors of some of Provincetown's fishermen were probably fishing not far from Cape Cod on the Banks, long before Columbus made the New World official.

Certainly Portuguese fishermen had ventured to those western waters before 1492.

There was a time when both the fleet and the individual vessels were larger than they are today, but then Provincetown is used to ups and downs of every kind. Certainly, in its early days, it had about as precarious an existence as any town in the country.

Long before any kind of settlement was begun at the tip of the Cape, the lands of Provincetown entertained some distinguished visitors. Henry Hudson called in 1609, anchoring off the north end of the headland and sending men ashore who brought back wild grapes and wild roses. Both can still be found there. Hudson also claimed to have had a good look at a real live mermaid in those waters, which seems only fitting. Somehow, if a mermaid were going to turn up anywhere, Provincetown would still be the right place, and preferably around the time of the annual Beach-combers' Ball.

After Hudson, the next famous visitors were the Pilgrims in 1620. When they went ashore from the *Mayflower* for the first time, they landed near Telegraph Hill at what is now the upper or western end of Commercial Street. They came in at low tide and could not get closer than about three quarters of a mile to the beach, so they waded ashore through icy water and caught colds and coughs which, in some cases, proved fatal.

After they had gone on to Plymouth it was not too long before a settlement sprang up at Provincetown, but it was hardly a settlement which sober, God-fearing folk could condone. Other early settlements on the Cape were made with the express permission and supervision of the Colony's General Court, and their first concern had been the establishment of a church. At the Cape tip, what came into being was a lawless, godless settlement established by fishermen and traders, a sort of sand-dune Dodge City, except that the knife settled arguments rather than the six-shooter.

It was not then known as Provincetown but as Cape Cod, for in the early times that name was not applied to the whole of the Cape but only to the extreme hook of land now occupied by Prov-

incetown. "Cape Cod" was a sinful place that was severely frowned upon by the folk at Plymouth.

In the words of an old record, "Cape Cod was at this time a great resort, and the residence of not a few engaged in mercantile adventures at an early period." Among these there must have been a goodly number whose adventure it was to provide rum and entertainment for a "wild, undisciplined and unprincipled crew of traders and fishermen from nearly all parts of Europe. Drinking, gambling, and bacchanalian carousals, were continued sometimes for weeks with unrestrained license. They were the Poker Flats of that day."

Besides thus providing a wide-open resort for the scum of the seas, the first settlers also disregarded the law against selling liquor to the Indians. The red men beat a straight path to their door and a wobbly path away from it. Yet who was to travel far down the peninsula, clean up the town, and enforce the will of Plymouth Colony on this gang of cutthroats? There was no frontier marshal to do the job.

As the Colony grew stronger and settlements began to reach down the Cape toward the "great resort," the Court was apparently able to bring the wayward town under its wing to some extent. Either that was the case or some of the sinners living at "Cape Cod" began to feel the need of spiritual guidance. A minister was settled at the place prior to 1700, and his son was born there in 1698—the Ezekiel Cushing whose birth notice had so recently made the headlines.

Even so, Provincetown had not become completely domesticated. When Truro became a town, "Cape Cod" was thrown in for the sake of convenience, but although it was thus officially a part of Truro, there was never any true unity between what one might call "Truro proper" and "Truro improper."

In 1714, Provincetown was made a separate precinct named Cape Cod. A master of fiction with a flair for local color could hardly have dreamed up a finer boundary line than was drawn between Truro and the new precinct at that time. The committee

specified that the line should begin "at the jawbone of a whale set in the ground by the side of a red oak stump."

All was not well, however. Some of the high jinks that went on in the new precinct scandalized staid Truro, and furthermore there were certain abandoned individuals in residence there who felt that becoming a separate precinct placed them above the law, at least above Truro law, and entitled them to thumb their noses rather freely in a southeasterly direction.

After one year of the new arrangement Truro was petitioning the court with a prayer "that Cape Cod (the precinct) be declared either a part of Truro, or not a part of Truro, that the town may know how to act in regard to some persons." The inhabitants of the precinct were also taken to task for not supporting a minister among them as required by law. Apparently Mr. Cushing had come and gone.

It is easy to see why Truro folk must have found it very annoying to look across the bay and be confronted with a neighbor such as Provincetown. In the first place, it was a wicked town. Somebody was always having a rowdy good time over there. Furthermore, when it was finally put on its own, in 1727, as a separate township, its peculiar and in many ways difficult and dangerous situation as an outpost won it special privileges. Its inhabitants were exempted from taxation by the Colony and were not required to do military duty.

Before long, however, Truro had the satisfaction of seeing the town dwindle to almost nothing. The wars with the French were still dragging along, and Provincetowners began to get very nervous about the French fleet. There was another reason, too, which probably made it easier for people there to decide to move to some safer location, and that was the fact that nobody owned any land. The Province Lands, as the section was called, were the property of the Colony. The people who settled there were merely squatters, and technically they remained so for the next two centuries, until finally in 1893 the state ceded the land along the shore upon which the town was actually built. Some of this land had

been occupied by the same families for well over a century. Today, however, the extreme tip of the Cape remains exactly what it was in the beginning—the Province Lands. All the land to the north and west of the town is still owned by the state.

Had the early settlers been given deeds to land, Provincetown might never have become a ghost town, as it did within thirty years. In 1748 only two or three families remained in the town. Seven years later only three houses were standing, and not one family stayed on.

Most of the people evidently did not go too far away, however, for as soon as it became plain that war was about to end, they began to trickle back to that attractive little curlicue of land with its beautiful harbor.

By the time of the Revolution there were twenty houses and thirty-six families in Provincetown, and a population of two hundred and five. The British fleet moved into the harbor, and the Provincetowners moved out. By the end of the war, there was again not one family living there.

From that time on, however, the town was there to stay. By 1800 it contained eight hundred and twelve persons. Everything improved except the town clerk's spelling. In 1789 he noted that the town elected "John Conant keeper of the meeting-house, and to swepe it every four weeks and shet and open the winder shetters all the year round for which serves he is to receave two dolers."

The main difficulty was to keep the sand from drifting around the buildings and banking against them like snowdrifts. The sand sometimes sifted into the pine forests and buried acres of twenty-foot trees, leaving only the dead tops showing. It did its best to hide houses, too. Every man had to fetch "one burden of brush" to be spread on the ground around the meetinghouse to prevent the drifting of sand, and any who did not were fined eleven pounds of fish. In that salty town fish were legal tender; it was voted that taxes could be paid either in money or fish.

Fish affected the Provincetowner's life in almost every way. He

ate them, sold them, and even ailed because of them. In 1794 an epidemic of sickness was thought to have been caused by the putrefying sharks left on the shore by fishermen. Eventually a law was passed specifying that all carcasses of whales, sharks, or horse mackerel (tuna) must be towed promptly beyond the low-water mark by those who landed them.

When war brought the British fleet back once again in 1812, Provincetown was no longer a fly-by-night place, but a town of nearly one thousand souls. It was too large to become a ghost town again, and, besides, the people's attitude was different now. The new war was unpopular. About the only good thing the government had done recently, so far as Provincetown was concerned, was to pass an act protecting the lobsters in the harbor.

So Provincetown sat out the war in a fraternizing way as British naval officers strolled about town, shopping here and there, bowing to pretty girls, and making the best of a rather boring assignment. The town must have established fairly cordial relations with the British, for it is noticeable that there is no record of any demand for protection money, such as was made to Eastham, Brewster, and Orleans, and paid by the former two towns.

This is not to say that the war was easy on Provincetown. It was completely a fishing port by then and depended on the sea for a living. But once the war was over, the town really prospered and took on a markedly individual appearance. There had never been another place that looked quite like it. The shores were lined with windmills, called "salt-mills" because they furnished the power to pump ocean water into the hundreds of acres of salt works lining the shore in front of the town and running around its flanks at both sides. Provincetown was a particularly good location for salt works. The bay is shallow, and no fresh-water streams empty into it. Its waters have the highest saline content to be found anywhere around Cape Cod.

Salt crystallized in the shallow vats, salt crammed the storehouses, and the front yard of every house was covered by flakes of salt codfish laid out to be sun-cured in the salt air. The entire town stayed as close to salt water as it could, hugging the shore

in a long curve with only two streets paralleling it. The two streets did not yet boast fancy names like Commercial and Bradford Streets, but were simply Front and Back. They might well have been called Salt Street and Saltier Street.

To be sure, the term "street" hardly suits those sandy footpaths, for they were not true roadways. There was no call in Provincetown for a road because there was nothing to travel on it—no wagons, shays, or carts, no horses or oxen. If a person had any place to go, he walked—and Provincetowners even had a different way of walking than outlanders. They knew how to set their feet down on the loose sand so as not to get their shoes full of it. Whenever they did not want to use their legs, they jumped into a small boat and used their oars. Walking, rowing, or sailing were the only forms of locomotion they knew. When a visitor came to town in a carriage, a Provincetown boy was astonished by the contraption. How, he wondered, could she steer so straight without a rudder?

And in 1829 the Provincetown minister mystified the Wellfleet schoolmaster by asking, "Do you know that there is a town in the United States with 1800 inhabitants and only one horse? Well, sir, that town is Provincetown and I am the only man in town that owns a horse and he is an old white one with one eye."

But by this time Provincetown had settled temporarily into a town almost as purely Cape Cod as any other, with the same stiff-necked conservatism, the same tendency to be set in its ways and suspicious of anything that smacked of self-indulgence. One of the greatest battles ever seen in town meeting or out of it was occasioned by Provincetown's famous plank sidewalks. In 1838 it was proposed that these be built along the entire length of Front and Back Streets. The cost of this decadent extravagance was two thousand dollars, an enormous sum to be spending on fripperies at a time when one thousand dollars was the sum lavished annually on the school (less than two dollars per child, there being 562 pupils).

The proposition was put through and the sidewalks were built, but Provincetown was full of old-timers who refused to set foot

on them, and who could be seen for thirty years afterwards still grimly wading through the sand in the middle of the street.

Despite such contributions to a life of luxury and ease, Provincetowners had little opportunity to become soft. There was hard going enough whenever a winter storm or a summer gale lashed the town. Provincetown Harbor has been highly touted as a place where a thousand sails might safely ride, and certainly in those days there were hundreds of masts studding it to attest to its popularity. The fact that the harbor gave shelter from easterly winds made it particularly valuable. However, one of Provincetown's Portuguese sea captains who has operated out of it for forty-three years in a succession of his own boats told me with considerable feeling that it was "one of the most atrocious harbors in the world." According to him, an endless number of boats have been torn from their moorings and piled up on the shore during storms, especially in hurricanes which come roaring out of the southerly regions. This description of the harbor may seem unfair, but perhaps if the reader were to keep a boat there for a year or two he might decide otherwise.

It must be said, however, that the harbor does have the great virtue of never freezing over, even though a few times it has come pretty close to doing so. In the winter of 1846, one of the severest on record, the harbor was partially frozen and Provincetown was completely isolated for a considerable period. It was during this time that a particularly memorable rescue operation was carried out by Provincetowners.

The schooner *Bonita* of Eastport parted her cables at Cape Ann and drifted in a raging snowstorm to a point about half a mile east of Race Point, where she was wrecked. Heavy seas swept clear over the vessel and washed one man overboard. Another was pinned under wreckage in the cabin and died there.

But even though the mate was standing in freezing water that already reached to his waist on the stricken vessel, he finally managed to float some spun yarn in through the surf to men on the

beach. They fastened a small hawser to it and the mate carefully pulled the line back to the ship. Then he tied the hawser around the captain, who was already half-dead from the cold, and threw him overboard, to be hauled ashore through forty or fifty yards of pounding surf. Two members of the crew still remained, and twice more the mate repeated the operation. Then at last he tied the line around himself and was pulled to safety. All four men survived.

The *Bonita* did not miss by far the dreaded Peaked Hill Bars, that outstanding graveyard of the Atlantic. It was there the British man-of-war *Somerset* was wrecked in 1778, and there, in 1802, that three Salem ships all perished at once. It was a beautiful February day when the *Ulysses*, *Brutus*, and *Volutia* sailed together from Salem, two bound for Bordeaux and the other for Leghorn, but a sudden snowstorm sent all three smashing to pieces on the Peaked Hill Bars. Twenty men were lost from the *Brutus*, only five of its crew surviving. The other crews were rescued.

Even today, the Peaked Hill Bars still wait for victims, and came close to bettering their grim score within the last couple of years, when a modern freighter was stranded there. Fortunately there was no storm to contend with, and the freighter was moved off and towed away without serious damage.

During its first two centuries, Provincetown's maritime history was all written by Cape Codders. Around 1880, however, a new element began to appear that was to bring considerable luster to Provincetown's fishing fleet—the Portuguese. The first arrivals were Azoreans. Fishermen from the Azores had been sailing across the Atlantic to fish the Grand Banks before the first European ever set foot in America, and now some of them decided to move a little closer to the base of operations. For thirty years or so they came in a steady stream, and after a while some of the new arrivals were "Continents" or "Lisbons," as fishermen from Portugal itself were called. Rivalry between Islanders and Lisbons was fierce, and Provincetown was enlivened by many a street fight.

Those were the days of vessel fishing, of 110-footers with crews

of twenty-four or twenty-eight men—captain, mate, cook, spare hand, and ten or twelve dory crews. Each dory had a two-man crew, and fishing was on a shares basis. Since the Islanders had arrived first, most of the captains were Islanders. To get a "sight" on a vessel, as a place in a crew was called, a Lisbon not only had to be as good a fisherman as an Islander—he had to be better.

The fishing was good, and catches were made that fishermen still talk about. The *Julia Costa* sailed out at six o'clock one morning for nearby fishing-grounds that lay only fifteen miles off Highland Light to the northeast. She took fifteen thousand pounds of cod and was moored in Boston an hour before midnight.

"Killer," or "highliner," was the name given to captains who brought in the greatest total catches during the course of a season. Two such men were those bitter rivals, Captain Santos and Captain Gaspar, who was called 'Va Di,' meaning that he was a devil of a fellow.

By the time the Portuguese had become well-integrated into Provincetown's life, the town began to attract still another group destined to add to its color and its legends. These were artists and writers, and the type of Bohemian who likes to live among artists and writers and pretend to be one of them, enjoying a combination of protective coloring and reflected glory.

Eugene O'Neill, a penniless young man with a sheaf of plays in his bag, was perhaps the most important of this group. Of him we get two contrasting pictures—the shy O'Neill sitting by while his plays are read for consideration as possible Provincetown Playhouse productions, and the O'Neill who lived and worked tempestuously in an abandoned lifeguard station on the beach. It is said that when the wind was right the smashing of crockery and the splintering of furniture could be heard clear out on the end of Town Wharf. Be that as it may, the Provincetown Playhouse gave him a chance by producing his plays, and O'Neill returned the compliment by making the playhouse famous.

Harry Kemp, poet of the dunes, was already there, and saw

them come and go. He is still there, still poet laureate of Provincetown, and at eighty still takes to an early-morning midwinter dip now and then in the chill waters at Race Point.

In 1927, during the middle of Provincetown's great and glittering period as an artists' and writers' colony and a rumrunners' port of the Prohibition Era, when many funny and foolish things were happening there, a stark sea tragedy of a modern type occurred in the harbor. Provincetown had seen almost every disaster the sea had to offer, but this was something new, and the town was shocked and shaken by it.

A week before Christmas, the submarine S-4 was rammed and sunk off Wood End. During the next four days forty men slowly suffocated while one of the most inept rescue operations in the navy's history, even making allowances for unusually dirty weather, was carried on. Lack of coordination between the services had caused the disaster in the first place. A Coast Guard destroyer had rammed the submarine.

From New London sailed the *Falcon*, the navy's only salvage ship in the Atlantic. Divers were sent from Newport, and pontoons from New York were towed at a snail's pace by tugs. From Portsmouth came the mother ship, *Bushnell*.

The rescue operation was a shambles from beginning to end. Nothing worked out right. The S-4 was located, and tapping from inside indicated six men were still living. Weather soon made diving operations impossible. The *Falcon* stood by with a single manila buoyline on the S-4. When the storm abated enough to let the divers go down again it was discovered that the buoyline had parted. The sub was lost again.

Provincetown's fishermen offered to help. The whole fishing fleet had been standing by, hoping to do something, and now they wanted to line up and cover the area abreast with their dredges, thus saving precious time.

It is not hard to imagine what one of Cape Cod's best skippers would have done in such a situation. In a tight spot, Captain Elijah Cobb or Captain William F. Howes or Captain Silas Jones

—and certainly Va Di—would have improvised, would have used anything and everything that came to hand and might help. Unfortunately, the particular navy men involved did not happen to be of that breed. They had to do everything the navy way, and told the fishermen to mind their own business. Back and forth went the *Falcon* with its single drag, wasting precious time. When the wreck was finally located and an airline attached, all inside the submarine were already dead.

By contrast with this grim incident, what happened on the beach at Race Point one night during the Prohibition Era was fairly hilarious. In the course of a wicked northeaster, the schooner *Spindler*, a rumrunner from Nova Scotia, came ashore right under the noses of the men in the Coast Guard Station there.

Provincetowners hurried to the beach and went quickly to work helping to lighten ship. They managed to make away with quite a few cases before being chased off. In the meantime, however, the skipper of the *Spindler* had shown the Coast Guard that his papers were in order (he was ostensibly bound for the West Indies) and had demanded protection for his cargo!

Though hardly fooled as to the true nature of things, the Coast Guard captain had no choice but to store the liquor right in the Coast Guard station and protect it there until Coast Guard trucks could cart the load to a wharf where another ship, also outfitted with papers made out for the West Indies, could pick it up. Of course, once the second vessel was clear, the West Indies masquerade was dropped and the liquor was landed on a nearby beach at the first opportunity.

For many years the *Spindler* lay on the sands at Race Point and became quite famous as a place where young couples came at night to spoon in solitude but seldom succeeded because the deck was usually packed with other couples similarly inclined.

Provincetown has seen a little bit of everything, and everything is remembered added in some way to the Provincetown legend. It is still a town in which you do not have to look far to find either

a fisherman or an artist—or maybe both in one man, for many an artist goes as crew with a fishing captain now and then to make a little money between painting or watercolor sales.

The captains will tell you that the fishing is terrible compared to the old days and that good crews are hard to find, but still there are a few fish around, and somehow one manages. The artists will tell you that everything is too expensive now, nothing like the old days when a man could live in Provincetown for next to nothing; but still it's a good place to live and paint, and somehow one manages.

Provincetown will probably be managing pretty well a hundred years from now when some future town clerk, having decided to give the old safe a good housecleaning, comes across those records again.

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

The Pilgrim Monument. Inspired by the Torre del Mangia in Siena, Italy, for no particular reason I have ever heard, the square tower rises 252 feet according to one guidebook, 252 feet 7½ inches according to another, and 255 feet according to the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce. It stands on a one hundred-foot hill. The cornerstone was laid by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1907 and President William Howard Taft presided at the dedication in 1910. The stone which was once Governor Thomas Prentice's doorstep in front of his Eastham home is on the south side of the monument. Access to the top of the tower is by an inclined plane instead of stairs, and makes comparatively easy walking. On the way up you will see many commemorative stones donated by Massachusetts towns and various chapters of the Mayflower Descendants. Plymouth itself was sporting enough to contribute a stone to the competition.

Tablet marking the spot where the Pilgrims first came ashore. Well, anyway, it was probably not far from here, in one direction

or the other, that their footprints first appeared in Provincetown's sand. You will find the tablet near the western end of Commercial Street as it bears right.

Tablet commemorating Landing of the Pilgrims. This one is alongside Town Hall. It provides you a good opportunity to read the full text of the Mayflower Compact, which is brief and full of historical significance.

Bas-relief of "Signing of the Mayflower Compact." On Bradford Street at the foot of the hill the tower stands on, this depicts the scene aboard the Mayflower as she lay at anchor in the harbor.

Tablet in Old Cemetery. This one commemorates the death of William Bradford's wife, Dorothy, who was drowned while the *Mayflower* was in the harbor, and memorializes the deaths of three others during that time.

Universalist Church. This building is noteworthy for its Christopher Wren tower and spire and its old frescoing.

St. Mary of the Harbor. Provincetown artists designed and decorated this Episcopal church. The hand-hewn oak cross in the yard is a memorial to the men lost in the submarine S-4.

Historical Museum. Old documents and ship's logs, a ship's Bible from the British man-of-war *Somerset*, Sandwich glass, and a large exhibit, lent by Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan of objects collected by him or used in connection with his many expeditions to the Arctic.

Birthplace of Donald B. Macmillan. A tablet marks the house.

Figurehead House. This stands on Commercial Street between Howland and Cook Streets. A figurehead of a woman, found adrift at sea, was brought home by Captain Ben Handy and mounted on the house in 1867.

Norse Wall Cottage. At Tremont and Cottage Streets on Chip Hill stands the house where, in 1850, workman excavating for the

cellar uncovered a stone wall constructed of stones believed by some to be the sort used by Norsemen for ballast.

Provincetown's First Fire Engine. Custom-built in 1836 to navigate the sands of Provincetown, this ancient vehicle now kept in the basement of Town Hall was equipped with extra wide wheels.

Town Wharf and Monument Wharf. The wharves are worth visiting for a closer look at the fishing boats, the fish houses, and the harbor.

Race Point Coast Guard Station. This is a worth-while trip for the setting, the view, and the bathing.

Beach Taxis on the Dunes. A ride across the dunes in a beach taxi is unique and unforgettable. You are in the desert, and if a fort of the French Foreign Legion suddenly appeared in the distance it would not be too surprising. The dunes are some of nature's finest sculpturing. One more suggestion: if you should challenge your driver to give you a few thrills of the roller-coaster variety, then hang onto your hat!

11. Wellfleet

Incorporated 1763

WELLFLEET HAS BEACHES ON BOTH THE ATLANTIC OCEAN AND CAPE Cod Bay and contains the villages of Wellfleet and South Wellfleet.

Said a Wellfleet woman within very recent memory, "I can always tell a Provincetowner by the cut of his jib." Outlanders may lump the lower end of the Cape together into one general section, but people who live down there know that the townships are as distinct and different as the varicolored sections on a map, and feel that even the inhabitants, at least in the old days, had their own special township look about them.

Another expression current there not too long ago was that "Eastham ladies go around looking shabby and down-at-the-heel and have plenty of money in the bank; Wellfleet women go around looking splendid and haven't got a cent because they've put it all on their backs." This expression was probably coined by some Truro lady, but at any rate it does go to show that the boundary line drawn between the two towns was not a mere geographical matter so far as Lower Cape inhabitants were concerned.

Of course, Wellfleet was once part of Eastham and was known as the North Precinct of that town, but almost from the beginning those who settled in Billingsgate, as that precinct was called, began to look upon it as a separate entity. At an early date an effort

was made to separate from Eastham under the name of Pool, but this came to nothing and the name was never used.

Billingsgate soon laid in a supply of ghosts with the assistance of pirates and ministers. In 1717 there occurred one of the most famous of all the shipwrecks that have taken place on Wellfleet's treacherous Back Side. The pirate fleet of the notorious buccaneer Samuel Bellamy came to grief there.

The fleet consisted of his own ship, the *Whidah*, and three captured vessels—a snow, a pink, and a sloop. The pink was carrying a cargo of Madiera, and the pirates immediately began to drink up the profits. Consequently, they were in no condition for the northeaster which shortly came up. The pink went ashore off Orleans and the seven pirates who had been placed aboard her were taken off in a small boat by two Orleans men. Once on land, their identity became known and they made a dash for freedom. Cape Cod is a poor place to make a run for anything, however, as there is only one direction in which to run. Before the pirates had got far they were rounded up, brought to Boston, and hanged soon after.

In the meantime the *Whidah* was having even worse luck with the storm and finally went to pieces in the breakers off Wellfleet with a loss of nearly one hundred and fifty cutthroats, including Bellamy.

Thus was provided the first ghost, for on dark and stormy nights the ghost of Bellamy is said to stalk along the beach and pick up gold coins flung to him out of the surf by the skeleton hands of his crew.

A second ghost arose a few years later out of the mystery of Reverend Josiah Oakes. His tombstone still stands in small and neglected Billingsgate Cemetery. Within the last quarter of a century Harvard has placed there a tall stone commemorating those members of the Oakes family buried in the small family plot: Josiah and his father, both Harvard men, and Josiah's infant daughter, Hannah. Josiah's father, Dr. Thomas Oakes, was a prominent "Doctor of Physick," as his headstone observes.

It was in the third year of Josiah's ministry in the precinct of Billingsgate that he fell under a cloud and another minister was invited there by the people. Various stories attempt to explain this action. One says that Josiah had the child Hannah by a woman not his wife, but this is disproved by Hannah's own tombstone, which states that she is the daughter of "Josiah and his wife Margaret."

A more elaborate tale is the ghost-story version which claims poor little Hannah was born deformed. This fact so depressed her father that he strangled her and then did away with himself. On dark nights Hannah's ghost, a child of three, is said to come out and play around the rosebush she loved so well. (Actually, the spot where the rosebush grew is now occupied by a huckleberry bush, but this does not seem to bother Hannah.) However, on her tombstone it is recorded that she died at the age of one month and four days, which would seem to give her precious little time to become fond of rosebushes, and even less time to become a child of three.

As for the possibility that Josiah committed suicide after doing away with Hannah, this seems unlikely, since seven years elapsed between her death and his. It is doubtful, too, that he would have been buried alongside his father with a matching tombstone in the family plot had he committed this abhorred crime.

The true story would seem to be told by the following records. With Reverend Nathaniel Stone of Harwich officiating, Reverend Josiah Oakes married Margaret Haugh on November 10, 1724. Their daughter, Hannah, was born six months later on May 17, 1725, and the church dismissed Mr. Oakes that very day. Of him Josiah Paine writes: "On his attempt to enter the pulpit he was forcibly ejected, when a disturbance at once took place, which resulted in his dismissal."

For some reason, Josiah's wife was not honored with a place in the family burying ground. That Josiah did not die friendless at the early age of forty-four is indicated by the sentiment engraved on his tombstone:

"The Memory of the Just
However Treated is Blessed"

Even after his fall from grace he was not without local supporters, including John Doane, Esquire, one of the most prominent of Billingsgate's citizens. There were some eight or ten who still favored Josiah, and they "had possession of the meeting house, thus making it necessary for the disaffected majority to worship in private houses."

The split between Wellfleet and the parent township was accomplished with far less rancor than the split between Mr. Oakes and his flock, and a nice concern was even manifested for the rights of an individual. Since it was understood that one Sylvanus Snow, who lived just within the bounds of the North Precinct, wanted to remain with the South Precinct (Eastham), his wish was granted.

When the town officers had been chosen and the usual complement of tithingmen, surveyors of highways, fence-viewers, hog-reeve, pound-keeper, sealer of leather, sealer of weights and measures, culler of staves and hoops, surveyor of boards and shingles, brander of pickled fish, and wardens had been appointed, the new town got off to an admirable start. The first action taken at its initial town meeting was to raise money for the support of the ministry and schools. Even though there were no schoolhouses, there were schools, and public schools at that. As in other settlements on the Cape, they were kept in private houses, five weeks in each house before moving on to the next, until six months had elapsed.

In those days considerable effort was made to limit the production of families to people who were likely to take care of them. In 1770, Hincks Gross forbade the banns of matrimony between a Chatham woman and a Wellfleet man because "said — [the man] is *non compos*," and the same year the selectmen protested the banns of another couple on the grounds that the man was "an idle vagrant, and has received assistance from said District [of Wellfleet], and has no business to guarantee matrimony

himself, and should he marry, his family would be an additional expense to this District."

The town showed less foresight in its methods of marking bounds. The town line between Wellfleet and Truro was laid out in this perishable manner: "From a heap of stones on Bound Brook Island, which heap of stones is called the westernmost bound, and from thence easterly by old marked trees and some newly marked, in the old range, to the sea on the back side."

By the time of its incorporation, Wellfleet had long been a whaling town, with scarcely a man in it who was not a whaler. "Many of the male inhabitants have spent more than half their term of life on ship-board," wrote an observer in 1793. "Mr. John Young, who d. æ. 85, spent 50 years of his life in whaling."

Some even declare that the town's name is a corruption of "Whale Fleet," but it seems more likely that Wellfleet is a slight variation on "Wallfleet," an English seacoast town known for its oysters.

Even before whaling developed, Wellfleet had an oyster industry, and laws had been enacted to protect it. During the summer months they were not to be carried to market, nor even taken for home use during July and August. The native Billingsgate oysters had established their fame early and enjoyed a wonderful reputation for over a century. Shortly before the Revolution, however, they were wiped out by an oyster epidemic which to this day remains a mystery.

The war actually helped the oystermen. The embargo on commerce led them to try planting oysters by bringing seed from southern waters. It was found that maturing in Wellfleet waters gave these alien oysters the same fine flavor the Billingsgate original had offered. The oyster became an important local commodity.

But whaling was Wellfleet's mainstay; and as long as the wars of the colonies remained land wars with the French and the Indians, the whalers prospered. Only war with a great naval power could threaten them—and that was in the making.

The casting ashore of a tea ship tested the temper of Wellfleet

in those tense days when the strain between the colonies and the mother country had almost reached the breaking point. Some time after twenty men dressed as Indians had thrown three hundred and forty-two chests of the "abhorred article" into Boston Harbor, the last of those tea ships whose cargoes King George was determined to stuff down the throats of his American subjects was cast ashore on the Back Side of the Cape at Truro. Some of its cargo went into the sea with no help from patriots. Enough of it was saved, however, to get the local schoolmaster into more hot water than a good deal of the tea ever saw.

Local patriots were determined "to resist the sale and use of the article, if needs be, in blood up to their knees," but Schoolmaster Greenough took a different view. He enjoyed a nice cup of tea now and then. Consequently he took it upon himself to locate for the captain of the wrecked tea ship a couple of sloops which would carry the salvaged portion of his cargo on to Boston. For this Greenough was allowed to purchase duty free a couple of chests of tea. Both were broken open and otherwise damaged, he later claimed.

According to the account of an investigating body, he actually brought back to Wellfleet with him only one of the chests, "the most of which was designed for and purchased on account of Col. Willard Knowles of Eastham. This chest was landed here, and Col. Knowles received and carried away *his* tea before the district could be called together. This highly incensed the inhabitants. . . ."

Here we have a perfect picture of a certain type of the gentry in action, then, now, and forever. Acting with promptness, vigor, and decision where his creature comforts were concerned, Colonel Knowles came, got his tea, and departed, and never crossed the pages of Cape Cod history again.

As a public figure—for he was not only schoolmaster but town clerk as well—Mr. John Greenough could not thumb his nose quite so thoroughly at local opinion. Haled into town meeting to explain himself, he was contrite, conciliatory, and full of excuses. He swore

he had not realized that any harm could come from buying an old broken chest or two of tea which would otherwise go to waste. Since he had paid no duty, he did not understand what the shouting was about. Nevertheless, he promised to turn over the remainder of the chest to the local committee and let them decide what to do with it.

The fact remained, of course, that Mr. Greenough had been responsible for the bulk of the ship's cargo being landed in Boston after all. Not a single Cape Cod skipper whom he approached would touch the tea, despite the fact that all of them desperately needed a chance to make some money. Mr. Greenough had been forced to go to Boston to find sloops he could hire, and go he did. And thanks to him, fragrant steam would shortly be rising from thousands of Tory teapots from one end of New England to the other. So despite his excuses, Mr. Greenough never quite lived down the incident.

This virtuous indignation about tea demonstrates Wellfleet's patriotic attitude, but as the war clouds gathered more threateningly the local folk began to feel uncomfortably exposed. They were all but isolated from the mainland, far down the peninsula, and the Revolutionary forces could not possibly protect them from the British fleet.

As a consequence, there was difficulty in raising militia, and fines had to be levied for non-attendance. Apparently there was difficulty too in collecting these fines because it was "voted to regard such as refuse to pay, hostile to their country—no good citizen to associate or deal with them."

Even the best of those "good citizens" must have had their moments of despair in the years that followed, for the moment the British fleet appeared the Revolution was ruinous to Wellfleet. In a petition for exemption from provincial taxation, Wellfleet claimed that before the war nine tenths of her able-bodied men had been engaged in whaling and thus were cut off now from following their regular means of livelihood. This was no exaggeration.

And money in Wellfleet became so scarce that the long-suffering minister was even asked to forego a portion of his scanty stipend, or "wait for the balance."

What had been a prosperous town emerged as a lean one when seven long years of battle finally came to a close. Nor did the local whaling industry ever recover. The vessels had rotted at the wharves and there was not enough money in Wellfleet to finance the building of new ships. A few whalers finally put out again, but showed their uncertainty by taking along fishing tackle just in case they should find no whales.

Fortunately the fishing was good and with the return of peace Wellfleet began to develop rapidly as a fishing port. Before many years, evidence of returning prosperity was reflected in the meetinghouse, which was given needed repairs, a front porch, pews in the front galleries, and a new coat of paint. About the same time, it was voted "to procure, at an expense not under \$50, nor over \$60, a horse, to be presented to the minister, Rev. Mr. Whitman," and presumably a suitable horse in that price range was obtained.

The next year Mr. Whitman was voted one hundred dollars toward the repairs of his house and thirty-five dollars toward the procuring of the necessities of life, but the following year the largesse abruptly ended. Few ministers were teetotalers in those days, but Mr. Whitman was altogether too convivial. The treasurer was instructed by town vote "not to accept any orders drawn" by the Reverend Mr. W., "except so far as money is due to him, or to the amount of the tax of the person holding the order." Ten years later, when his losing battle with Demon Rum had become a rout, a committee was appointed to propose to Mr. Whitman "a dissolution of the pastoral connection" along with a grant of one hundred dollars. He had no choice but to bow to the town's wishes.

Though he had his troubles in Wellfleet, Mr. Whitman was never overworked so far as funerals were concerned. The climate proved favorable to health and longevity. Shortly before 1800,

when the population was twelve hundred, the average number of deaths during the previous nine years had been about sixteen a year, including casualties.

And of those who died, forty-eight were infants of less than a year, and nineteen others were children under five. In the entire nine years only eleven persons died between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five, as compared to twenty-three between sixty-five and one hundred. Thirteen of these had lived to be over seventy-five. One London-born lady was able, in her hundredth year, to recall perfectly her early days and give a "very minute account of the coronation of George I, which she had witnessed," though to be sure she no longer took note of contemporary events such as the beginning of mail service, which in 1801 brought the post to Wellfleet once a week.

When eventually a petition was circulated to increase mail service to twice a week, it was successful even though quite a few persons refused to sign it because they were against higher taxes.

The town's prosperity was shortly disrupted once again by President Jefferson's Embargo. The fishermen could no longer go out, and their dismantled fishing boats remained tied up at the wharves and slowly went to pieces. The women worked at the spinning wheel and the men farmed as best they could, and thus they skimped and scraped their way through the war years.

The War of 1812 was as unpopular in Wellfleet as it was everywhere else on the Cape, and such patriotic fervor as had been displayed in the cause of the Revolution was noticeably lacking. In 1814, a Committee of Safety was appointed by the town to deal cautiously and in conciliatory fashion with the British warships. The committee's instructions were that "in all cases and at all times they shall so conduct as to keep in as much friendship with the said enemy as possible, making the Constitution and laws of the U.S. and the constitution of Mass., their guide as far as they can with safety to the particularly exposed condition of the said town of Wellfleet to the enemy."

About the only profitable venture of the war was privateering,

and in this field some Cape Codders proved industrious. Outstanding was Captain Reuben Rich of Wellfleet, who, with two others, fitted out a vessel under a letter of marque, captured an East Indiaman the first day out, brought the prize to Boston, and pocketed seventeen thousand dollars as his share—all this within twenty-four hours after setting sail. Furthermore, he had the good sense to quit while he was ahead. He never went privateering again.

Few such fortunes were made out of the war, of course. But once a long era of peace ensued Wellfleet entered that period during which it thrived and became, in proportion to its population, one of the wealthiest towns in New England. Its population at mid-century was 2,325.

For many years the South Wellfleet wharf flourished, and by 1871 a hundred Grand Banks schooners carrying fifteen hundred men made it their home port. On sailing days a free dinner was served aboard all ships about to sail. The whole town came and ate, and it was a great occasion, especially for small boys with large appetites.

In the late seventies Blackfish Creek became too shallow for the larger schooners, and the wharf had to be abandoned in favor of Wellfleet or Boston.

Among Wellfleet's abundant supply of sea captains were quite a number who descended from one of Truro's more colorful mariners. Captain Ambrose Snow lost both legs to the knee when they were frozen and amputated during a long, hard voyage. At the time he was engaged to a girl at home, and when he got back he wanted to absolve her from their engagement, but she said, "Legs or no legs, Ambrose, I'm going to marry you." She did, and they had twelve children.

Ambrose never wore wooden legs, but walked on pads. He loved his liquor, and never came off his ship (for he continued to go to sea!) without his jug. He was one of the famous sights of his town, stumping up the road carefully holding his jug aloft so as not to hit it against the stones.

Men did not readily bow to major handicaps in those days. Another captain, one of the many Captain Riches, was blind, but still managed to carry on. Once both he and Captain Ambrose Snow were aboard the Truro packet which was lying at the wharf in Boston. A talkative woman came in the salon to rubberneck around. After her lengthy monologue had been rewarded with one of those stony Cape Cod silences, she finally left. The blind captain then grinned. "I soon saw her drift," he remarked, and the legless Captain Ambrose quipped, "So did I, and if she hadn't left just as she did I'd have kicked her out of the cabin!"

During the winter there was a fishermen's school attended by the young fishermen in the off-season. Fishing on the Grand Banks stopped in November and did not begin again until the following March. These "students" were twenty to twenty-five years old, and tough. All of them were bigger and some of them older than Miss Stone, the schoolmarm. Fortunately, however, a town policeman who was tougher than any of them also attended the class. So a scholar who did not mind the teacher was taken right outside and given an informal larruping by the law.

There must have been a considerable number of Snows in some of those classes. One of Captain Ambrose Snow's numerous sons could boast of six sons who were masters of first-class fishing craft (and he had still more sons in reserve). The six sons' vessels were called the "Snow-Birds."

The Gross family took the opposite tack—they had ten daughters. Just for a lark, Hincks Gross, Jr., and his wife Abigail also had an occasional son, but in nothing like the some profusion. Five of the Gross girls were born in colonial days, and there was a difference of almost thirty years between the oldest and the youngest. It is believed that when they assembled in 1852 for a daguerreotype portrait, it was the first time they had all been together. The original daguerreotype still hangs today in one of the rooms of the Wellfleet Historical Society.

All the girls married, and all lived beyond their allotted span. Two only made it to seventy-nine, but three lived into their nine-

ties, and the rest were in their eighties when they died. They were a sprightly crew, and stories are still told of their insouciant spirit.

Take Cynthia Gross, for example. Her house was up near Gull Pond, quite a distance from the center of things, so that when she came to town she generally made a day of it. One time she brought a rocking chair down to the village to have a new cane seat put in it. While the work was being done, she passed a pleasant day gossiping around town.

When she finally started for home it was late. The night was a black one, and on her way through Pleasant Hill Cemetery she got lost among the tombstones and could not tell which way to go. Another woman might have been reduced to hysterical panic, but not Cynthia. She plunked down her rocking chair, settled herself in it, and rocked and sang hymns until the moon came up to light her home.

She must have gotten in the unfamiliar Methodist section of the cemetery by mistake—for there a picket fence separated the Methodist and Congregational sections from each other. Members of the two sects would have preferred no burial at all to a tombstone on the wrong side of the fence.

A visitor who would have considered such religious bickering utterly ridiculous came down-Cape during the middle of the century and immortalized the Wellfleet oysterman with whom he lodged for a night. The house in which Henry Thoreau stayed still stands near Williams Pond, and the tombstones of the oysterman, John Newcomb, and his wife, Thankful, can be seen in the old Duck Creek cemetery. The house is on its original site though at least half of the older local houses have been moved from their original foundations.

One of Wellfleet's greatest sea captains made his name in neither whaling nor fishing. In fact, for reasons of health he had to give up going to the Grand Banks altogether except in the warm months. He could not stand the exposure. A sailor at ten and a master-owner at twenty-one, the legal minimum age, Captain Lorenzo

Dow Baker was the son of a whaling captain and a descendant of the Pilgrims.

When the weather grew cold, he was obliged to head his seventy-five-ton schooner *Telegraph* toward the warmer waters of the Caribbeans, and pick up whatever cargo he could find. His vessel was old, and cargoes came hard. In Jamaica he grew fond of the native fruit known as the banana and it occurred to him that people back home would probably like the fruit, too, so he took some stalks aboard before he left.

He soon found that the ripe fruit rotted and had to go over the side very quickly. Even most green fruit never made it home. Only green fruit which happened to be put in a dark corner of the hold survived.

Through trial and error Captain Baker found that a banana had to be picked eighteen days before it was fully ripe and that he had to allow enough time for the boat trip and marketing. He came to know "eighteen-day bananas," as he called them, and to choose for his cargo the stalks that would hold up. In time his judgment as a buyer became so important to the operation that he stayed in Jamaica and found other captains to carry the fruit to market.

Other ships began to take bananas to southern ports, like New Orleans and Mobile, and before the turn of the century Captain Baker had organized this trade into the United Fruit Company.

In 1905 all Jamaica honored the sixty-five-year-old Wellfleet sea captain, showering him with many gifts and tributes. Said one high official, "In thirty years Captain Baker has done more for Jamaica than the British Empire in three hundred years."

Perhaps Guglielmo Marconi did not do as much materially for Wellfleet as Captain Baker had done for Jamaica, but at least he brought it the excitement of the first wireless station located in the United States.

On the beach at South Wellfleet hardly any signs of that first station remain today, but in 1903 there were a radio room and powerhouse, surrounded by what looked like an oil field with

four wooden derricks two hundred feet tall. The first towers had been steel masts, but they had proved no match for the kind of wintry winds that roared in from the ocean.

Marconi's visit was brief. He was on hand for three days during the tense moments when the first experimental messages were sent. Outside in the bitter January wind waited the stationmaster and his express wagon. When the first message crackled through, Marconi personally stuffed the paper tapes into two envelopes, one for President Theodore Roosevelt and the other for New York, and gave them to Charles Paine, the stationmaster, who raced his team as fast as it would take him back to the Wellfleet depot telegraph office.

After thirteen years, expanded service elsewhere eliminated the need for this first station. It was dismantled in 1920, and the snap of its spark was no longer heard for miles along the beach on clear, cold winter nights.

The dramatic moment provided by Marconi's visit was far more welcome in Wellfleet than the sort of drama with which it has been too liberally supplied. Shipwrecks have ever remained a grim part of the history of this dangerous coast, and persons of no great age here can remember the wreck of the *Jason*, when the sole survivor was brought ashore and tended in the local doctor's house. The young seaman was dazed by the experience, and had to undergo the further strain of identifying the bodies of twenty of his less fortunate shipmates. Nor did his own good fortune last for long. Within a short time he set sail again in another ship lost at sea.

Not only ships have sunk off Wellfleet, but also an entire island. Though most of the ships have sunk off the back side, the island was lost on the bay side. In 1822, the Cape's third lighthouse was built on Billingsgate Island, and by 1890 its fifty acres had become home to a good many fishermen. The community was even populous enough to require its own schoolhouse. Then the island began to sink slowly. Today it is almost entirely under water except for a small patch which shows at low tide. Actually, it had probably

been sinking all the time, since in still earlier days it was not even an island, but was referred to as Billingsgate Point.

Wellfleet folk have seen enough wonders to be matter-of-fact about almost everything, as is illustrated by one of their favorite stories about a typical summer visitor who tried to strike up a conversation with the typical native.

"Going to clear up?" asked the outlander.

"Always has."

He tried again.

"Lived here all your life?"

"Not yet."

A sense of humor has gone into the naming of some localities in Wellfleet. Down by the wharf, for example, you will find Shirt Tail Point. Elsewhere there are Dogtown, Puckertown, Money Hill, Physic Point, and Skunk's Misery.

Between the dunes or knolls are low-lying patches of land which are called bottom lands, and their owner's names often become attached to them, so that they are referred to as Uncle Joe's bottom, Aunt Sally's bottom, and so on. The Wellfleet Associates boast that one time some years ago they had a picnic on Aunt Sally's bottom.

Wellfleet also claims that the Congregational church belfry houses the only town clock in the world which strikes ship's time. In fact, Wellfleet has quite a number of unusual distinctions. Its French cemetery contains the graves of those French Canadians who came from Nova Scotia long ago, fleeing the persecutions of the British. The town also has a gas station that was operated until his recent death by a man whose family was originally granted most of the land in the vicinity by George II. It is a thriving town with a rich history.

In speaking of distinctions, though, I must not neglect South Wellfleet. That village reminds us that while we are busy remembering the inventors of such dubious blessings as the Maxim silencer, the Gatling gun, the explosive bullet, and the atom bomb, we often forget the inventors of humbler items which have brought nothing but good into our lives. So let other towns claim the archi-

fects of destruction; to South Wellfleet goes the honor of claiming Luther Childs Crowell, inventor of the square-bottom paper bag.

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Wellfleet Oysterman's House, Wellfleet. Sometimes referred to as the "Thoreau House," this is where Thoreau stopped on his way down-Cape. It still stands, near Williams Pond.

Town Hall, Wellfleet. Built in 1833 as the South Wellfleet Congregational Church, this fine old building was saved from destruction despite considerable opposition. After falling into disuse as a meetinghouse it was moved to Wellfleet to be a memorial hall, but was not used. It might have been torn down had interested people not finally convinced a majority that it should be converted into a town hall. In its early days as a meetinghouse, it was not heated, since some of the congregation felt it was sinful to be comfortable in church. After shivering through three winters they compromised to the extent of allowing a stove to be put in the vestibule. The devil now had his foot in the door; before another winter arrived the partition between the vestibule and auditorium was removed.

Congregational Church, Wellfleet. This is the church with the clock that strikes ship's time.

Billingsgate Cemetery, Wellfleet. Here, in badly neglected surroundings, lie the Oakes family and other early residents of Wellfleet.

Holiday House, Wellfleet. This inn is made up of five old houses put together into one, the original being the home of a sea captain, and others being built from the "India Store" once located on a Wellfleet wharf and an old salt mill.

Cannon Hill, Wellfleet. Worth the climb for the view. Cross over on Uncle Tim's Bridge and try it.

Site of Marconi's Wireless Station, South Wellfleet. Here the first wireless messages to cross the Atlantic were received in 1903.

12. Dennis

Incorporated 1794

DENNIS HAS SHORELINE ON BOTH CAPE COD BAY AND NANTUCKET Sound, and contains the following villages: Dennis, East Dennis, West Dennis, South Dennis, and Dennisport.

Dennis is the town I live in, so I cannot write about it with the same detachment I can about the others. This is only a normal attitude on Cape Cod, where people have an extraordinary ability to concentrate their interests within their own township or even village and be as unconcerned with the rest of the Cape as though it were a foreign country.

Most people in Falmouth are so vague about the Lower Cape that they would have trouble saying right off whether Wellfleet comes before Eastham or after. Many people in Orleans seldom if ever visit Sandwich or Bourne, know little about them, and care less. And there are people in Dennis who know Provincetown only by rumor.

It is not mere personal prejudice which makes me feel that the Cape Cod flavor lingers a little more strongly on the bay side of the Mid-Cape area. Dennis and Brewster still have enough old-style Cape Codders around to keep anybody from forgetting for a minute where he is.

Some of the old stores in Dennis have moved with the times as little as is absolutely necessary. Take, for example, Goodspeed's in Dennis Village. An ancient account book preserved by the

owner, C. L. Goodspeed, dates back to the days when nearly every person in town was either a Howes, Hall, Crowell, or Sears. There are about fifty pages of each name in the book, and any other name is a rarity.

Even in a modern Dennis drugstore one is likely to observe real old-timers in action. It was very recently that one eighty-two-year-old Cape Codder put in one of his semi-annual appearances at the prescriptions counter in East Dennis. He bought a bottle of liniment and got some stomach pills for his wife, and then took out a pill-bottle he had often had filled.

"I know it's cheaper to have the whole prescription than to have only part of it, but don't give me the whole hundred. Just fill it about up to here," he said, holding his finger halfway up the bottle.

"Why? Are you broke?" asked the druggist, who knew the old man was well fixed. "If you are I'd be glad to charge it."

"No, it isn't that," said the gaffer grimly, and pointed to the floor with his thumb.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, dammit, I haven't been feeling so good lately, and I doubt very much I'll last out the winter."

"Well, Lord, man, if you don't, what good will your money be to you anyway?"

"H'm. Never thought of it that way. Dammit, let me have the whole hundred!"

The history of Dennis begins on the bay side, for it was there that the first settlement was made.

The territory which is now Dennis was then part of Yarmouth. A group led by Richard Sears came down-Cape in 1643 through the western part of Yarmouth and climbed Scargo Hill, attracted by the fine view just as we are today. From there they looked out over Scargo Lake toward the bright waters of the bay, and then, gazing on down to the east, saw a fine looking neck of land between two small streams which were eventually to be christened Quivet and Sesuit Creeks.

Though not a *Mayflower* man, Richard Sears is known in Cape history books as "The Pilgrim," because he came over with the last of the Scrooby congregation of Leyden in 1630. A man of substantial means, he decided to buy the greater portion of the neck of land that lay between the two streams (Quivet Neck) and build his house there.

He begat rather conservatively for those days, having only three sons and one daughter, but his children were more prolific. A couple of centuries later the village, officially known as East Dennis, was locally referred to as "Searsville" since almost every family there answered to that name.

More and more settlers found their way to this place and to the land between Scargo Hill and the bay, but for almost eighty years it continued to be merely an eastern section of Yarmouth. Attendance at divine services must have been a formidable chore, considering the distance to the Yarmouth meetinghouse, but not until 1721 was Dennis set off as the East Precinct of the town.

Even then, it took several years to find a minister who was willing to come and settle there. Finally Reverend Josiah Dennis was prevailed upon to do so. He was a happy choice, and many years after his death he became the only minister, except for Elder Brewster, to be honored by having a Cape town named after him. Bourne, which is often erroneously put in this category, was actually not named for Reverend Richard Bourne but for one of his comparatively recent descendants.

Before Dennis became a separate township, however, the first of its great contributions to Cape prosperity had been made in Suet (that being the charming name by which the present village of East Dennis was then known). The desperate war for independence which had begun did not distract Captain John Sears from a peaceful problem with which he had been wrestling—the production of salt by solar evaporation. And in 1776 he constructed a vat one hundred by ten feet with rafters fixed over it and movable shutters to cover it when it rained and to let in the sun's rays in fair weather. Like most inventors' neighbors, Suet folk were skeptical

and called the experiment "Sears' Folly" when it was in its early stages, but within a few years many of them were scrambling to invest their money in an improved version of "Sleepy John" Sears' saltworks.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century the south side of Dennis had been built up and beginning to prosper, with fishing already an important industry there. Simple living was still the keynote, however. Of one hundred houses in the Bass River area, only two were more than one story in height. By mid-century, the south side of Dennis already had the greatest population and business and has held this leadership ever since.

A second and even larger contribution to the Cape's economic welfare—and one of more lasting effect than the saltworks—was made by a Dennis man early in the century when Henry Hall of Dennis Village decided to cultivate cranberries. He had cleared a patch of swamp when a landslide covered part of his cranberry vines. To his surprise, these vines flourished excessively. Thus the importance of sanding cranberry bogs was discovered.

Many other enterprising Dennis men joined Henry Hall in cultivating cranberries. Fortunes were amassed in one or two seasons in the early days of cranberry-growing, and the tart little berry is still making a solid contribution to local prosperity when the price per barrel is right.

However, despite such landlocked industries as the saltworks and cranberries, most of Dennis' men were finding their living on the water, and the melancholy records of the great gale of 1841 bear testimony to that fact. In that storm, twenty-six young men from Dennis were lost at sea. Eighteen of them had gone to school together and their families lived within a quarter-mile of each other. Indeed, most of them were interrelated. Among them were twelve Howeses, three Crowells, and two Searses.

Despite the woes and disasters of the hard life at sea, most Dennis sea captains managed to retire with a modest nest egg and to live out their days in comfort. Although there are hundreds of such skippers to choose from, one of my favorites is Captain Joshua

Sears of East Dennis, who lived just around the corner, about eighty years before we got here.

In the course of a long career as shipmaster Captain Sears grumbled and complained on his way from Boston around the Cape of Good Hope at least five times in the ships *Burmah* and *Orissa*. Sometime later he went around the Horn to San Francisco and on across to the China Seas as master of the clipper *Wild Hunter*. The entry, "Xd the Equator," very soon became a commonplace in his logs.

Everything had to be just right on his ships, so naturally when he took over the *Burmah* he spent his first weeks at sea rerigging and refitting her as he went.

"I don't See how they Ever work'd the Ship as She was rigged before," he declared mournfully. "We have been ever Since we left Boston Shifting and Rep. & We have hard work to manage her now. The main braces are all worn out don't know What I Shall do for new ones to go round the Cape With if we should ever get there."

Already he was filled with that burning Yankee drive that chafed at any delay and yet contained at base the remarkably steady patience needed to see a skipper through the long voyages across enormous spaces. On the 25th of July, a month out of Boston, Sears was still full of complaints and casting dour glances at his new command. That Sabbath day, having mentioned the day before that there were "2 Sail in Sight," he records "Begins fair with a tremendous heavy head Sea. It Seems as if She would pitch the masts out of her. One of the above nam'd vessels out of Sight ahead oh how I long for a fast Sailing Ship." Ten years later he was to command the fast clipper *Wild Hunter*.

Whenever another ship turned up going his way, Sears' first concern was whether or not he could outsail it. A few days after the above entry made, a ship came in sight to windward, and from its rigging he concluded it was English. The next day, "Strong SSWest wind at 12:30 tacked Ship to Westward at 1 do. our partner tacked & Set his Maintop gall. Sail good Strong breezes. I think if

I had a fast Ship I could beet her out of these diggins into the S East trades in about 3 days."

Then things began to look up. First a Portuguese brig and then another brig were sighted ahead. At the end of the day Captain Sears gives their positions and concludes, "So you See the *Burmah* beets them both." And the next day. "At daylight in the Morning nothing in Sight. So in 24 hours We have rais'd a Sail ahead & run him out of Sight astern pretty fair for the *Burmah* I think she deserves credit."

It was not only the ship that had to be up to the mark with Captain Joshua; the men had to jump, too, and he took no nonsense. Once when he had been sick for a few days on a voyage he wrote his wife, "I'm so weak I had to strike a sailor twice to knock him down." An indignant marginal note reveals a great deal about the master's autocratic attitudes: "Oct. 11th. I had a quarrel with the mate he finding fault with me for interfering with his work. Who ever heard of such a thing. J. Sears."

Coming home the *Burmah* ran into a spell of heavy weather as she neared the Cape of Good Hope. "Sea running in over both Sides Deck full of water. All hands got Salt Water Biles on their legs." Two days later, the following lively description: "A very high turbulent Sea causing the Ship to Strain & Make considerable Water at the pumps. Sea making a highway over the Ship. Decks continually full of Water. At 5 PM it died away nearly calm. Ship fell off in the trough of $\frac{1}{2}$ Doz different Seas running $\frac{1}{2}$ Doz different ways causing her to cut such figures as pen & Ink cannot describe constantly Shipping Water from over both rails."

It was on the *Wild Hunter's* maiden voyage to the China Seas that Captain Sears had his first taste of the most bloodthirsty devils then loose on the high seas—Chinese pirates. Let them sight a merchantman within striking distance, and they would swarm around it in their *proas* like deadly insects. *Proas* were sixty-foot single-masted lateen-rigged boats, and though their villainous crews generally lacked guns they relied on smoke-screens and overwhelming numbers. Coming alongside, they first threw "stink

bombs" on the deck of the vessel they were attacking and then, after the thick smoke of these smudge-pots had blinded all aboard, they proceeded to the slaughter.

When *proas* seething with Chinese cutthroats converged on the ship from every direction, Captain Sears passed out all available arms and set all available sail. Fortunately the *Wild Hunter* made good headway, ploughed through the pirates belching fire like a regular warship, and ran clear.

On some occasions, Cape Cod skippers proved themselves capable of fighting smoke with steam. Captain Joshua's wife, who accompanied him on some of his voyages, could recall how great kettles of water were heated to the boiling point and poured on Chinese pirates to discourage them from coming over the sides. It worked.

The greatest danger to ships came when they were becalmed. In this helpless condition they were fair prey and hard to defend. Less fortunate than Captain Joshua Sears were Captains Joshua Hall and Benjamin Howes. Captain Hall and his mate, Jabez Howes, were murdered by pirates in Atlantic waters. As for Captain Howes, he seemed to be born under an evil star. He was in command of the clipper *Southern Cross* when she was burned by the first Confederate privateer, the *Florida*, during the Civil War. After the war, in a smaller ship of his own, he ran afoul of Chinese pirates and was shot and killed by one of them before the eyes of his wife and infant child, who were in the cabin.

Despite hair-raising adventures, however, most Dennis captains at least managed to get back home alive, and in time some of them even stayed home and participated in the building of ships for other captains to sail. The clipper ship era brought forth the finest in Dennis shipbuilding at the Shiverick shipyards in East Dennis. Here were built eight great vessels: *Revenue*, *Hippogriffe*, *Belle of the West*, *Kit Carson*, *Wild Hunter*, *Webfoot*, *Christopher Hall*, and *Ellen Sears*.

Of these, Captain Joshua Sears' *Wild Hunter* and *Belle of the West*, commanded by Captain William F. Howes of East Dennis,

were extreme clippers. The latter ship was considered by many to be the best-built and most beautiful of all clippers. According to Thomas F. Hall of Dennis, who sailed on her, only the fact that her stern captain "rather abhorred" publicity kept her from becoming better known.

The *Hippogriffe* became well-known because of misadventure from which she luckily escaped unscathed. She ran aground on an uncharted shoal in the China Seas, but was able to get off at high tide, and when examined later was found to be undamaged. This shoal has since been exaggerated into a rock, with the further legend that a piece of the rock was wedged into the *Hippogriffe* and broken off, and stayed in so tightly as to caulk its own hole.

But according to the diary of the first mate it was a sandbar that the *Hippogriffe* struck rather than a rock. When the shoal was reported, the British sent out an expedition to locate it so that it could be charted. The first expedition failed to find it, but a second succeeded, and the shoal was named Hippogriffe Shoal.

Most of the Shiverick ships were commanded by men who lived a stone's throw from where the ships were built, and at least four of the captains who commanded them at one time or another were named Howes.

The clippers were built for speed, and much has been written about their fast passages around the Horn to San Francisco. One Dennis captain saw things differently, however. He was willing to sacrifice a little speed for increased carrying capacity. The clippers averaged around one thousand tons. Captain Moses Howes built ships of twice that tonnage which took a little longer but carried twice as much cargo. Since they made the trip to San Francisco in not much over a hundred days there was small cause for complaint. Captain Moses Howes proved his point by making a tidy fortune.

Like most of the top captains of the day, he was known not only as a driver of ships but as a driver of men. Once the ship's carpenter on one of Captain Moses' ships thought he had found an easy berth, since the ship was brand new. Captain Moses, however,

would have no idlers aboard. The second day out, he set the ship's carpenter to work planing the deck, and from then on that unhappy artisan was a busy man. In after years Captain Moses used to tell this yarn with a ferocious chuckle. "You know, that was a big deck, too," he'd say. "Long. Wide."

Captain Moses' wife went with him on some of his lengthy voyages, and like many another seagoing couple—the Joshua Seares, for one—they whiled away some of the time by planning exactly what kind of house they were going to build when they got home. Only the best lumber and the finest carpentry and cabinet work went into their home, and though it is sadly neglected today by an absentee owner, it still shows evidences of the craftsmanship that produced it.

In the Howes family burying ground in Dennis over a hundred and fifty of that name are buried. Often as not on ships skippered by Dennis men, both captain and mate would be Howeses. Captain Peleg Howes, for example, once had Thomas Smith Howes as mate. Captain Peleg was a very pious man, and it distressed him to hear how Thomas encouraged the crew to carry out their duties.

"Mr. Howes, I wish you would not use profanity when you talk to the men," the captain finally remarked.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Thomas grimly.

Came evening, and the captain told the mate to send men aloft to shorten sail.

"Aye, aye, sir. Some of you men go aloft and double-reef the tops'ls," said the mate.

This was tricky work in the dark and no one cared much for it. Not a man moved.

"Go aloft," the mate repeated sweetly.

Nobody moved.

The third time Thomas S. Howe grabbed a belaying-pin.

"You sons of bitches, get up that rigging and get up there quick!" was part of what he said.

Everybody moved. When the job was taken care of, Captain Peleg had a word with his mate.

"I guess you know how to handle your men, Mr. Howes. You talk their language," he said, and spent the rest of the voyage trying not to listen to his orders being carried out. It was unquestionably not easy for him, because Cape Cod sea captains were known for their strong convictions.

When Captain David Sears' ship was going down and all hands were in the lifeboats, the captain was nowhere to be seen. One of the men rushed below shouting, "Captain Sears! Captain Sears! We're ready to leave!"

The captain was in his cabin, buttoning the last button of a clean shirt. He came on deck, stepped calmly into a boat, and ordered the men to cast off. Then he explained his odd behavior.

"I will not land at a foreign port in a dirty shirt," he declared. Within this seemingly foolhardy action lies the secret of the Cape Cod skippers' steady success, the thing that made them hard to beat.

When the skippers came home, each accustomed to being a lonely god aboard a ship entrusted solely to his care, there was sure to be a monumental clash of wills in villages too small to hold with any degree of comfort so many colossal figures at once. The inevitable scene of some of these clashes was the church.

Thus the church in East Dennis was formed by a Wesleyan Methodist society, and soon the congregation split into two groups: rigid Wesleyans, and those with more liberal views. One old sea captain would even go so far as to rise and interrupt Reverend John Tate in the middle of a sermon whenever he felt the minister was deviating from the straight and narrow.

Erect and righteous, his chin whiskers bristling, the captain would challenge the preacher.

"That ain't according to John Wesley!"

"No, Captain," the minister would agree stoutly, "that's according to John Tate!"

Sea captains barged in and out of that church like rampaging bulls. If something displeased them, their heavy treads shook the building as they made for the door. One old salt just back from a

long voyage came down the aisle on his first Sabbath home and saw candles burning up on the dais.

"Ah! I see we've gone back to Popery!" he rumbled, and out he went.

Another point on which Dennis sea captains violently disagreed was the anti-slavery question. Some, such as Captain Prince S. Crowell, an East Dennis shipmaster and shipowner, were ardent abolitionists, and their houses were stations on the Underground Railway for runaway slaves. The risks involved were not likely to deter these men, even though there were other Cape Cod skip-pers who saw eye to eye with Southern slaveowners.

Captain Crowell was used to taking care of himself and doing things however he saw fit. Once in a violent storm his crew tried to mutiny after he refused to abandon ship and take to the boats. By sheer force of character not to mention a good right arm he made them stay aboard, and he brought them through, men, ship, cargo, black eyes, and all. The only things missing were a few teeth. Such, then, was the man who was a prime mover in local abolitionist activities.

But to show that sentiment on this controversial question was sharply divided, let us look at an "anti-slavery convention" held in the neighboring town of Harwich in 1848. This meeting discussed the case of a captain who was master of a coaster sailing between Norfolk and New York. He had been approached by a slave at Norfolk who boarded his ship and offered to pay a hundred dollars for passage to Boston for himself and a fellow Negro. The contract was made and the captain pocketed the money. Then he went ashore, betrayed the slave, gave the slave's owner the hundred dollars, and received twenty-five dollars as a reward.

This same captain was present at the anti-slavery convention. When his story was told, and when it was learned that he was a member in good standing of the local Baptist church, a riot ensued, with the mob attacking not the coldblooded captain but the Abolitionist speakers!

Captain Chase and Captain Smith of Harwich, both gray-haired

old men, sprang to the defense of the anti-slavery group and were knocked down in the melee. Then Captain Prince Crowell's iron fists started cutting a swath through the mob. All things considered, it is not hard to believe the report that Captain Crowell managed to "restore order."

By the time the Civil War came along, Dennis was strongly united on the issues involved and ready to play its part to the hilt. Dennis men marched away to war down the highway which is today labeled the "Grand Army of the Republic Highway" (Route 6) and proved they could fight like fury on land as well as sea. Schouler in his *Massachusetts in the Rebellion* says of Dennis' Civil War activities: "The result shows that few towns were more active in the good cause, or came out of the war with a better record."

The great era of American merchant sailing ships was already on the wane, and the Civil War sounded its death knell. Many of Dennis' young men went west to seek their fortunes, once they could no longer turn to the sea. Even so, the town retained a plentiful stock of Cape Codders, and does to this day. Their individualism has remained unimpaired, and is likely to come forth in almost any situation, even in court.

Not many years ago, Theophilus Smith, keeper of the Dennis town dump, was called as a witness to testify in a case. On the stand, he grew more and more fidgety and ill at ease. The spectators whispered excitedly, and the lawyers became suspicious. What did this man have on his conscience? Was a bombshell about to be thrown into the proceedings? Finally the judge asked him what was the matter.

Theophilus hauled out his watch.

"Well, goddamit, judge, it's one o'clock! I got to git back to the dump!"

Throughout their history, Cape Codders have emphasized the practical and the down-to-earth. And when it comes to something as down-to-earth as saving a bit to make ends meet, they can some-

times look a good deal farther than the average person might. Most men with a large family of growing children, now, might figure that the way to save a little on the food bills would be to slice the bread thin. Not so a Dennis old-timer.

"Slice the bread thick, Ma," he ordered. "Don't take no more butter to cover a thick slice than a thin one!"

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Howes Burying Ground, Dennis. Eight generations of the family are buried here.

Indian Burying Ground, Dennis. Near the shores of Scargo Lake off Route 6, a marker identifies the "Burial Ground of the Nobscusset Tribe of Indians of Which Tribe Mashantampaine Was Chief."

Shiverick Shipyards, East Dennis. The site of the shipyards where Asa Shiverick and his sons, Asa, Jr., Paul, and David built their ships in the 1850's is marked by a bronze tablet set in a boulder. The tablet shows a hull on the ways and the location of the shipyards, and gives data about the eight principal ships built there in the clipper ship era.

Scargo Hill, Dennis. This hill, though only 160 feet high, is the highest spot in the Mid-Cape and Lower Cape area. The tower built on it rises another thirty feet, and affords a view of some eighty miles on a clear day, with a particularly fine view of Cape Cod Bay.

Home of Captain John Sears, East Dennis. The house occupied by Captain Sears in Revolutionary War days is the first house on the left on North Street from the Pleasant Street end. Captain Sears was the inventor of the process of obtaining salt by solar evaporation, which brought the Cape a period of prosperity in the early 1800's.

Cape Playhouse, Dennis. An early summer playhouse, and one of the most famous.

Cape Cinema, Dennis. Remarkable for the ceiling mural by Rockwell Kent, said to be the largest mural painting in the world.

Follins Pond, South Dennis. Here at the head of Bass River near the shore are some rocks which have led scholars to surmise that the Vikings moored their boats in Bass River while camping on the Cape. Holes drilled into the rocks are thought to be the sort of holes the Norsemen made for mooring holes.

Oldest Grave, East Dennis. The grave of John Hall, who was buried in Dennis in 1696, has previously been listed as the oldest grave in town. Certainly stones as old as that are fairly rare anywhere on the Cape. But in the Homer and Winslow burying ground off Sears Road in East Dennis I came across the stone of Mrs. Kenelm Winslow dated 1688. Winslow was a Brewster man when that town was still the North Precinct of Harwich. Whether or not the family was at odds with Harwich church, I do not know (the second Kenelm Winslow was excommunicated in 1741), but at any rate the family burying ground was established in the adjoining township, which was then still a part of Yarmouth, and there you will find three successive Kenelm Winslows and their families.

13. Orleans

Incorporated 1797

ORLEANS HAS SHORELINE ON BOTH CAPE COD BAY AND THE ATLANTIC Ocean, and contains the following villages: Orleans, South Orleans, and East Orleans.

Orleans was once thriving Indian country, part of the "Kingdom of Nauset" inhabited by the Nauset Indians. It included the place of last resort for the red man whose larder was empty. At Namskaket Creek, which now forms part of the boundary between Orleans and Brewster on the bay side, the shore near the mouth of the creek on each side was famous for stranded fish. Hungry Indians always gave it a try, and if they found no fish there they knew there was no use looking any further on the bay side.

The flats on the ocean side attracted larger game. The *Sparrowhawk*, bound for Virginia from London, was stranded on the flats off Nauset Beach in 1627. This was the nearest thing to a shipwreck that had occurred since the landing of the Pilgrims.

At the time the master of the ship "was sick and lame of ye scurvie, so that he could [but] lie in ye cabin dore, and give directions." Apparently his directions were no match for the howling winter storm that bore down on the ship as it approached the treacherous coast.

The ship struck the bar near the entrance to Nauset Harbor, and heavy seas finally took her over into the harbor, but she was badly sprung. The passengers were safe but understandably nervous,

particularly when canoes full of savages put out from the shore toward them.

They must have been considerably relieved when the Indians asked if they were the Governor of Plymouth's men, and kindly offered to take them to Plymouth or carry letters there for them. Two men went with the Indians, and presently Governor Bradford himself appeared at the head of a party with a boatload of provisions and materials for repairing the ship.

Bradford had better sense than to brave the Back Side himself. "It was noe season of ye year to goe without ye Cape," as he later declared in his history, so he sailed across the bay and came ashore at Namskakot Creek.

The governor left the newcomers well provided for and busy at work mending their ship, but he had scarcely got back to Plymouth with a load of corn he had bought en route when word came of more trouble.

Just about the time the *Sparrowhawk's* company finished mending their ship, another great storm had struck them and driven her ashore. This time the ship was shattered beyond repair. Could the governor send some means of transport for them and their goods, and might they stay with him and his people until they could arrange passage on to Virginia? Bradford again played Good Samaritan, and Plymouth had guests for several months.

The storms of subsequent years piled sand high over the shattered *Sparrowhawk* and she disappeared from view. A century and a half went by before one of those strange shifts in Cape Cod's sandy shore, which storms so often bring about, uncovered the old ship.

In 1782 she aroused no interest among Cape Codders, preoccupied as they were with the final lean and difficult months of the Revolutionary War. Sand covered her again, and America was in the midst of another desperate conflict when the *Sparrowhawk* was next laid bare, in 1863. By then interest in America's early days was much keener. Plymouth's Pilgrim Memorial Hall was already constructed to attest to this interest. The old ship's oak

timbers were found to be stout and undecayed, and her rudder was sent to the memorial hall, where it has been on display ever since.

When its territory was first settled, what is now Orleans was the southern portion of Eastham. The earliest arrival there had his house partly built when his wife decided she did not like the neighborhood, or rather the lack of a neighborhood. The place was too far from any other white settlers and too near an Indian village to suit her social tendencies. Her patient husband stopped work and transferred the frame and other building materials to "another parcell of land" near an established settlement and there finished the house.

Eventually Eastham was divided into two precincts, and Orleans' present territory became the South Precinct. Its church was called the Pochet Church.

To this church, in the early 1700s, came Reverend Samuel Osborn, and unwittingly he brought twenty years of storm and strife with him. Mr. Osborn had made an impetuous youthful error many years before on Martha's Vineyard, and the wench he seduced took him to court. Due to mitigating circumstances, such as the number of other men in the girl's life, Mr. Osborn's case had been more or less thrown out of court, and since then he had lived an exemplary life.

Unfortunately, however, his past caught up with him in Pochet, when gossip reached the ears of neighboring ministers. They kept after him for twenty years and, despite his good work and general popularity, finally succeeded in hounding him out of Orleans and off the Cape.

The man who followed Mr. Osborn was safe and dull, and the Pochet Church simmered down for a while, but in time other matters were found to quarrel about. Nearly a century after the Great Osborn Controversy, Orleans' devout became pretty exercised over the question of which musical instruments were suited to the meetinghouse and which were not. Many were dead set against the bass viol purchased in 1810 which was the first instrument used in

the church there. In many places of worship at that time, the bass viol was only one of many instruments. Flutes tweedled, clarinets honked, violins squeaked, bassoons and hautboys cleared their throats before the organ was finally chosen as the appropriate instrument for sacred music.

Many an Orleans man's only chance to put in his two cents' worth on such matters came between voyages. Local citizens early distinguished themselves as deep-water sailors. Still one "famous first" often claimed for the town along this line is, unhappily not true. Orleans' native son, Captain John Kenrick, was not the first American commander to circumnavigate the world, in spite of many guide book claims, past and present. He did indeed start out with such a project in mind, but he got sidetracked along the way.

What Kenrick actually did was sail around the Horn and up the Pacific coast in 1787. The group of Boston merchants employing him wanted to open up the Northwest fur trade and parlay a cargo of furs into a Chinese silk fortune.

After Kenrick had loaded up with furs along the northwest coast of America, he was supposed to head for the China coast where he would trade the furs for silk. Then he was expected to sail through the China Seas to the Indian Ocean, make the long trip around Africa via the Cape of Good Hope, and finally cross the Atlantic on his way back to Boston.

In the eighty-three-foot *Columbia*, which was accompanied by the small sloop *Lady Washington*, Kenrick early showed a tendency to dawdle. After a trip that was longer and harder than necessary because Kenrick had delayed first at the Cape Verde Islands and again at the Falkland Islands, the ships finally rounded the Horn and beat their way up the coast in something less than ship-shape condition and with their crews riddled with scurvy. On what is now Vancouver Island, Kenrick built a big shack and spent the winter in it while sending Robert Gray, commander of the sloop, to bargain with the Indians for sea otter skins.

Gray tended to business and loaded the *Columbia* with furs.

By that time, Kenrick seems to have lost all interest in the scheduled itinerary. He turned the command of the *Columbia* over to Gray and appropriated the smaller ship for himself. Gray sailed at once for China and presumably followed the course originally mapped out. Whether or not he himself thus became the first American commander to circumnavigate the world, I do not know and care less. You see, Gray was a Boston man, and therefore of no concern whatsoever on Cape Cod.

Following this trip, Kenrick became little more than a tramp trader, traveling from island to island and trading for furs, or using them to trade for other goods. After a somewhat unsavory career as a semi-renegade picking up an easy living among the islands of the Pacific, Captain Kenrick suffered a bizarre and unexpected fate. In the harbor at Oahu he ordered a salute fired to a passing ship of the British navy. The warship returned the salute at point-blank range and Captain Kenrick was instantly killed. Through a terrible oversight, the British cannon had been loaded.

Nobody among the early Cape settlers bothered to leave behind a memo explaining the names that were chosen for the towns. In several cases we can only make a logical deduction, without actual proof. Such is the situation when it comes to explaining how Orleans, Massachusetts, happened to get a French name.

One tradition has it that it was named for Louis Phillipe, Duke of Orleans, who came to America as a refugee from the Terror a month before Orleans became a town. Thirty-three years later he was to become king of France, but in 1797 it did not look as if French aristocrats would ever again be anything more than homeless exiles. It seems strange that such a man should have inspired the naming of a town, if he did. It seems stranger still that Cape Codders would accept such a foreign name at all, even Anglicized into "Or-leens," but nevertheless they did.

After making it a separate town, they soon decided to "choose a committee of five persons to prosecute the inhabitants of other towns for taking shellfish in the town of Orleans."

Clams were food, and they were also the basis for an industry that supported a couple of hundred inhabitants, who dug them for bait. They were paid three dollars a barrel for digging, opening, salting, and filling the barrels. A man had to dig and open from twelve to eighteen bushels of clams to fill a barrel. The average earnings of the workers was seventy-five cents per day, which means that an individual filled a barrel and a half with clams during a week's work, and thereby earned what was a living wage around the beginning of the nineteenth century.

That clams and quahogs were favorite foods of the Indians is shown by the shell mounds found near the sites of their settlements. Had the redskins remained numerous, they might have balked at the white man's wholesale exploitation of their shellfish supplies, but they did not. Long before Orleans became a separate town, the Indian population had shrunk to a pitiful few.

At Portanumicut, where the first settler almost built his house, dwelt the last Indian preacher of the area, John Ralph. He had some education, and was shrewd and industrious. He was also "fond of distinction" and inclined to be touchy. He had a deplorable weakness for firewater, but when members of his flock pleaded with him to swear off, he said, "Never mind my course of action, but follow the course I lay out." He expected to be treated with due respect by Indians and whites as well, and would not accept being called "John" by a white.

Once a white neighbor called to him as he was passing by, "John, I want to talk to you."

He walked on.

"John! I want to talk to you."

He walked faster. The neighbor ran in pursuit and when he caught up with John Ralph, the Indian minister turned on him haughtily.

"Call me John Devil if you won't call me anything else!"

Many settlers felt it their duty to preach to the Indians, including some who were ill-equipped for the task. One earnest exhorter who occasionally visited the tribe and subjected it to his sermons

was a stammerer. When one Indian was asked how he liked the preaching of this particular layman, he answered politely, "It's very good, but rather scattering."

Ever since Captain Southack crossed the Cape in a whaleboat, traveling up Boat Meadow Creek and through Jeremiah's Gutter to Town Cove, Orleans and Eastham folk had suffered periodic fits of Canal Fever. In 1804, "It was agreed that certain individuals might join with the people of Eastham to dig a canal from Town cove to the bay; that they might petition for an act of incorporation, and for a lottery, provided they would secure the town from all liability." The project never materialized.

During the War of 1812, while blockade running made it worthwhile, a cut was made to allow passage of small boats, and a few years later a new corporation, the Eastham and Orleans Canal Proprietors, was formed and great plans laid. Again, nothing came of all this, for it did not really solve the larger problems involved. As Henry C. Kittredge points out: "While a small canal at this point would have been easy to dig and a great convenience for local traffic, it would have eliminated neither the Monomoy Shoals nor Peaked Hill Bars. This wrote its death warrant."

Along with Falmouth, Orleans cut a more patriotic figure in the War of 1812 than did the other Cape towns. The war might be unpopular elsewhere, but Orleans was all for it. The militia turned out and trained zealously. Instead of making terms with the British warships based so close by in Provincetown Harbor, Orleans' home guard proposed to organize an artillery company. They sent an agent to Boston to ask for a few field pieces and some ammunition. This request went unheeded.

Cannon or no cannon, Orleans folk were not inclined to knuckle under. Their attitude was considerably aided by the difficult approaches to their shores that Rock Harbor afforded. When Captain Richard Raggett tried to add a little Orleans cash to his take from Eastham (\$1200) and Brewster (\$4000), he was instantly told to step ashore and fetch it himself. The landing attempt that followed was half-hearted, since Raggett was only looking for money,

not trouble. A few volleys from the militia on shore were enough to turn back the enemy boats.

In 1814 the British frigate *Newcastle* went aground on the flats off Rock Harbor, and the crew had to strip her of some spars and rigging to get her free. Orleans folk assembled on the shore to make loud and derogatory comments on the quality of British seamanship. The captain, rednecked already as captains have a way of becoming when their ships get stranded on flats, was in no way soothed by this enemy audience. In order to show them a thing or two and perhaps hoping to make them laugh on the other side of their mouth, he sent a barge into the harbor and had his men seize a small schooner and three sloops, two of which were burned because they lay on the mud and could not be got off.

The commander of the prize crew sent aboard the schooner *Betsy* ordered an Orleans man to pilot her out of the harbor. He did so, but soon saw a chance to run her ashore not far from Yarmouth, where she was retaken. The sloop *Camel*, however, was taken away safely to Provincetown. Sixty years later the participants or their widows received, through an act of Congress, warrants of one hundred and sixty acres of public lands as a reward for their services in the "Battle of Rock Harbor," that being the name by which local pride dignified this skirmish.

In spite of the evils brought upon the Cape by the war, Orleans never wavered in its patriotism. In 1813 the town returned a large majority for the pro-war candidate for governor, and an even larger one in 1814. The relative attitudes of Cape towns can be seen in the way the vote went in the 1814 race between Dexter, the war candidate, and Strong, the anti-war man.

	<i>Strong</i>	<i>Dexter</i>
Dennis	265	26
Yarmouth	245	23
Brewster	127	16
Sandwich	152	180
Falmouth	80	150
Orleans	21	101

After the war Orleans men took a proud place in the seagoing history of the Cape, even though their harbors made the place a poor port. Of that era, a contemporary historian wrote:

"The land in Orleans is cultivated mostly by old men and small boys, as the male population between the ages of twelve and forty-five are engaged in the cod fishery and other descriptions of seafaring business. The fishing vessels in which they make their voyages are but few of them owned in the town, but are taken on shares from Duxbury, Plymouth, Boston and other places."

Of Orleans' many clipper ship captains, Captain Eben H. Linnell became one of the most famous not only because of his great record as a skipper but because of the house he built. His house, which is now a restaurant, is more suited to New Orleans than to Cape Cod. It follows the lines of a mansion Linnell admired in southern France.

This same captain won command of a clipper ship by losing a race. In 1851 he raced the clipper *Southern Cross* from San Francisco to Calcutta. His own ship was of conventional design, yet he managed to arrive in Calcutta only four days behind the *Southern Cross*, which made the run in fifty-six days. The owners of his ship rewarded this remarkable performance by giving Linnell a clipper of his own to command.

The great seagoing days came and went, and then the people of Orleans either headed west to seek new opportunities, like so many others on the Cape, or kept very close to home and made out as best they could. Even when the railroad got down as far as Orleans, Cape Codders did not rush to jump on the steam cars and go gadding. Many of them never did get around to taking a ride on the train all their lives.

One old Orleans couple was in that category. Not only had they never ridden the train, they had never even been to Boston. So a well-to-do man who employed the husband decided to give them a treat.

He bought them round-trip tickets to Boston and presented

them with enough spending money so they could do whatever they wanted—go to dinner, see a show, or anything they liked.

When they got back, he asked the old man if they had enjoyed themselves.

"Oh, me and Ma had the time of our lives. We enjoyed that railroad train and, oh, we had a wonderful time!"

"Well, when you got to Boston where did you go?"

"Go? We didn't go no place. We just sat in South Station all day and watched the people!"

In their atmosphere of semi-isolation, well down the Cape in days before good roads and fast automobiles brought them close to the mainland, Orleans folk must have felt far removed from World War I when it began in 1914. Certainly Orleans never expected to undergo another naval attack, but such was its fate.

One summer Sunday morning in the last year of the war with the Germans the steel-hulled tug *Perth Amboy* was steaming toward Nauset Harbor, off East Orleans, with four coal barges in tow, when a long gray, cigar-shaped object rose out of the water half a mile away. It was a German U-boat, and in the course of the next two hours it hammered away at the tug and its line of barges, firing nearly a hundred shots.

The sea was dead calm, but fortunately mist and fog hampered vision. Onlookers who gathered along the beach could only see the submarine intermittently, though the flash of its fore and aft guns showed clearly through the mist.

The captains of the tug and the barges all had their families along for a Sunday outing. They took to their boats in a state of hysterical fear which was well justified, since all four barges were eventually sunk and the tug was set on fire.

To be sure, not all those on the barges were completely cowed. Aboard the *Lansford*, the only wooden barge in the line, was ten-year-old Jack Ainsleigh, son of the barge's captain. Jack returned the submarine's fire with his .22 rifle until his mother made him stop, and then when his father gave orders to abandon ship, Jack remembered to rescue the *Lansford's* American flag.

Though the *Perth Amboy* was repeatedly hit and was burning, it did not sink. In the meantime local observers had phoned frantically to the new million-dollar air base at Chatham, ten miles away. But the attack occurred right at church time on Sunday morning, and all the aviators and ground crewmen were away from the field—at a ball game in Provincetown.

According to the admiral then in charge of the air base, three planes were dispatched. According to other reports, one small plane finally did reach the scene, but the nearest thing to a weapon it carried was a monkey wrench. The pilot made a bombing run, let go with the monkey wrench, and scored a hit on the deck of the submarine. The U-boat sank, but only because the captain decided it was time to go anyway.

Having displayed their poor marksmanship in expending so many rounds in order to sink four barges and damage a tug, the Germans disappeared and were seen no more in local waters. But the U-boat had managed to hit the shore with at least one round, thus giving Orleans the distinction of being the only American soil to feel the impact of an enemy shell during World War I. Casualties were two, and those minor: the first shot fired at the *Perth Amboy* wounded the helmsman in the right arm. Another shot which struck the wooden *Lansford* sent splinters into both of Captain Ainsleigh's arms. As for the tug, it was presently towed to Martha's Vineyard for repairs and was soon back in service.

This contact with such a mechanical monstrosity as a U-boat probably caused Orleans' retired sailing skippers to shake their heads over the sad state of affairs at sea, for there were plenty of old salts left in Orleans even then. They were still around, chin-whiskers and all. Many stories about these old sailors are told all over the Cape, adapted to whatever town the teller happens to be in, or from, but in Orleans there are people who will swear that the following incident happened there.

A big limousine pulled up beside an ancient mariner on a Cape road in the early days of motoring and the city fellow at the wheel asked how to get to Chatham.

"Steady as you go, second town on your starboard side."

"What's the best hotel there?"

"Don't know. Never been to Chatham."

The city fellow, who had wandered all over the country as far west as Chicago, gave him a pitying glance.

"You natives don't travel very far from home, do you?"

"Well, I'm a retired master mariner, been around the world several times and touched at all the principal ports, but I ain't never had any call to go to Chatham."

Orleans has always had its share of people who know the world is not bounded by Eastham and Brewster, including some with unusual knowledge of worldwide sidelights. One such is Mr. Richard Sparrow Snow, a man with a great store of unexpected information. He knows, for example, how many banks of keys there are in all the great pipe organs in the cathedrals of Europe.

At the time of the Eastham Tercentenary Celebration in 1951, there was a parade with floats. On one float, a man was scheduled to appear as a woodchopper. Someone found an old axe in a barn, and thought its antique lines would make the whole thing just that much more picturesque. So when the float came trundling down the street, the woodchopper was picturesquely chopping away at the log with the interesting-looking old axe.

Mr. Snow took one glance and turned away in disgust.

"Imagine squaring a log with a mortising adze!" said he, probably the only man in the entire line of march who could have identified the tool.

Not that Orleans or the Cape as a whole is unused to experts. For example, its thirty-mile thrust to sea has long made Cape Cod a communications outpost. On the beach at South Wellfleet Marconi established the first wireless station in the United States and received the first wireless message from Europe. In Chatham is located the Radiomarine Corporation of America. And in Orleans, an unobtrusive little white cottage is the American terminus of what is said to be the longest active cable in the world and the only one which crosses the full width of the Atlantic Ocean.

Beginning in Doelen, a suburb of Brest on the west coast of France, the cable crosses to Orleans' Nauset Harbor and travels along amidst the flounders and quahogs on the bottom of Town Cove to the cottage office of the *Compagnie Française des Cables Telegraphiques*, or French Cable Co., as the Cape Cod Telephone Directory puts it.

At the time of the Fall of France, local operators received one last message before silence descended over the cable for the remainder of the war. "Don't say anything more on the cable now. We can see the Boches coming."

Service was not restored until 1952.

Orleans Cape Codders keep right up with the times—according to their own lights. One old codger, who lived in an ancient Cape Cod house exactly the way his grandfather had, made some money over the winter (not the usual season for making money on Cape Cod) so he decided to spend some of it. He bought a new car and then a fine new television set.

When congratulated on his new-found prosperity, he actually admitted things were going pretty well.

"And if it keeps on this way till spring," he added, "I may put in water."

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Rock Harbor. It was here that Orleans successfully defied the British Navy on two occasions in the War of 1812. The little harbor is also worth seeing for its fleet of sports fishing and commercial fishing boats.

Site of German Submarine Attack. On the East Orleans beach fell the only German shell that struck American soil during World War I.

Kenrick House. Captain John Kenrick built his house shortly after the Revolutionary War and then went off to the Pacific and

never returned. The house stands a quarter of a mile south of the South Orleans postoffice on the right side of the road.

Joshua Crosby House. Two miles out Tonset Road in the Weeset section a marker in front of a Cape Cod house declares: "Here Lived Joshua Crosby, Who Commanded a Quarterdeck Gun on the Frigate *Constitution* During the Fight with the *Guerrière* in the War of 1812." The house is over two hundred years old.

Site of Old Higgins Tavern. The house which was once the Old Higgins Tavern, a famous stagecoach stop, became a nightclub and burned down in the late Thirties. Thoreau stayed there during one of his trips down-Cape.

Deckhouse of Wrecked Ship. In 1858 a vessel came ashore on the Orleans beach, and through the efforts of an enterprising beachcomber its deckhouse ended up as an outbuilding of the local Episcopal church! It has had various uses, as a cobbler's shop, part of the town clerk's dwelling, and is now a gift shop run by the church.

Captain Linnell House. Looking strangely foreign to the Cape with its Ionic columns is the house that Captain Eben H. Linnell built. Like many another Cape Cod sea captain, he saw a house in the course of his travels that caught his fancy, and strove to duplicate it when he came home with his fortune made. Captain Linnell found his inspiration in southern France.

Terminus of the French Cable. The little cottage which is the office of the French Cable Company may be found on Cove Road.

14. Brewster

Incorporated 1803

BREWSTER HAS SHORELINE ONLY ON CAPE COD BAY, EXCEPT FOR A few feet on Pleasant Bay, and contains the villages of Brewster, East Brewster, West Brewster, and South Brewster.

Ninety-nine sea captains once lived in Brewster, all at one time, and they left their imprint on it so indelibly that to this day it seems the least diluted Old Cape Cod town still in existence.

If you doubt this, ask someone about Brewster town meetings, where things often happen that sound as if they came right out of a Joe Lincoln novel.

Lincoln, the Cape's most famous author, was born and raised in the town. He could scarcely have picked a better section for his purpose. In Brewster the color, humor, and cantankerousness of seagoing Cape Cod was squeezed down into a briny concentrate. And all this in a beautiful setting of noble old trees and gently rolling hills, with the bay on one hand and a fine supply of fresh-water ponds, large and small, on the other.

The attractions of Satucket, as the Indians called this territory, did not go unappreciated for long. At the time the Quaker troubles were beginning, in 1656, a substantial Sandwich Quaker quietly moved down-Cape to an attractive spot just beyond the bounds of Old Yarmouth (now the eastern boundary line of Dennis). Purchasing land there between Quivet Creek and Stony Brook, John

Wing became the first settler in the area, and another Quaker, John Dillingham, followed not long after.

There was lively interest in the real estate of this vicinity, and most of the more prominent members of the Plymouth Colony took part in the buying and selling of property. The territory was part of a big section of land reserved for the "Purchasers or Old Comers." (The men who had undertaken to pay off the Colony's obligation to the London merchants who financed the voyage of the Pilgrims and their settlement were the "Purchasers," and those who came on the first three ships—the *Mayflower*, *Fortune*, and *Anne*—qualified as "Old Comers." Most of the Purchasers were also Old Comers, of course.)

Thirty-eight years after John Wing's arrival enough families had settled at Satucket to justify adding a new town to the Cape roster. In 1694, Harwich was incorporated. Present-day Harwich was its South Precinct, and present-day Brewster its North Precinct. The North Precinct always contained the lion's share of the population and held the reins. The men of influence lived there, and before long the church was built there, too.

At the time Harwich was incorporated it had not yet established a church, but within four years a young Harvard graduate turned up as a candidate. At Harvard, Reverend Nathaniel Stone had been "of note chiefly for petty offenses committed with surprising regularity," but he was now about to embark upon a monumental career devoted to noting the offenses of others with a pontifical eye and having a great deal to say about their peccadillos. Pompous and strutting, with the manner of a self-appointed bishop, Mr. Stone was to inflict himself on the town for fifty-five years.

However, two years after his arrival, Mr. Stone was still left dangling as a candidate. He complained about this in a letter to his father-in-law, Governor Thomas Hinckley. Mr. Stone had married well and got a beauty in the bargain, and by Reliance Hinckley he had a dozen children.

Whether the governor used his influence is not recorded, but at any rate his son-in-law was finally taken on. The First Church of

Harwich was established, though on a scale that hardly suggests great enthusiasm for the new minister: it had but eight members.

Once the church was established, the minister had to be supported and people were expected to attend services. Mr. Stone soon began to make the fur fly. He was a great believer in public confession of sins. In the church records, written in his own hand and still extant in Brewster, are recorded more than twenty-five instances in which couples, "having fallen into ye sin of fornication before marriage," made public confession of their sin. This ceremony was usually followed by the baptism of their first child, though to be sure they sometimes did not get around to confessing until there were several children to baptize.

One girl, Mary Freeman, gave the pastor a lot of trouble. He had an earnest talk with her in her mother's presence "laying before her ye evill of ye sin" but "could obtain no reply at all from either her or her mother." Worse yet, Mary stayed away from church thereafter, in spite of written admonitions and other ecclesiastical thunder. In the end, nine years later she did confess—whereupon she and her child were baptized.

It seems doubtful that confessing was always painful. As one Brewster man remarked to me, "My ancestors not only enjoyed confessing, they even bragged a little." On one occasion when a young couple made their confession, the girl's mother-in-law got into the spirit and confessed, too. Apparently she was not going to let the youngsters out-do her, and since she was by then a widow, her husband could not contradict her.

At least it can be said of Brewster's minister that he spared no one, not even his own flesh and blood. It must have been with mixed feelings that he made the following entry: "Nath'll Stone jun: & his wife, having been guilty . . ."

Though this particular sin was Mr. Stone's major preoccupation, others required his attention now and then. Mercy Smith was "overtaken once and again by strong drink" and then "even a third time," and Benjamin Hopkins' wife was similarly afflicted. Sarah Robbins both drank and lied, and made quite a career of this over

a period of many years, being periodically barred from taking communion because of "ye Sin of Lyz." A unique sinner in these particular records was Captain Samuel Bangs, who, "having in holy time marked severall black fish on ye flats for his profit, publickly confessed his sin"—but probably did not relinquish the profit.

When we begin to think moral standards are falling down in our own day and age it is always good for us to turn back to the records of the past and discover that our ancestors considered their contemporaries every bit as wicked. Looking around for the causes of the increasing iniquity then flourishing on Cape Cod, Mr. Stone found it proceeded "(1) from the evident failure of family government . . . (2) from a wicked practice of young people in their courtships, and (3) from the countenance that has of late been given by many ministers and churches to the openly scandalus sin of uncleanness in a neighbouring Pastor, viz: Mr. Osborn."

Mr. Stone was never reluctant to offer his opinions, as many found out, including Mr. George Weeks. Weeks was a lay preacher who enraged Mr. Stone by preaching to the Indians. Mr. Stone was annoyed by his presumption and infuriated by his success, which was so great that the town overrode its minister's objections and voted money for Weeks to continue the good work.

When Weeks' attendance at Communion lagged, Mr. Stone wrote him about it and took the opportunity to "think proper to observe to you, that your keeping a woman of ill fame in your House, your frequent travailing with her from Place to Place, & treating her & her illegitimate Chil with much Tenderness are things wch we fear are not of good report, especially when these things have occasioned much Uneasiness in ye Minds of Some . . ."

Weeks preferred to keep his lady friend, however, and to disregard Mr. Stone's mental suffering. Weeks probably envied the forthright Dr. Jonathan Bangs, who knew what to say to the pastor's emissaries when they approached him. The good doctor having

absented himself from ye publick worship for six months, Deacon Chillingsworth Foster and Joseph Mayo were sent to inquire on what account he did so. Returning from their visit, they could only "inform ye Pastor that ye only reply that they could obtain from him was; That it was none of their business."

Mr. Stone huffed and puffed, and demanded that the doctor return to the charity of the church, but Dr. Bangs replied that it was his pleasure not to comply, and doubtless used the word "pleasure" in its strongest sense. The fact that Mr. Stone mentions no final triumph later in his records makes it seem that in this one case, at least, his admonitions fell on stony ground.

He had more success in the case of Reverend Samuel Osborn. Mr. Osborn was a popular and successful minister in the Pochet Church of neighboring Eastham, but in his youth he had had an unfortunate experience on Martha's Vineyard. He is supposed to have summarized it on one occasion in these words: "I did make courtship to Mercy Norton, with intent to make her my wife, but I understand she was . . . of loose behavior and . . . of an ill family . . . I have had foolish and sinful actions with her, but . . . I can't really say the child is mine."

Mr. Osborn had repented privately, but that was not enough for such a devoted exponent of public confession as Mr. Stone. For twenty years he kept after the case, and in the end he won out. By then he had even insulted Cotton Mather, who returned his insults by referring to him as a "wilful, furious, wretched minister" who had "always grievous ways of embroiling the peace of the churches." Nevertheless, in the end Mr. Stone had the pleasure of receiving a written apology from the Pochet Church for having accepted Mr. Osborn in the first place.

And even though Mr. Osborn had been a practical man who helped his parishioners to improve their farming methods and showed them how to cut peat for fuel as well as ministering to their souls, none of that counted with Mr. Stone, who held tenaciously to the Old Testament ruling that a minister must be a man without blemish. So Mr. Osborn was turned out of his church. But although

he was fifty-one years of age at the time, he eventually opened a school in Boston, and was not too broken in spirit to live on for another forty years.

It was left to Mr. Stone's successor, however, to cope with one of Brewster's most celebrated squabbles. Reverend Isaiah Dunster must have wished he had never seen the three Gray sisters before he was through with them.

There was a man in the case, and apparently he caused the hearts of Rachel, Miriam, and Lydia Gray to beat as one. Suddenly one Sabbath there was trouble—right in time of meeting! One moment the three sisters were sitting primly in their pew, side by side; the next moment, Lydia was on the floor in the aisle and Rachel was swinging her hip against Miriam trying to push her off the seat in the other direction. Apparently Rachel thought both of them were trying to outdo her in fluttering their eyelashes in the young man's direction, and she was going to have no more of it.

A special church meeting was called to consider the scandalous episode and to decide whether Rachel was "worthy of Church Censure on ye Acct. of Pushing Lydia Gray out of ye Pew and hunching Miriam Gray in Time of divine Service in ye Meeting House sometime in July 1762." Several more meetings and the formation of a special committee or two was necessary before all evidence was heard, sifted, and weighed. And as is usual with such cases, nothing was ever really settled except the future of Miriam Gray's church attendance; her word being questioned during the testimony. She went away mad, and stayed mad for years.

At least Miriam did not suffer the fate of excommunication for staying away, as had Kenelm Winslow some twenty years before. Winslow was one of the leading men of the town, but something of a storm center. He had many enemies. At one time, when he had left his horse standing in front of Edward Bangs' inn, a young neighbor cut off its ears. Winslow took him to court, and was awarded damages.

A good many people were at outs with Winslow because of his fulling mill (for fulling cloth), which diverted water power from

the grist mill owned by the Clarkes and Grays. The feuding went on for generations. The mills were on Stony Brook in West Brewster, and though we can hardly imagine it today, the locale was an industrial center in colonial times, beginning as early as the days of Governor Thomas Prence.

Thomas, always on the lookout for a good business proposition, had a grist mill built on Stony Brook in the 1660s. Having no competition for miles around, he was able to levy a "pottle," or toll, of three quarts to the bushel, which was, of course, highway robbery, but still worth it to local farmers who needed a mill close by. A mill which later replaced Prence's is still there today with its wheel intact and in working order.

In the course of the eighteenth century, tanneries, iron works, and spinning and weaving mills were built and the district achieved the industrial name of Factory Village. Later Sidney Winslow set up his cobbler's shop there, and progressed to bigger and better business ventures that finally produced the United Shoe Machinery Company.

The mills, farming, military service, and the sea kept Brewster men occupied. A record of the accidents of the day gives a picture of these varied activities. The widow Hopkins' son was farming when his intestines were torn out by a plow. A year later Joseph Freeman, Jr., on duty as part of a gun crew at Louisburg in Nova Scotia, lost his toes after a "great gun" was discharged and one wheel of the carriage rolled over them. And two years later John Bacon, Jr., returning from Cape Breton on a ship, fell overboard and drowned. He was the second of that name to die in this fashion within two years, the other being the Captain John Bacon of Barnstable of whom the stuttering sailor sang, "John Bacon's overboard!"

Though by the time of the Revolution more and more men of the North Precinct were turning to the sea, the area furnished its quota of men for the army and generally supported the war in sturdy fashion. When it was considered advisable to form a committee of correspondence, inspection, and safety as a wartime gov-

erning body, this new form of government was approved by a unanimous vote, a near miracle in cantankerous Brewster.

At sea, men like Captain Elijah Cobb were sharpening their wits as privateersmen, and by the time peace was restored he was able to keep his footing in almost any situation. His major exploit in dealing with Robespierre in the very midst of the Reign of Terror in France has been mentioned, but other exploits of his deserve mention as well.

After a voyage which involved the successful smuggling of nearly three thousand pieces of gold out of France, he returned home and "found that my pertner, in lifes voyage, had run me in debt, for a cape Cod farm," so he stayed home for a year to see to the building of a suitable house. Before the house was finished, he was off on a voyage to Russia and back, and then in 1800 he was put in command of a new Boston vessel, the *Monsoon*, which was to prove a lucky ship and a profitable one for several Cape Cod skippers.

His cargo included a quantity of American rum, which the owners advised him to try to sell in Ireland. At Cork, the *Monsoon* was seized for having foreign "sperits" aboard. Through some finagling Cobb managed to get his ship and cargo back for only five shillings in a rigged public auction.

He was then advised to try the Island of Guernsey as a market for his rum. But Cobb liked the sort of prices he knew he could get in Ireland, and the customs collector sensed as much. They had a genial conversation on the subject which Cobb records in his memoirs:

"The collector, observed to me when about taking leave, Capt. Cobb, I must confess, I think your usage has been something rough here; and I shou'd not blame you, if you was to help yourself a little, in the way of smuggling.—no Sir said I, but wou'd you not be one of the first to make a prize of me therefor—oh said he, I shou'd have to do my duty—well Sir, said I, when you *Catch'em* you *Hab'em* God blesse you said he, & thus we parted, and the next morn' I sail'd; matters were, however, so arrainged, that be-

tween the cove of Cork, & the Scilly Islands, that I hove overboard Eight hogheads of N.E. rum, and a pilot boat sheer'd along side, and hove on board a small bag, which I found contained 264 English guineas—and although I saw them pick up, & hoist on board the 8 hhds of rum, I *was satisfied*."

Cobb was a typical Cape Cod skipper in that he could always justify his tricks and stratagems with pious moralizing, mainly because in those uncertain times a man had little protection to fall back on except his own wits, and almost anything went in the rough-and-tumble of trade. Rules and restrictions were merely a challenge to men like Cobb. At Malaga in 1808 he was told that the British Orders in Council had gone into effect the day before he arrived. These orders forbade American vessels carrying a return cargo—"which made a return cargo very desirable," Cobb points out. He hurried a payload of wines and fruit aboard and sneaked it home, making a nice profit for all concerned. However, there was a little matter of bribing a top British official at Gibraltar to be attended to before he got clear.

A Brewster skipper's moments at home were sometimes snatched quickly between voyages, and one of the most appealing pictures in Cobb's account is this, which was probably repeated pretty closely in many another Cape Cod home of that day:

"After discharging my cargo, in Boston, I visited my dear family, at the cape; where I found an additional pledge of affection, in a little black-eye'd daughter, which we call'd Mary P, then 69 days old—it being in the night, & no light in the house, I hawl'd her out of Bed, and held her up to the window to look at her by moonlight."

Brewster sea captains of Cobb's era seemed to run to interesting dealings with the French. Captain David Nickerson also had occasion to be in Paris during the French Revolution, but he was there some years earlier, at the very beginning of the upheavals.

What followed is the Brewster version of the lost-Dauphin-of-France yarn. Legend has landed this missing prince at almost every American port from Boston to New Orleans, and the basic story is always the same. An American in Paris during the early

days of the French Revolution is suddenly confronted by a woman who thrusts an infant boy into his arms with a plea that the baby be taken to America and raised there as his own. In this case, Captain Nickerson was instructed to name the boy René Rousseau.

Captain Nickerson took the little Frenchman to America, raised him up to be a seaman, and did the job so well that in his twenties René became a captain. But at twenty-five he was lost at sea, and five years later Captain Nickerson died of a fever at Prince's Island off the West Coast of Africa in the course of a voyage with his old friend, Captain Elijah Cobb. His memorial stone, following an old Cape custom, honors the young Frenchman as a son. When fathers and sons were lost at sea, it was the custom to engrave their names together. And in the cemetery behind the Unitarian Church in Brewster two names may still be seen on their common stone—Captain David Nickerson and René Rousseau.

Robespierre and the Dauphin had long since yielded the stage to Napoleon when a third Brewster skipper nearly became embroiled in top-level French politics. Captain Jeremiah Mayo was one of nine huge brothers, and he rivaled Cobb as a master of improvisation in tight spots when valuable cargoes were at stake. Once after he had been captured by an English frigate, he all but managed to sail into Baltimore Harbor with the prize crew as prisoners. "And I wouldn't have blamed you if you had," was the comment of his sporting British captor.

In June, 1815, six months after the War of 1812 had ended, the Battle of Waterloo nearly brought Mayo his greatest assignment. Agents of Napoleon approached him to see if he would make a run for it with the emperor and take him to America. Mayo had named his ship the *Sally* after his wife, Sally Crosby, and was feeling lucky—not that he would have turned down such an interesting opportunity under any conditions. He accepted the proposition at once, and was disappointed when Napoleon was captured before he had a chance to reach the *Sally*. Otherwise, the emperor might have spent his declining days in America and would probably have ended up running for Congress. As luck would have

it, the *Sally* was not even spoken by another ship all the way from Havre to Boston.

The record of Brewster sea captains during the period of the Embargo and the War of 1812, like that of most other Cape Cod skippers, was one of occasional enterprise but little patriotism. During the days of the embargo a vessel was towed into Provincetown by an American warship after an attempt to evade the embargo. Angrily defying the Navy, the ship's Brewster owners took possession of her again and sailed for Surinam on schedule. American policy exasperated Brewster's seamen, not without some justification, and even at home they showed none of that spirit which neighboring Orleans displayed in giving the war wholehearted support.

By this time Brewster had been a separate town for several years, having split off from Harwich in 1803 and named itself after the Elder Brewster of Pilgrim fame. So mild and compassionate a man would doubtless have deplored the storm and strife that attended Brewster's birth. At the time of the split, considerable rancor was displayed on both sides, and quite a few persons who lived within the boundaries of the new town chose to remain with Harwich in spirit and taxwise. By a special arrangement they were allowed to do so, but this probably did not make them any too popular with their neighbors.

Then, in the War of 1812, a further reason for friction was added. Captain Richard Raggett, the king's muscle man in Cape Cod Bay, stood off Brewster in the warship *Spencer* one day in 1814 and coolly demanded four thousand dollars protection money. Otherwise he would bombard the town and reduce it to ashes.

This was the largest single gouge attempted by Raggett. He must have had special information on the flabbiness then prevalent in Brewster among its well-heeled citizens, else why pick Brewster over the other towns that lay equally within range around the bay?

Instead of calling his bluff by telling him promptly to try and get the money, Brewster's committee chewed its nails and ran back and forth from the meetinghouse to the *Spencer*. At first there was

some talk of turning out the artillery, but this notion quickly collapsed. The dollar sign ruled Brewster; all its leading citizens were worrying about the saltworks along the shore, which might come in for some bad treatment at the hands of the British.

Amazingly enough, the committee in charge of negotiations was made up almost entirely of sea captains, including our old friend Elijah Cobb. Yet the best they could do was to promise their fellow townspeople that they would get the most reasonable terms possible. Naturally, when Raggett saw the way the wind was blowing, he refused to cut his price one penny. So finally Brewster's burghers brought back the news that the final price was four thousand dollars and that sum was paid.

This sorry incident became a source of further hard feelings between Brewster and Harwich folk. For although Harwich men still owned a large share of the saltworks, they could not be required to contribute to the protection funds. Certainly they made no offers of financial assistance.

However, unmitigated gall has always abounded on Cape Cod where such matters are concerned. After the war the town voted to petition the Legislature to refund to the town the four thousand dollars it had paid out! The refund was not approved.

If Brewster sea captains were at their worst in the midst of an unpopular war, it did not take them long to put their best foot forward again once the way was cleared for the great era of the sailing ship. By 1850 it was possible to say that more masters and mates from Brewster were sailing on voyages to foreign ports than from any other town of like size in the country.

They sailed to India and to China, and sometimes they took their wives with them. The ladies had to learn to stay away from the ship's compass if their corset stays were of steel (they should have been using whalebone anyway!) and they had to learn a new language, the language of the sea.

One such wife, for example, did not know that in those days "head" to a sailor meant a ship's course. She also did not know, or perhaps she chose to forget, that only the captain was supposed to

speak to the helmsman. But the poor fellow at the wheel had taken a tumble the night before and all but split his crown, and she was full of feminine solicitude.

"How's your head?" she inquired.

"Nor'-nor'-east!" sang out the helmsman.

While this lady and others like her were coping with a man's world at sea, the ladies at home were finally coming to the fore. In 1852 it was "voted the Ladies Sewing Society have liberty to lower the Pulpit if they choose." Male supremacy in Brewster was doomed. The only way a man could be a man any more was to go to sea and leave the women at home. Many of the clippers carried passengers as well as cargo, but few of those passengers were women. There is, for example, no record of women being aboard when the clipper *Wild Wave*, with thirty crew and ten passengers and Josiah Knowles of Brewster commanding, was wrecked on a voyage from San Francisco to Valparaiso.

The *Wild Wave* was wrecked on Oeno, a tiny coral island, but all hands, passengers and crew, were saved, along with provisions and enough sails to make tents for shelter. Even sandbars in mid-ocean store fresh water from rains, and this water may be had by digging shallow wells. Oeno, therefore, provided plenty of fresh water. Still, it was not a place where forty men would have cared to live out their days, because it was only about half a mile in circumference.

Fortunately a ship's boat had been saved, and Captain Knowles knew that Pitcairn Island was about a hundred miles away. There, of course, he would find English-speaking people, descendants of the mutinous crew of the *Bounty* who settled Pitcairn in 1790. So after two weeks he took his mate, five of the crew, and his money box containing eighteen thousand dollars in gold, and set out. They reached Pitcairn, but wrecked their boat on a reef close to shore.

They found the island well stocked with bullocks, goats, sheep, poultry, and tropical fruit such as coconuts, breadfruit, oranges, and bananas—but deserted by human beings. A notice posted on a

number of the houses indicated that the people of Pitcairn had moved to Norfolk Island. They had done so because they felt their population had grown too large for Pitcairn.

Resisting the temptation to rest for a while in the midst of plenty, Knowles and his men set to work building a new craft with tools which fortunately had been left behind by the Pitcairn Islanders. To get nails, the men burned some of the houses, and in four months' time they were launching the *John Adams*, rigged with sails salvaged from the wreck. Their new boat even flaunted a proud ensign made from a red pulpit cloth, an old white shirt, and blue overalls.

Three of the men preferred staying with a good thing to further hazardous voyaging, but Knowles, his mate, and two men courageously pushed off. An unfavorable wind soon forced them to give up any idea of heading for Norfolk Island. Instead they turned their prow toward the Marquesas Islands—1300 miles away!

In this case Fortune went out of her way to favor the brave. Only twelve days later they reached Nukahiva in the Marquesas, and though no American ship had touched there in the previous five years, the American sloop-of-war *Vandalia* happened to be lying in the harbor when they arrived. It was soon on its way to pick up the others on Pitcairn and Oeno.

Brewster captains like Knowles saw every corner of the globe, and what landbound men would call high adventure was all in a day's work to them. When they had made their fortunes most of them were well satisfied to come home and settle down in their native villages and dabble in small matters such as the running of town affairs. They seem to have had an amazing resistance to the glitter and dazzle of the world's great centers; their matter-of-fact logs and journals seldom mention any of the wonders of the world of which they saw so much. As far as home was concerned, they were remarkably provincial. Men who had seen the finest seaports and capitals of the greatest nations and had handled millions of dollars' worth of cargoes no doubt put a lot of careful thought into,

for example, the disposition of the old Brewster meetinghouse steeple in 1852. They voted to sell it to Solomon Freeman, who paid the town a dollar and five cents.

Those mid-century years were the great years in Brewster, but the era was already waning by the time of the Civil War. When this great conflict started, many a local sea captain had retired and was too old to fight, but young men flocked to the colors and gave a better account of themselves than had their forebears in 1812.

However, the greatest town repercussions during those years were caused not by the war itself but by the brief stay in Brewster of a young minister who was destined to become one of America's most famous authors. Horatio Alger, Jr., is still known today as the immortal creator of a hundred rags-to-riches dime novels, but in Brewster he won a different sort of notoriety.

In November of 1864 it was voted to engage Mr. Alger for a year at a salary of eight hundred dollars, and for fifteen months all went well. Then, on March 6, 1866, at a town meeting, three successive votes were taken which show the upset state of minds at that gathering:

"7th. Voted not to engage the Rev. Mr. Alger for the ensuing year.

8th. Voted to reconsider the foregoing vote.

9th. Voted to adjourn to Tuesday, March 13th at two O'clock P.M."

The following Tuesday an investigating committee was chosen "to investigate Parish affairs and report" to a meeting six days later. At that time the words "to investigate certain reports in relation to Mr. Alger" were substituted for the more ambiguous "parish affairs" and a letter was written to the secretary of the American Unitarian Association in Boston.

The letter announced that Mr. Alger had "recently been charged with gross immorality and a most heinous . . . abhorrable and revolting crime of unnatural familiarity with *boys*." The letter said that Alger made no denial or excuses but heard the charges and

evidence with "the apparent calmness of an old offender—and hastily left town in the very next train for parts unknown—probably Boston."

That being a day when moral indignation was inclined to override prudishness, the whole of this succession of events was doggedly and frankly recorded in the town records.

By the time the buzzing over Alger had begun to subside, a local boy who had made good in California came home and set the town on its ear in quite a different way. Albert Crosby did his sailing on land in a prairie schooner at the time of the Gold Rush of '49, but his course was true and when he got back to Brewster he was able to show off by building the biggest house in town. Whether or not he himself really craved such a mansion is debatable. Some say it was his beautiful wife who wanted a show-place, for by this time Albert had acquired a wife who is sometimes described as an opera singer but who was actually something closer to a burlesque queen.

Their dream house turned out to be a rambling Victorian hodgepodge with a Palladium colonnade across the front. It might have been called Greek Revival with a rich Moorish flavoring. This cross-bred castle contained an imposing number of rooms, chambers, and apartments, and a large gallery which was soon filled with one hundred thousand dollars' worth of art fashionable in that day.

At the same time the simple Cape Cod cottage of his boyhood still represented home to Albert—so he kept it just as it was and built his mansion all around it! There it remained, the true center of his affections. When his wife's musicales became too much for him, he could always slip away to the old homestead, take off his shoes, and exercise his favorite rocking-chair for a spell, and he often did.

Until as recently as the 1920s, Cape Codders frequently made a Sunday outing to Albert's art gallery, which was open to the public on that day. In 1929, his heirs finally auctioned off the collection. A huge scenic painting by the German landscape artist,

Bierstadt, went to a lady for fifteen dollars because nobody else could think of a place large enough to display it. The new owner planned to give it to her local high school. The largest price, seven hundred and fifty dollars, was brought by a little painting a person could have tucked under his arm, by the American artist, Childe Hassam.

But even Albert Crosby's building efforts were surpassed, and in cream stucco at that, by still another Brewster man who made his fortune on land. Rowland Nickerson had built railroads, and when he came home he set himself up in true lord-of-the-manor style. His domain included the largest tract of privately owned forest lands on the Cape, with hundreds of acres of fresh-water ponds and an abundance of fish and game.

Like Crosby, Nickerson had a charming family cottage awaiting him, but it was no longer big enough to hold Rowland. He built his dream castle right next door. The result is one of the more startling architectural sore thumbs on the bay side of Cape Cod. It is located in East Brewster across the road from the forests he once surveyed like a monarch.

Like real monarchs Nickerson had his troubles with poachers, who felt one man did not need quite as much land all to himself. A battle over public fishing rights was taken to court and settled against the king!

After his death, Nickerson's widow resolved matters handsomely by giving the whole area to the state as a memorial to her husband and their son, Rowland, Jr., who was killed in World War I. The next generation of the family showed their appreciation of the good taste of their ancestors by moving into the old family home and disposing of the big place next door. Today Nickerson's palatial estate is La Salette, a Catholic school.

Crosby and Nickerson are good Cape Cod names, and they are still among the names that command real respect in Brewster where the outlander cuts very little ice now as ever. Brewster has always had its foreigners, but foreigners they ever remained. In the north end of the cemetery, behind the Unitarian Church, lie

several members of an Irish family named Silk. John Silk's widow married another Irishman, Edward O'Brien, and O'Brien was once appointed postmaster. Brewster's selectmen tried unsuccessfully to oust him, "he being a foreigner, a Catholic, and, in the opinion of the town, an alien."

Even a foreigner's name was liable to be badly manhandled in Brewster, as one Scotch resident named Angus MacLeod could have testified. Back in 1808 the town clerk was used to good old New England names such as Experience, Desire, Faith, Charity, Patience, and Reliance. When he came to Mr. MacLeod, he New-Anglicized his name rather neatly. "Anguish McCloud" was how it sounded to a Brewster ear.

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Wing's Island, Brewster. A tablet marks this as the spot where, in 1656, John Wing "erected the first house and became the first white settler within the limits of old Harwich." Saltworks were also once located here.

Burying ground behind the Unitarian Church, Brewster. The present church, which is a hundred and twenty years old, stands on the site of the first meetinghouse, in which Reverend Nathaniel Stone held forth, and in the burying ground lie fifty-two officers and privates who fought in the Revolution. The memorial stone of Captain David Nickerson and René Rousseau is also here.

Stony Brook Grist Mill, West Brewster. This mill, with its water wheel still capable of operating in the old mill stream, is one of the most photographed buildings on the Cape. In the spring the herring run takes place here as fish by the tens of thousands fight their way up Stony Brook to the ponds behind and above the old mill.

Cobb House, Brewster. Built in 1800, this Georgian house on the lower road was the home of Captain Elijah Cobb.

Birthplace of Joseph Lincoln, Brewster. A small clapboard story-and-a-half cottage on Route 6 was the birthplace of the well-known Cape novelist.

Crosby Mansion, Brewster. The one-time showplace is now a restaurant, but is still intact, even to the Cape Cod cottage Albert Crosby preserved in the middle of it.

Roland C. Nickerson State Park, East Brewster. Hiking, camping, fresh-water fishing and swimming, and beautiful scenery are all available here.

Brewster's "shoreline" on Pleasant Bay. If you keep a sharp lookout as you drive from Orleans to Chatham via Route 28, you will notice a sign that says "Entering Brewster" followed within a few yards by one that says "Entering Harwich." It is here that Brewster has its few feet of shoreline on Pleasant Bay, the mere point of a triangle wedged between Orleans and Harwich. According to the story, when the three representatives of Orleans, Brewster, and Harwich got together to work out a division of the land along the bay, the conference turned into a drinking contest. The Brewster representative went under the table first.

15. Mashpee

Incorporated 1870

MASHPEE HAS SHORELINE ONLY ON THE SOUTH SHORE ON NANTUCKET Sound. It contains the following villages and settlement: Mashpee, South Mashpee, and Rock Landing.

The story of Mashpee is the story of a few white men's efforts to give the Indians something to live for, and of many white men's efforts to take it away from them.

First, an agreement made between Captain Miles Standish, acting for the Plymouth Colony, and the sachem Paupmunnuck, acting for the South Sea Indians, completed another of those solemn swindles in which the Indians gave up their land for a couple of brass kettles and a bushel of Indian corn.

The sachem's people did not understand such an agreement, however, and a few years later he was back again with the news that they were dissatisfied at finding themselves shut away from the best places to live, hunt, and fish. There would certainly have been trouble had Captain Standish still been on hand, but fortunately it was Richard Bourne whose counsel prevailed, and Bourne was one of the best friends the Cape Cod Indians ever had.

Bourne saw to it that a new document was drawn up in place of the old one, giving back to the Indians a large section of good land which was to be forever protected from the encroachment of whites. The Indians called this land "Mashpee," meaning "Great Waters."

As a Christian deed, Bourne's action was noble. As an investment in the future of the Colony, it proved to be gilt edged, for when the bloody war with King Philip's warriors flamed across New England in 1675 and Cape Cod towns might easily have been overwhelmed by an Indian uprising, Richard Bourne's friends decided not to align themselves with Philip. Never in the history of the Cape was there to be an armed clash between Indians and whites.

The plague which had struck the Indians a few years before the arrival of the Pilgrims was a mortal blow from which they never recovered. Before a century had passed the Indians were no longer a source of much anxiety so far as any possible uprising was concerned. They had become too few in number. By 1690 their population had been reduced by half; there were scarcely one thousand left on the Cape. By the time of the Revolution, their number had been halved again.

At first, after the Mashpee lands were ceded to them in 1660, the Indians were encouraged to attempt a measure of self-government. These experiments were not too successful, and overseers were put in charge of them. The autocratic powers of these men, and the humiliating position of the Mashpee Indians (in the eyes of the court they held the legal status of paupers) led to complaints which finally resulted in the establishment of Mashpee as a district, with the right to elect its own officers.

This was not done overnight, to be sure. It took one hundred and two years.

In the meantime, through the exertions of Bourne, all Indians there had become "praying Indians," converted to Christianity. The first rude meetinghouse Bourne had had built was replaced in 1684 by the one which has stood in Mashpee ever since.

At first Bourne was only a layman preacher. Eventually the value of his work was recognized and in 1670 the great missionary John Eliot journeyed to Mashpee to ordain him as minister to the Mashpees. The ceremony took place beneath a great tree and in

the midst of a circle of Bourne's faithful Indian followers. And even now Mrs. Mabel Avant, the town clerk of Mashpee, can show you a very old primitive painting of the scene done by a Mashpee artist long, long ago.

Some historians have suggested that the pestilence which struck the Indians had already drained them of energy and robbed them of all will to fight by the time the Pilgrims appeared. However, in the next sentence these same historians tell us how well the Cape Cod Indians fought side by side with their white neighbors in every one of the early wars, particularly the Revolution.

Twenty-two Mashpee Indians went off to fight in the ranks of the first Continental Regiment; one came back. Seventy war widows lived in the wigwams of Mashpee by the time the war was over. This was the final blow to what little remained of the pure-blooded portion of the population. At the same time, because residents of Mashpee were required to pay no taxes, the floating population of post-war Massachusetts—renegade Indians from other sections, Negroes, mulattoes, and Hessian deserters—has-tened there. All those widows needed men, and got them. So by the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were a lot of people in Mashpee who had Indian blood in their veins but only one old man whose Indian blood was pure.

Hard logic forces us to admit that these newcomers were not the best of stock and yet their descendants have not proved to be as degenerate and degraded as has frequently been claimed.

In 1762, after sending an emissary directly to George III, Mashpee finally achieved the status of a district, but this period of self-government was brief. After the Revolution, the state repudiated this royal decree and returned Mashpee to its old status, overseers and all.

It is tempting to talk about how the Indians who fought so bravely for the nation's independence were robbed of their own, but in all fairness the return of Mashpee to its former status may have resulted in part from concern over the changing character

and complexion of the population. It took Mashpee another half a century to regain its place as a district.

During that half century it can hardly be said that the local administration was ideal, at least from the standpoint of the inhabitants. An act of legislature passed in 1789 for the regulation of the "plantation of Mashpee," as it was called, prohibited the instruction of the Mashpees in reading and writing under pain of death. Overseers controlled their affairs completely. Overseers could let out their lands and houses, control any and all bargains or contracts they sought to make, and bind out their children to domestic service without the consent of the parents. They could even bind out to service for three years at a time any adult proprietor or member who in their judgment was a drunkard or an idler. They could do what they saw fit with the man's earnings, and there was no appeal.

There is no record as to whether these powers were ever abused, but certainly it was a set-up made to order for rascals.

From the first the simple red man was encouraged to embrace Christianity, though the quality of the preachers who carried its message to them seemed to slack off rather sharply from the high standard set by Bourne. They were good men, but they did not have his ability.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, Mashpee's religious affairs were in pretty sorry shape. Reverend Nathaniel Stone of Provincetown, a grandson of the old Harwich-Brewster fire-eater of that name, started journeying up-Cape on his old one-eyed white horse often enough to alternate with a local divine, Reverend Phineas Fish, in preaching to the Mashpee Indians. His arduous trips were somewhat wasted, however. The Indians did not think much of him. On the whole, they preferred Mr. Fish. Finally they even sent one of their number to the committee in charge to tell them so.

"But we feel you should have Mr. Stone," the committee insisted. "After all, he is the better preacher."

The Indian was not impressed.

"Indian ask for fish, you give him stone," he said.

Actually, the Mashpees really preferred an Indian preacher called Blind Joe Amos to both white ministers. Mr. Stone had a lot to say about rum. He was forever talking about how bad it was, which only served to remind the Indians how good it was. "Mr. Stone, he make best sermons," observed one Indian, "but Blind Joe he make best Christians."

As for Mr. Fish, the Indians regretted the day when they finally got him as their settled minister. Mr. William Apes, a preacher from Groton, Connecticut, and himself an Indian, traveled to Mashpee in 1834. He found things very little to his liking there. Mr. Fish received him well, and invited him to preach. At the appointed hour on the Sabbath there was a large congregation assembled in the old Indian meetinghouse, but Mr. Apes found their faces strangely pale. When he extended the hand of friendship, it was a white hand that clasped it.

In short, there were no Indians present, but only whites, who had crowded the red men out of their own meetinghouse. When he asked Mr. Fish about the Indians, Mr. Apes was told that there was an Indian preacher named Joseph Amos (Blind Joe) who, in the words of Mr. Fish, "tried to preach to them."

After the service Mr. Apes visited the Sabbath School "in which a solitary red child might be seen here and there." He found that the Indian children were "virtually bidden to stand aside. I understand that the books that were sent to them had been given to the white scholars." Mr. Apes went away disgusted and, with his aid, the Indians were shortly petitioning Harvard College to discharge Reverend Phineas Fish.

Harvard was involved because a fund had been left in 1711 by Reverend Daniel Williams of London, to be administered by that college, the income to be paid to "a person of prudence and piety to preach to what pagans and blacks be otherwise neglected." Harvard had a look around for neglected pagans and blacks, and decided on Mashpee.

Mr. Apes possessed a good and vigorous command of the Eng-

lish language, and the petition concerning Mr. Fish was well put. Mr. Fish was supposed to have been sent to Mashpee on trial, subject to the Indians' approval or disapproval, but they had never been consulted. Said the petition, "We think that twenty years are long enough for one trial. . . . We wonder how the good citizens of Boston, or any town would like to have the Indians send a preacher and force him into the pulpit and then send other Indians to crowd the whites out of their own meetinghouse and not pay one cent for it. We trow not. . . . We want only fair play; for we have had foul play enough."

Honorable Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard, promised to attend to the matter. If it had only been summer, he said, he would have come down at once to set matters right himself. However, though he did withhold the money that had previously been sent each year to Mr. Fish, he never got around to coming down or doing anything constructive either.

By now the Mashpees were aroused to the point where they decided to take up another matter. For a long time white neighbors had made a regular business of cutting wood on the Mashpee land. The Indians announced they would have no more of it. Four white brothers named Sampson immediately made a test case of this by trying to carry off a load of wood they had cut. The Indians who prevented them from taking it away—Mr. Apes being one—were arrested and jailed after being accused and convicted of "rioting."

The Mashpees discharged all officers appointed by the governor and his council. They also took over their own meetinghouse again, standing guard there with clubs. This action greatly alarmed an old missionary, Mr. Gideon Hawley, who was among those discharged. When he first came to Mashpee, Mr. Hawley had reported that the Indians seemed "abject," but now he scurried to the governor at Worcester and painted quite a different picture. He told a story of tomahawk- and scalpknife-wielding bloodthirsty savages in open rebellion. With an odd lack of concern for accurate reporting, he declared that some of the whites were already slaughtered and the rest in a state of alarm. For a while the governor

was on the verge of calling out the militia, a force of some fifty thousand soldiers. Fortunately he decided against such drastic action. This great body of troops would have found itself confronted by only one hundred half-breed Indian warriors with but fifteen to twenty guns between them.

At this point another white friend, Honorable Benjamin Hallett, stepped forward to save the day for the Mashpees. Hallett was a gifted and eloquent Boston lawyer who had been born and raised on Cape Cod with the Mashpees as his neighbors. In a speech he compared what the Indians had done to the actions of our forefathers who had thrown British tea into Boston Harbor, and he said that the justification was equal. Hallett's efforts freed the men who had been arrested, and an act was soon after passed by the legislature which again incorporated Mashpee as a district, with the right to choose its own officers and administer its own affairs. This time it had taken fifty-six years to win back self-government, but this time it was there to stay. In 1870, Mashpee went a step further and became a township.

Much has been said about the "vicious" element that intermingled with the original Mashpee Indians to produce the town's present population, but no crime wave has come out of Mashpee. On the contrary it is the only Cape township that has ever been especially singled out for good manners.

This happened about twenty-five years ago, when a wealthy Roxbury man named Samuel G. Davis was driving through Mashpee. A good Cape-Cod breeze suddenly snatched off his hat and sent it rolling down the road. A dark-skinned little boy on his way to school raced to retrieve the headpiece and brought it back to the car. When Mr. Davis held out a dime, the boy shook his head.

"My mother's taught me not to take anything for doing a favor," is the gist of what he said.

The incident caused Mr. Davis to change his will. When he died a short time later, it was found that part of his estate was to go to Mashpee to be used as a Kind Good Manners Fund.

Several annual prizes of five dollars and ten dollars each were to be awarded for courtesy shown by Mashpee schoolchildren. However, when the estate was settled up, Mashpee's share amounted to far more than had been expected. It came to nearly fifty thousand dollars. With that sum in the bank, and a limit of two hundred dollars per year set by the will for annual prizes, Mashpee found a tidy surplus piling up.

Now the town badly needed a modern schoolhouse, and in 1936 Mashpee applied to the Probate Court for permission to use some of the money toward such a building. The request was denied. Mashpee persisted and was finally permitted to join part of the fund with available P.W.A. money to pay for a fine school building. But enough of the fund was held back so that the annual prizes could still be awarded each year.

Today the Samuel G. Davis School stands in Mashpee as a memorial to the good manners of a Mashpee child, and to the man who appreciated them.

The school is a bright spot in a township which has in countless other ways experienced more than its share of neglect. The Mashpee hills are a beautiful section of the Cape over which a feeling of melancholy hangs like a delicate haze. Melancholy, too, is the old Indian meetinghouse, because of the treatment it has received and still receives from a careless public and from some tourists who apparently are the products of a vicious strain themselves.

Built in 1684, it is thought to be the oldest meetinghouse on Cape Cod. Remodeled in 1717 the building has received further attention from time to time since then. Currently a new campaign to raise funds for its restoration is under way, but if some of its visitors are not restrained there will soon be nothing left to restore. Until recent years the meetinghouse was never locked, but souvenir hunters finally made it necessary to bar the public. The last time I was there I peeped through the windows and noticed that the door of the old wall clock was open. Later I found out why: someone had climbed up, opened it, and stolen its pendulum.

That was nothing, though. Someone had even stolen the ancient pot stove!

Another Mashpee landmark is in better repair, if reduced from its former glory to the status of an ordinary roadside eating and drinking place. The Hotel Attaquin, built in 1840 by an Indian named Captain Solomon Attaquin, was long one of the Cape's most famous small hotels. For several generations, Attaquins continued to operate the hotel, which entertained many a famous visitor in its day, from Daniel Webster and Grover Cleveland to Joseph Jefferson and Charles Dana Gibson—men who came as sportsmen to enjoy the hunting and fishing that abounded in Mashpee. According to local reports, some famous voices were raised in alcoholic song on those premises after a long day amid field and stream.

Not long ago Mashpee folk used to go skunkin'—a type of hunt which was not without its special dangers. A large group would set out together, and the catch was pooled for a community feast of baked skunk.

To this day the Mashpee people know how to remove all the little scent sacs from a skunk to make it fit for cooking, and declare this animal to be a great delicacy. They also swear by the medicinal powers of skunk oil for colds and chest disorders, particularly croup. They know the special uses of many herbs and other plants, and generally live closer to nature than most of their neighbors. They are proud of their Indian forebears, and quick to mention them. Here and there, too, one will still see a face with high cheekbones and thin lips to suggest the lingering influence of their original ancestors. Such traces, though, are few.

Mashpee talents were never restricted to the land—Captain Solomon Attaquin was far from being the only Cape-Cod sea captain to come from the town. Many another expert Indian whaler, seaman, and skipper called Mashpee home, and at one time Mashpee Indians were particularly noted as whalers.

Farther along the highway that passes the Hotel Attaquin there

is a small Attaquin burying ground, unkempt and overgrown, with a few stones still in place to mark the graves of members of this outstanding Indian family, but with many others scattered and broken.

There I came across the cracked and fallen headstone of Ebenezer Attaquin, who died in 1850. His epitaph might well serve for all that vanished band of praying Indians who once gathered in the old meetinghouse to hear their beloved teacher, Richard Bourne.

Hewn by some humble stonecutter who spaced his lines as he went and took care of the overflow when he got to it, the epitaph read:

-sod
"We mourn for him beneath the
Yet his spirit rests with its mak
-er God"

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

The Old Indian Meetinghouse. On the way to Falmouth, the meetinghouse is on the right side of Route 28. From there, Meetinghouse Road leads north to Mashpee Village.

Old Indian Burialground. This lies west of Mashpee Pond.

Hotel Attaquin. Better known at one time as the "Old Indian Hotel." It is on Route 130 west of Mashpee Village.

16. Bourne

Incorporated 1884

BOURNE HAS SHORELINE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE CAPE, ON CAPE COD Bay on the north side and Buzzards Bay on the south side, and contains the following villages and settlements: Bourne, Pocasset, South Pocasset, Cataumet, Sagamore, Sagamore Beach, Sagamore Highlands, Bourne Corners, Bournedale, and Buzzards Bay.

Ghosts and legends have flourished particularly well in certain parts of Cape Cod. The Lower Cape at night has always seemed unusually promising ghost country to me, especially Wellfleet with its mists and moors.

Similarly notable, in its way, is Bourne. Once upon a time the old village of Monument nestled under the side of a hill near the Manomet River. That hamlet has now become the village of Bourne, and the canal has swallowed up the river as part of its route. The feeling of altitude, unusual on the Cape, remains, and somehow on a black night the spot reminds me of the Catskills in one of their pleasantly spooky moods. The village of Bourne is still a place where, on a murky, whispering evening, it is easy to believe the legend of the buried slave and the story about Granny Squanet, and to imagine what the frightful scene must have been like the night Richard Bourne called down the wrath of God on the Indians to stop their barbarous human sacrifices.

In talking of the town of Bourne we must remember that it had no separate existence until comparatively recent times. It was part

of the township of Sandwich until 1884. Yet from the earliest days Monument and the other villages on the south side of Sandwich's considerable territory had a life of their own and should be considered apart from Sandwich.

Agawam Point, the most westerly land on Monument Neck, seems to have been the "Frenchman's Point" mentioned by an early explorer named Dermer. Certainly it was in this vicinity that Captain Dermer rescued two Frenchmen in 1619. They had been shipwrecked on the Cape and captured by the Indians three years before.

Back in 1606, as we mentioned previously, the *Sieur de Poutrincourt*, under whom Champlain served, had made Frenchmen very unpopular with the Monomoy Indians in the course of a violent misunderstanding at what is now Chatham. The passing of a decade had not made the Indians forget, and as a result the shipwrecked Frenchmen were not exactly entertained in style. The Indians "made sporte with" them and "used them worse than slaves," passing them from one sachem to another so that all could enjoy the fun. Nevertheless, the two men survived and were apparently not in the worst of health when rescued.

In 1627, Plymouth received a letter from Isaac de Rassi re, secretary of the Dutch colony of Manhattan. As Bradford observed, the Dutch were wont "to be full of complimentall titles," but amidst the filigree work was a down-to-earth proposition involving trade. This part of his letter appealed mightily to a colony struggling under an appalling burden of debt. They owed a great sum of money to the "merchant adventurers" who financed their undertaking.

The result was the establishment of the Aptuxet trading post on Cape Cod, along the future route of the Cape Cod Canal. From the first, the merit of this route was recognized. Certainly it was not lost on the Pilgrims. Scusset Creek and Manomet River nearly joined headwaters in the middle of the isthmus. Given the means to do the job, our Pilgrim Fathers would have had the Cape Cod Canal operating nearly three centuries sooner.

Dutch boats were soon anchoring in the Manomet River alongside the new trading post, and from their side the Pilgrims were sailing out of Plymouth and along the coast to Scusset Creek and carrying their goods overland from the head of the creek to a small sailing vessel they had built in Manomet River. At the trading post those assigned to operate it built a house, kept servants, planted corn, and raised swine. The profits that resulted from the trading post paid off much of the Colony's debt.

Today a replica of the Aptuxet Trading Post built by the Bourne Historical Society in 1930 stands on the site of the original. The Dutch must have helped build it, incidentally, for the building is of Dutch design.

As this new trading post settlement began at Monument, life was not without its alarms and dangers. One of the shadowy terrors of those early days was wolves. The upper Cape was particularly infested with them. No one ventured out alone at night. After dark, few sounds sent a greater chill through the settlers than the howl of a wolf.

At dusk, if a wolf call was heard, signal blasts blown on a conch shell brought the children in from play and caused any elders still out to step a little livelier and look anxiously ahead for the welcome sight of yellow light coming through the oiled-paper windows at home.

Indians were a further source of anxiety, and a stone block-house was built at Monument to shelter the settlers in case of attack. (Today the Bourne depot is situated near the site. When the first public road leading to the newly built Monument Bridge was being constructed in 1823, the foundation stones of the block-house, laid in shell mortar, were unearthed.)

In the early days, all the families spent their nights in the block-house during times of danger. They were also cautious when returning from any expedition during which they had left this fort unguarded. About two hundred and fifty feet to the southwest stood a large rock from which the settlers doublechecked the situ-

ation inside before getting too close. Taking cover behind the rock, they would fire a few shots into the blockhouse, so that their bullets would ricochet around inside, buzzing about the room and investigating corners. If no surprised howls were heard, it was considered a pretty safe bet that no Indians were lurking inside, waiting to ambush them.

It was during this time that Richard Bourne was doing his good work among the Indians. His efforts met with great success, but apparently he had to cure the heathens of a few bad habits first. The legend of Richard Bourne and the Indian sacrifices involves a large rock north of the Bourne fire tower which was once called Sacrifice Rock, and later Chamber Rock. Tradition says it was here that the Indians offered sacrifices, sometimes human.

On one occasion Bourne chanced upon the scene in the midst of a ritual of torture and death, and gave them a horrified warning to stop. When they would not, he called the wrath of God down upon them. A bolt of lightning instantly split the rock, killing an impressive number of Indians.

After a home demonstration of that magnitude, the survivors must have been ready for speedy conversion to Christianity. At any rate, the first meetinghouse built for Indians in Plymouth County stood at the base of Indian Burial Hill in Bournedale and was well attended. Thomas Tupper, one of the "ten men of Saugus" who settled Sandwich, had charge of the meetinghouse. In 1796 he was preaching to one hundred and eighty Indians there.

The fact that they became "praying Indians" did not entirely eliminate the red men's interest in the black arts, but their most noteworthy practitioner, Granny Squanet, was considered a benign witch rather than an evil one. She was wonderous wise and, on the whole, a definite community asset.

She always wore her long black hair down over her face, completely concealing it. No one knew for certain why. Finally one little Indian boy, bolder and more curious than the rest, crept up on her as she slept. Cautiously he lifted her long black hair aside

and discovered her secret. Granny Squanet had only one eye—right in the middle of her forehead!

In time the Indians became a mere remnant of a vanishing race, and in time some worked as handymen or servants. One such was Johnnigger. He was hired by a Monument man to build a stone wall around his property. His pay was to be a suit of clothes when he had finished the job, and a barrel of rum which he was to take in daily portions. When the wall was nearly finished, Johnnigger died and thereby cheated himself out of a new suit. But his labor did not go entirely unrewarded, for at the time of his death the barrel was empty.

A grimmer story of a servant's untimely end concerns a Monument man of sinister reputation who, during the troubled years of the French and Indian Wars, went out one dark and moonless night accompanied by a Negro slave to bury a keg of money. He returned alone. When someone was bold enough to ask about the slave, he replied, "I buried him with the keg so he would stay and guard the money."

The villain of this piece undeniably existed and lived in Monument, and unquestionably owned slaves and possessed a good deal of money. The site of the alleged cold-blooded slaying and burial was later pretty well established, but by then the story was held to be mere legend. Perhaps it is. Nevertheless when the Bourne highway was built and rock was blasted out in that very location, the bones of a human skeleton were found.

Conversation at the local taverns might touch from time to time on such matters as murders and ghosts, but one topic never failed to come up, particularly if a stranger was present, and that was the canal project. It got so that a visitor could hardly set foot in the vicinity without being dragged off to inspect the proposed route. Before 1700 the General Court appointed the first marchers in a long parade of official groups to look over the ground and estimate the cost.

Everybody wanted the job done, but nobody wanted to do it himself. Still, the economic possibilities of a canal fascinated men off the Cape as well as on. Its potential wartime value did not escape them either, and even the hard-pressed General Washington had occasion to refer to the proposed canal. In the midst of the grim, busy, early years of the Revolution, Washington took time to sit down in New York and write a letter on the subject to James Bowdoin of Boston, saying, "I am hopeful that you applied to General Ward, and have received all the assistance that Mr. Machin could give, in determining upon the practicability of cutting a canal between Barnstable and Buzzard's Bay ere this, as the great demand we have for engineers in this department, Canada, &c., has obliged me to order Mr. Machin hither to assist in that branch of business."

Like most of the others who studied the canal project, Machin proposed a canal with locks, believing a free-water canal to be impracticable because of the difference in the tides in Buzzards Bay and Cape Cod Bay. His idea was to build a canal fourteen feet deep, and he estimated the cost at £32,148, 1s., 8d. Unfortunately, it is not known how he planned to spend that extra one shilling eightpence because he never had a chance to carry out his plans. The young nation had its hands full fighting a war.

After the Revolution, the next canal surveyor to appear in 1791 was James Winthrop. This young dandy was far more interested in surveying young ladies than canal routes, but he did turn in a detailed report saying that the waterway would save more than it cost in ships and human lives. There were cold-blooded villains at work in the background, however. Attempts to get the Legislature to back a canal project were blocked by the stagecoach interests, and Winthrop's report was filed and forgotten with the rest.

Canal or no canal, the route became important when war broke out again in 1812 and the British fleet made shipping by regular routes a virtual impossibility. Boats and goods were carried on wagons from the head of Scusset Creek to the head of Manomet

River. There the enterprising blockade runners relaunched their boats and sneaked down along the coast to New York.

The war was scarcely over before the town was hit by the great gale of 1815, which almost swept clear across the Cape at Bourne. Trees were uprooted, houses and saltworks swept away, and boats driven ashore. The tide came within fifteen inches of flowing completely across the Cape at the isthmus. Cape Cod very nearly had its canal, at least temporarily. One man who lived on a high bluff opened his front door to find a coasting schooner leaning against it. Another boat ended up in a forest, held upright by large trees, and was later relaunched with very little damage.

However, the tides did not quite do the necessary work, and in 1818 and again in 1825 more engineers strode about in the vicinity surveying and reporting, until in the words of a Massachusetts senator, "every grain of sand along the whole route had been made the victim of an algebraic equation."

Bourne men, like most Cape Codders, wanted to see the canal built because they were seamen themselves and knew how many ships and lives it would save. There were enough dangers involved in going to sea as it was, without permitting needless ones to exist. If it was not storms, it was privateers; and if no war was going on, there were still pirates to contend with. One famous Bourne story tells how a Quaker sea captain dealt with one of these ungodly wretches.

The skipper's religious beliefs did not allow him to pit force against force, so when he encountered a pirate ship and one of the bloodthirsty pirates, armed to the teeth, began climbing a rope up his vessel's side, there was but one thing to do. Opening his knife, the captain slashed the rope in two. As the cursing buccaneer fell with a loud splash into the briny deep, the Quaker explained his actions.

"Friend," he said, "thou canst not come aboard, but thou art welcome to the rope."

This sounds to me very much like a tall tale invented by some

member of the established church to tease his Quaker neighbors, but at any rate it is a story of the period. And in a way, some of the more matter-of-fact tales of the era are just as amazing, as for example this one of a whaling ship.

A good many Bourne men went whaling out of New Bedford, and Bourne captains often took their wives with them to provide a domestic touch aboard ship on the long voyages. When one such seagoing Bourne lady reached New Bedford at the end of a journey in her husband's ship, she threw overboard all the medicine and butter still remaining in the ship's stores. She had made up her mind that whoever went on the next voyage was entitled to a fresh supply. The butter, after all, was four years old!

Other Bourne men stayed closer to home but still developed stubborn Cape Cod traits at sea. For example, there were the captain and mate of the sloop *Victoria*, which was returning one evening in a strong wind after a trip to deliver a load of wood. The two men disagreed as to whether to make harbor at Back River or off Agawam Point. The closer they got, the hotter the argument became, until finally they both grabbed hold of the tiller and pulled in opposite directions. The boat took no sides in the affair, but went right up the middle to break on Rocky Point.

In 1884, Bourne finally became a separate township. Many have jumped to the conclusion that it was named after Richard Bourne, the Indian missionary and distinguished early settler. Actually the honor was accorded Jonathan Bourne, a more recent native son with a lot of cash in his pockets which he made in New Bedford. A descendant of Richard, Jonathan was a merchant prince of the day, and he did himself proud back in his old home town. Among other bequests, he left the money to build Bourne's memorial library.

Both before and since then Bourne has had many distinguished residents and visitors. Daniel Webster, gunning for seafowl off Bourne, was once caught offshore by a strong incoming tide and had to make a run for it. The famous actor of the '90s, Joseph

Jefferson, had a home at Buzzards Bay called the "Crow's Nest." On April Fool's Day, 1893, it burned to the ground, the loss being estimated at \$250,000, including an art collection, valuable relics, and a large library.

President Grover Cleveland, too, sought out Buzzards Bay as a sportsman's paradise, and a story is told about the time he was lost there in a pouring rain after a long day's fishing. Cleveland trudged through the woods and finally came upon an isolated farmhouse. He knocked on the door, and a voice presently spoke from a second-story window.

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here tonight."

"Well, stay there."

During the latter part of the nineteenth century, after the Civil War, the canal project took a new lease on life and was almost constantly being considered by someone from that time on. Various companies were formed, and a false start was even made on some actual digging.

Once seven different projects for a canal were scheduled to come before the Legislature during a single year. But now instead of the stagecoach interests, the railroad people stood in its way.

From one viewpoint, it was perhaps as well that the Canal had not been built. For lack of it helped various colorful foot travelers to add their bit to the legends of the Cape. And because their comings and goings took them constantly through Bourne, they were very much a part of the passing scene there.

There was, for example, Barney Gould, the one-man express company who lived in Happy Hollow, a suburb of Hyannis. His small cap was always decorated with a feather and a sign that read "Barney Gould's Cape Cod Express," and he would walk anywhere to deliver anything. Once he walked from Plymouth to Monument with two curtains for the new hearse house. His charges were five cents. Anyone who had a parcel he wanted to send off-Cape in the direction of Boston would give it to Barney.

Whenever he met people along the road, Gould would stop them and ask them to pay their "road-tax," which he set at two cents. He was a self-appointed "tax collector," and good-humored travelers never questioned his authority. Some Cape Codders swear that Barney once bet a sea captain about to sail from Boston for San Francisco that he could beat him there on foot. While the Captain was rounding the Horn, Barney was crossing the prairie, and when the ship came through the Golden Gate there was Barney, waiting on the dock.

Even more eccentric and considerably less attractive than Barney was Camp Meeting Mary, a large woman who wore three or four capes, several pocket-lined skirts with the pockets full, and a hat and veil. She always carried a carpetbag and all sorts of bundles. A constant traveler along Cape roads, she told everyone she met that she was on her way to camp meeting. She was never known to arrive at a camp meeting, and how she came by some of her parcels is anybody's guess.

This is not to suggest that Bourne depended entirely on outside sources for its eccentrics. It had its home-grown characters, too, such as Uncle Bill Freeman. Among the rocks of Scusset may still be found the work of that memorable Bourne resident; his favorite pastime was to carve his initials on stone. He was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and his dislikes included his brother-in-law. When the latter died, Uncle Bill promptly went to see his widowed sister.

"Oh, William," she said reproachfully, "have you come here to torment us?"

"No," said Uncle Bill, "I have not come to torment, but to rejoice with you."

When a neighbor lady gave him some poor skim-milk cheese to eat one time, he spread butter on it. His hostess did not think much of his actions, and said so. Uncle Bill merely gave the butter and cheese a dirty look.

"Cursed be the hand that separated you!" he snapped.

Another neighbor once decided to treat Uncle Bill to a drink

of fine liquor. Measuring out a sample into a tiny glass, he handed it ceremoniously to his visitor.

"This liquor is very valuable," he explained, "and very, very old."

Uncle Bill held it up to the light with a critical squint.

"Damned small for its age!" he observed.

If you had asked a man like Uncle Bill about the canal project he would probably have snorted, for after so many false starts it began to seem as if it would never materialize. But in 1909 the right man—a man, that is to say, with plenty of money—finally became interested. The financier August Belmont stepped in.

It was decided that the canal could be constructed without locks provided it was made wide enough. The resulting canal, five hundred feet wide, is by far the broadest of the world's major ship canals.

In 1910 the breakwater for the canal was started. On July 4, 1914, at a special ceremony, the waters of Cape Cod Bay and Buzzards Bay met officially for the first time.

Taking a glass in each hand and mingling the waters of the two bays, Mr. Belmont said, "May the meeting of these waters bring peace, prosperity and happiness to our country and not cause as much misery in the future as in the past." His own misery was only beginning, however, because the canal never paid off financially the way Mr. Belmont hoped it would.

In the meantime, having realized that the canal project was fast approaching reality, Bourne had found something else to get stirred up about, at least for a while. An attempt was made to repeal the law prohibiting seining in Buzzards Bay, and Bourne fishermen sprang to the law's defense. The "Porgie Trust" was at work, this being a group who attempted to work for the law's repeal by claiming that seines caught only menhaden, and not the various other valuable market fish which the local fishermen cherished.

Called to the witness stand, Selectman George Briggs of Bourne retorted to this nonsense. "I should as soon think of rounding up

all the people between here and the South Station and expect to find nothing but ministers in the bunch, as to throw a net in Buzzards Bay and expect to get nothing but menhaden," he said.

The law remained on the books.

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

Aptucxet Trading Post. On the road from Bourne Village to Gray Gables stands this replica of the early Manomet trading post built on the same site in 1627 by the Pilgrims. The replica was built in 1930 by the Bourne Historical Society. During the excavations which were made to locate the ancient foundation of the original trading post, many interesting relics were found, including an unusual latten candlestick exactly like a type of candlestick used in Holland in the seventeenth century. These relics are now on display at the trading post.

Site of First Indian Meetinghouse, Bournedale. A bronze table at the foot of Indian Burial Hill marks the spot where Thomas Tupper and Richard Bourne preached to the praying Indians in their first meetinghouse.

Gray Gables. Summer home of President Grover Cleveland, now an inn, is on the shore road between Bourne Village and Monument Beach.

Sacrifice Rock. This large rock, supposedly once the scene of human sacrifices by the Indians, is north of the Bourne fire tower.

Balance Rock. A rock, seemingly in delicate balance and about to topple over, but actually stable, is located about two hundred and fifty yards northwest from Telegraph Hill.

Devil's Dumping Ground. The Devil is supposed to have dropped these large rocks out of his apron as he strode across Bourne one time on one of his nefarious errands. The unusual cluster of rocks is located south of Pocasset along Forestdale Road, about three hundred yards west of the base of Snakes Pond Hill.

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